

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

No. 71.—VOL. III.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[NOLAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE GIPSY.]

THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larke's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

DRIPTING AWAY.

Ah! love there surely lives in man and beast,
Something divine to warn them of their foes.

Tennyson.

THAT was a charming little retreat which Donna Ximena had secured for herself in Belgravia. A modern house with all modern appliances, and exquisitely furnished. She said the furniture was her own: it wasn't; she took it with the house as it stood. But this lady did not hesitate over a white lie when it answered her purpose, and this did, so far good; but what harm?"

He had, in fact, grown reckless.

Seeing small hopes of ever winning the only woman he had ever loved, he was fain to console himself for his disappointment with the blandishments of a woman who was really kind, and always too ready to exert herself to please him.

So a day seldom passed without finding him in the charming little drawing-room at The Lodge.

He even wrote to Beatrice from there, using the donna's gold pen, the donna's violet ink, and cream-tinted paper.

It was rather a suspicious circumstance that he never met any other visitors there.

Others were, however, spoken of. He heard much of a Sir Joseph, and a good, kind Lady Allmeris, and of an occasional Don as having "just left," or being expected that evening. The card basket on the table also changed its way there, with a sprinkling of coronets, and a good many lords, and ladies, honourables, captains, reverends, and so forth.

These were indications that the lady was not unknown in society, and when Redgrave thought the matter over, he felt that he ought to consider this quite enough for a lady who had quitted England a mere girl and had only just returned.

And it was all the harder since he could not now raise the barrier of his love for Beatrice Ingaston.

The feeling he had for her was a very different one to that inspired by this gorgeous beauty. The one was a pure and satisfying emotion; the other, a wild, tumultuous, feverish impulse, that had nothing whole-some or satisfactory about it. If he could have used the purer passion as a shield, he could have warded off

all the consequences of the grosser fascination. But he could not. He had no right to indulge a hope in the higher direction. It was even wrong to do so; and feeling that, what more natural than that he should argue:

"What matters? A free and honourable passion is forbidden me; its indulgence becomes a positive wrong. Why not yield to the fascination of the hour? The cup of Circe is pleasant to the lips, why should I not drain it? The voice of the Siren is pleasant to the ear; well then, what can come of my listening? No good; but what harm?"

He had, in fact, grown reckless.

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The real truth is that the visitors and their cards were alike inventions, intended for the purpose they served—that of hoodwinking him, and blinding his eyes to the real state of affairs.

With the exception of a few mere nobodies, whom the lady picked up at the Catholic chapel where she

performed her devotions, she had no visitors, except Redgrave, Flacker, and the mysterious being who was called Darn Crook, and whom she had visited by night at the house by the water side.

With the exception of Redgrave himself, Flacker was the most frequent of the three in his visits.

He came at all times—and if not always warmly welcome, was never repulsed. The lady's interviews with this man were usually of a business nature—business tempered with wrangling.

Thus, for example, one morning he entered while the donna was at breakfast, nodded, took a chair, and, without any deference in his manner, abruptly nodded:

"How do?"

"You are early," was the lady's reply.

"No. Usual time. Busy. Brought cards." He took a small packet of cards from his pocket, as he spoke, and began to untie them. "Good sort. Two coronets. 'Gad, keep your card-tray filled with fresh flowers daily. Quite poetical—isn't it—don't you know?"

"Any news?" the woman asked coldly.

"Lots."

"Indeed! What has happened? Have they discovered anything at the prison yet?"

"No. Not that I know of."

"The concealed evidence will be found just in time to add to the other evidence, and will, of course, render it crushing and overwhelming?"

"Right. Overwhelming's right. We'll want it, too."

"Is the evidence so weak as it stands, then?"

"Weak enough. Make things worse, old woman dead. Depositions not signed, and witness dead. Old fool!"

"Is Mrs. Holt dead?" asked the woman, anxiously.

"And her evidence was so important. She almost saw the murder done."

"Almost—not quite."

He laid a strange emphasis on the words.

There was a strange glitter in his eye, and an odd, furtive, and sinister manner about him as he uttered them.

The donna shuddered, and changed her position.
"Who knows?" she said carelessly. "She was a victim to conscience. It drove her to speak out so far. Who knows what further she might have told had she dared? Weak people tell half the truth, and take the benefit of full confession. Ten to one she saw her son do the murder."

Flacker fumbled in his pocket, then held out his right hand. There was a sovereign in it.

"Taken. Stake your money," he said.

"What do you mean?" cried the donna, flaming up.

"Bet taken. Money staked. No, no; old woman never saw that. I know better—you know better. No, no, my lady—no, no."

Donna Ximena was red with anger.

"How dare you tell me that I know this? How dare you insinuate any knowledge or interest on my part in this wretched business? I may have my reasons for wishing that the mystery should be cleared up, or that, at all events, the murderer should meet his doom, and there should be an end of it. And, in spite of your miserable insinuations, there can be no doubt but that this wretched outcast, this branded felon, Holt, was the perpetrator of the deed, and did possess himself of the fruits of it. It is right, then, that the sword of justice should descend on his head. I feel that it is right, and I am doing a good deed in speeding the avenging bolt of heaven."

Flacker twitched and fidgetted under this speech.

"Yes, yes," he said, when it was done; "avenging bolt of heaven's right. But I say—what for? What do you do it for?"

"That is my secret," she replied.

"Professional confidence, don't you know," suggested the lawyer.

"That is beyond professional confidence," returned the lady.

"Bad, bad. Suppose you hate him—well! Suppose he's in your way—well! Suppose you want to be revenged on him—well! All sound reasons—sound professional reasons, don't you know. But secret from professional man! Ugly."

"I tell you," cried the donna, "it is my secret—and mine it will remain. Let it be enough that this youth is a criminal, and that it is my will that he should pay the speedy penalty of his misdeeds. There, enough of him. What next?"

"Redgrave next."

"Ah!"

"Still writes to Ingarstone's girl. Got copies of letters—like to see 'em?"

"What are they about?" asked the dark woman, with intensifying interest.

"Love."

She shivered, and a crimson flush came and went in her cheeks.

"Like to read 'em?" persisted Flacker.

"No. I am not fond of such reading. But is it true, Flacker? Does he still follow up this fancy? I gathered from him that he had shaken it off, feeling his honour compromised by standing in Andrew Nolan's way. Wasn't that true?"

"True enough. Tried to break away. Thinks he's done it. Writes business, and don't know its love. Delusion."

"Flacker," said the donna, earnestly, "this delusion interferes with my projects, and must be put a stop to. It is hopeless for Redgrave to hang about in that quarter. If it wasn't—if there was any hope of his marrying Ingarstone's daughter, I should be satisfied, and would retire. But there is none. Darn Crook himself never looked in that direction to satisfy his vengeance. Things might turn out as we wish. The Ingarstone woman might turn against Nolan, and give herself to Redgrave; but the chances are vague and remote, and not enough for us to depend on. Meanwhile, the distraction at Ingarstone prevents his giving himself up to my advances. Now, what do you advise?"

"Leave it to me," said Flacker.

And he refolded his long arms, which were like semaphore signals, and recrossed his extra long legs in a self-satisfied manner, which was calculated to inspire the utmost confidence.

This ended one of many similar interviews.

Soon after, Redgrave dropped in.

He was spruce and smart, with a flower at his button-hole; but his face was paler, and not so bright as usual, and it was with rather a forced smile that he received Ximena's cordial greeting. It was clear that his mind was not at ease. The indifference into which he had drifted was not natural to him, and the reckless feeling he was trying to encourage brought him no peace of mind.

The donna saw at a glance that something was wrong; and as it was not at all her desire that he should be unhappy, she exerted her charms with more than usual industry.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," replied the young man.

Then he added, as if hesitating about mentioning the subject, "I can get no letters from Ingarstone."

"His lordship may be busy," the donna suggested.

"Yes; but her ladyship can hardly plead that excuse," he rejoined, with a smile.

"Have you written often?" asked Ximena.

"Several times, and I have received no answer. My first letter was sent on the day I came home, and was in explanation of my abrupt departure."

"You posted it yourself?"

"No; I put it into the letter-bag. It went, of course."

"Of course."

Her answer was very quietly spoken, and no one would have noticed the quick glance and momentary quiver of the eyelid by which it was accompanied.

"The other letters," pursued Ormond, "I wrote here, and left them for your people to post. Flacker was here, I think, both times."

"Then there is no doubt about the posting—as little, I should say, about the letters reaching. It is odd that you have no replies, very odd. And you are annoyed?"

"No!" cried Ormond, proudly. "I have no right to let it annoy me. We are friends—nothing more. I have written as a matter of courtesy, and I dare say I shall some day get a reply. If not, I can only conclude that their feelings were not so warm towards me as I thought, and that they wish to increase the distance between us. It is, perhaps, better that they should—better for me, certainly."

He spoke with a calmness which Ximena knew well enough was all assumed. He was burning with impatience and indignation. His active brain was continually shaping excuses for Beatrice, and always came back to the old point—"She is indifferent to me." The curious thing about the matter was that his judgment approved of this indifference as the happiest thing that could have come about, while his self-love made it a perpetual source of torment. If she did not care for him, then he had done no harm by his stay at Ingarstone, and was not likely to do any, whatever steps he might take. That was well. But, on the other hand, the feeling that his strong passion met with no return drove him to distraction—and to Donna Ximena.

At her hands he was always sure of hearty sympathy.

She was ever ready to weave around him the charmed web of her wiles, to bring him under the magic influences of her burring glances, and to penetrate his whole being with the subtle influence of the passions which gave strength and colouring to her own character.

Soothed—enchanted—demoralized by these influences, the young man would feel himself drifting away—drifting on a course against which his better nature warned him, but with an increasingly feeble voice.

The image of Beatrice Ingarstone paled in the presence of Donna Ximena, and its brightness and radiance grew less and less.

"Why should I pursue a phantom which honour itself warns me to avoid?" he would ask himself perpetually.

But only in Ximena's presence.

Away from her, his heart regained its allegiance. And the donna—what was her view of the matter? She expressed it that day as, after bidding him adieu, she turned and contemplated her queenly beauty in the mirror.

"He is a noble fellow," she said, "a noble, handsome fellow! I could half-love him if I had not sworn to hate him, and to be revenged on him. Yes, yes—if I could ever bring myself to love anybody but myself, he is the man. Poor fellow!"

She sighed in pity; but it was an unusual feeling, and the expression of it did not become her style of beauty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY FOUND AND LOST.

The oleast gipsy then above ground,
With worn-out eyes, or rather eye-holes,
Of no use now but to gather brine.

Browning.

Hast thou, indeed, some knowledge of the stars?

Merton.

THERE must have been some evil influence at work in the matter of letters, for all the week during which Ormond Redgrave was complaining that Beatrice Ingarstone did not write, she on her part was wondering that she had not heard from him.

It was very strange she thought.

Strange that he should go away so suddenly. Still more strange that he should not drop a line to say why he had gone, or to apologise for want of courtesy in breaking off his visit so abruptly.

Lord Ingarstone himself referred to it more than once as a "moussous ungentlemanly thing. Quite the

modern style—come in with beards, and bitter-been and short pipes, and the rest of the slang mode. No Regency man," he protested, "would have dared to do such a thing."

How much it had pained Beatrice no one could tell.

She was hurt—cut to the heart—disappointed in the ideal she had set up for admiration, if not for love.

One good effect was produced, and only one. It assisted her in re-instating Andrew Nolan to his place in her heart. She was conscious of having done him an injustice during Redgrave's residence in the house, and this foolish affair of the letters rendered it more easy for her to be "absolutely just" to the young midshipman.

Nevertheless, Ormond's apparent neglect cut her many tears.

These were chiefly witnessed by her maid Crofts Aggy Crofts as she was generally called, her maids declaratory term Aggy to be short for aggravating, to which designation they declared her to have full claim. That damsel was of a prying and an inquisitive turn of mind, and she was not long in forming her own conclusions as to the estimation in which Redgrave was held by her lady, nor did she hesitate to comment on the fact.

This was, however, chiefly in confidence to her lover Curly Holt, who just at that time paid very little attention to the subject.

His own troubles made him indifferent to the affairs of others. It seemed to poor Curly, who was of a highly sympathetic nature, that those troubles were greater than fell to the lot of anybody else, and that he was in a fair way of being crushed under them.

He had scarcely recovered from the murderous attack on him by his own brother. That brother's fate hung like a perpetual cloud over him. And to add to all, there had come the calamity of his mother's death.

Poor Hannah Holt.

She had broken down in the crisis.

For years she had flitted about the place, a mere shadow, wasted and worn down by her dreadful secret—the secret of her boy's crime—and no sooner had she revealed it than the consequences of her act had risen before her with overpowering terror.

The idea that she might be the death of her son had proved too much for her.

Feeble vitality had sunk under it.

She had died.

Fervently did Curly deplore his mother's loss; but that was not his only trial. He had to bear with his father's agony and violent grief.

People called Morris Holt a "hard" man, and they were right. But in such hard natures the flowers of affection are deeply rooted. They know nothing of fickle loves or transient friendships. So Morris Holt had loved his wife with a deep, enduring affection that had withstood the storms of fifty years. As he had loved her as a boy, so he had gone on loving her when she was withered and faded and represented little more to him than chronic head-ache and perpetual moans.

And he felt her death terribly.

As the breath went out of her body he had called down the curse of heaven upon that reprobate son whose crime had brought her to a premature grave.

Curly had listened to his words with horror, and had entreated him, in the name of heaven, to spare his curses. But he would not. In that moment he had no tenderness, no pity. He had prayed that the lad might expiate his crime upon the gallows.

After that outburst he was silent.

In five days he did not utter as many words. At the expiration of that time, the body was removed out of the cottage; and Morris Holt was left on the lonely hearth—a silent, broken man; hard as a flint, but like a flint with a fire in him which it might be wholesome to draw forth.

On the evening of that fifth day—the one after the funeral—Curly Holt was out strolling in the neighbourhood, still very weak, but supported by the stout arm of Aggy Crofts.

Suddenly, in a turn of the road, they encountered Andrew Nolan.

"My gracious, Curly!" cried Aggy. "Here's that orrid man. Lor, I feel as if my throat was cut already."

"Nonsense, Aggy!" said her lover, though he received Nolan's advances with trepidation.

"Curly!" exclaimed Nolan, as they met. "I am glad to have seen you. I was coming out to the cottage."

"It is as well that you didn't, sir," returned the other. "Father isn't too civil to any of my brother's friends at the best of times, and just now he's half frantic."

An indignant flush overspread the young sailor's open brow.

"I am not your brother's friend," he said.

"His companion then, sir, if you prefer it."

"But I do not prefer it. I decline the honour," said Nolan; "and it is on that account that I have sought you out, Curly. I will say nothing, I can say nothing as to your brother's guilt or innocence; but as I have never exchanged ten words with him since I quitted the prison at Baltimore in which we were thrown together, I decline to enjoy the reputation of being looked at in the light of his accomplice."

"But you were found in concealment together," urged Curly.

"We were in the same place, true; but there was nothing between us, and it is that fact that I want you to establish."

"Me?"

"You, Curly, you are a good brother, and you have given your evidence like one; but you know—you must know—that the evidence so given was wide of the truth. It was well that you should hesitate what you swore to; but you *must* know who you were attacked by, and who struck the blow which so nearly finished you. *It was your brother.*"

"I will not swear it," said Curly.

"No. I won't ask you to do it, though I might. But I do ask this—you know that I was not on the spot, you know that I did not strike a blow."

"I have never said it."

"No, but you left it to be inferred. In your anxiety to save your brother, you have been unjust toward me. I ask that you should remove the injurious impression you have created."

Moved by the eager, passionate earnestness of the man, as well as by a compunctional sense in his own breast—for for the first time awakened—of having sacrificed him, on the altar of his filial love, Curly readily promised what was asked of him.

In talking, they had unconsciously wandered back toward the cottage; and now, as they reached the stile leading into the garden before it, they were astonished to find Morris Holt himself sitting on it.

He rose as they approached.

The setting sun was shining full in his face, and Nolan was shocked to see the wasted look that had come into it, and the red rims about those hard, grey eyes.

But he was the more startled at an expression of fierceness which suddenly asserted itself as they approached, and as those feeble eyes described him a few feet off.

Starting up, Morris Holt caught at Curly's hand (Croft was loitering in the background), and drew him hastily away.

"What are you doing with him?" he demanded, savagely.

"This is Mr. Nolan, father," said Curly, in explanation.

"Think I don't know him?" demanded the irascible old man. "A common felon, a common gaol-bird—I know him too well. He's my son's brother's friend—that's enough! His friend, and accomplice, and go-between in all his scoundrel ways—that's enough! That's enough! How dare he come here? How dare he try to poison your mind and inveigle you into his black courses—he dare he do it?"

"You're too hard upon him, father; indeed you are!" cried Curly.

"I'm an honest man," asserted Holt.

"But, father—"

"And I'll have none but them as is honest about me. No felons! No murderers! No night-prowlers!"

"But Mr. Nolan is—"

"Mr. Nolan is your brother's friend," persisted Holt, dragging his son away. "That's enough for me. If he was an honest man, he wouldn't be that. If he was a decent Christian, God-fearing man, he wouldn't be his friend. And I want no others. I'll have no others about me. Nor about you either, Martin. Mind that! So let him keep his distance from me and mine. Let him do it, or take the consequences."

He had dragged his son over the stile after him, and disappeared, muttering words like these.

Andrew Nolan turned away, heart-sick.

Was it to be ever thus? Was society, from the highest to the lowest, to suspect him, and look askance at him, and shrink from contact with him? Was the shadow of a dark suspicion to rest perpetually over him, singling him out and isolating him from his kind? Beatrice Ingastone had, indeed, been just and ever generous in her treatment of him; but when even a man like Holt stood aloof from him, and asserted his immeasurable moral superiority, what was he to expect from the rest? What treatment was he likely to meet at the hands of that society which he was supposed to have outraged? More especially, what answer could he expect from Lord Ingastone when, even supposing him to assert his innocence in respect to the murder, he proposed to renew his position as a suitor for his daughter's hand?

The more he thought of this, the more discouraging did it appear, and the darker was the out-look which life presented to him.

"I might as well have let things take their course," he said aloud, in a tone of desperation; "they could but have had my life; and what of life have they left to me worth the fighting for?"

He was passing down narrow lane as he said this—a lane that was beautiful and leafy in the summer, but had turned to a mere jungle of dry sticks and dead leaves in this advanced autumn time.

The gloom of evening was intensifying here, and therefore it was with some hesitation that, as he ceased speaking, he stopped and looked intently through the underwood on his right hand, half-fancying that he saw a face there turned toward him and looking at him.

He was not mistaken.

It was a face; that of an old woman, brown and wrinkled, and with sharp black eyes that peered at him under the gloom of a dingy hood.

"You're melancholy, dear, for so young a man," said a low, crooning voice as he stopped.

"Melancholy!" he muttered, bitterly; "I've cause for it, mother, as you'd say if you knew all."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied the crone, who had hobbled up close to him as he spoke; "other folks have been falsely suspected, and have outlived it."

The appositeness of the remark startled Nolan, and he drew back a pace.

"What do you know of my affairs?" he demanded.

"Give me your hand, dear," said the woman.

And she made a clutch at it with her yellow claws. Nolan impatiently withdrew it.

"A way with your hummuries!" he exclaimed; "I know all about it. A good fortune for a shilling, a better for two—the old nonsense. What do you suppose you can tell me of myself that I don't know already?"

"I can tell you who did it," said the woman, solemnly.

"Did what?" he asked.

"The murder."

"You don't mean to say that you know who murdered Lord Ingastone's daughter?"

"If the stars lie not."

"Hang the stars!" cried Nolan impatiently. "Look here, woman; if you know this—if you can prove it—if by your means the innocent can be acquitted, and the guilty brought to justice, demand what reward you will, and it shall be yours."

"You ask too much," replied the woman.

"How, too much?"

"I said I can name the murderer, and I can do it. But to find the offender, to bring the offence home to him, and secure his punishment; oh, dear! that's a long way beyond me."

"But you can name him?" cried Nolan, eagerly.

"If I choose."

"Choose! You must. The life of another hangs upon it; my happiness, too, depends on that revelation alone."

"And what then?"

She crossed her brown, chapped arms defiantly, as she put the question.

"What then?" he repeated.

"Yes. What are lives to me? What have I to do with 'em, or with you, or your happiness or misery? I'm too old to care for anything 'most but myself, and even that isn't much to me? I've seen too much injustice, too much misery, too much heart-breaking, and despair, for a little more or less to affect me either way. You've asked me for a proof of my power, and I've given it to you. I've shown you that I know more of your affairs, Andrew Nolan, than you know yourself. That's enough."

"No, no. Not enough. You who know so much must know more than you have said. You must help me in my trouble."

"Must I?"

Her eyes glowered vindictively as she spoke.

"You must—you will," he urged.

"And if I say—No!"

"Impossible!"

"If I say that I care nothing for you or your affairs. Nothing for that brute Holt, who'd drive me and my people from this spot to-night if he knew we were here. Nothing for his cur of a son or his fine associates. If I say this—what then?"

"You will not, you cannot have the heart to say it," pleaded Nolan.

"I have the heart to despise all who despise me and my race," growled the old crone. "And since you laugh at the stars, seek your knowledge where you can find it. You seek of me in vain."

With a fiery gleam of her black eyes, and an angry growl, she disappeared among the ooziers and low brushwood. Nolan would have followed; but felt that at that moment it would have been in vain.

Looking in the direction in which she had vanished, he saw a red, fitful glow, as of a gipsy encampment; but before he intruded on it that night, hoping that, by the morning, he might have hit on some expedient

for mollifying the irate crone who had spoken so strangely.

But when, in the grey dawn of morning, he sought out the gipsy encampment, it had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXV.

CECIL INGARSTONE'S MISSION.

I knew a man who narrowly escaped.
To think of what he told me, even now
Makes me breathe thick, and from my crown to my sole
Sets my flesh tingling.

Sheridan Knowles.

THOUGH there was not a soul in town—in a fashionable point of view—and though people of the higher circles, who happened to meet in its deserted streets, met as culprits, yet Cecil Ingastone was constantly finding himself rushing up from Ingastone on one pretext or another.

On all these occasions he went direct to the stony desert of Mayfair, and hunted out his dear friend Redgrave, failing whom, and he usually called when Ormond was out, he ventured to send his card up to Dora.

She was always at home.

It seemed to be the luckiest chance in the world that, whenever Cecil Ingastone called, he invariably found Dora Redgrave at home, and only too glad to see him—joy lighting up her blue eyes, and giving an extra shimmer of brightness to her golden tresses as she welcomed him.

At first he used simply to call, as a matter of courtesy—omitting to mention, by the way, that he had stretched courtesy so far as to come all the way from Ingastone to make the call.

Afterwards—during one of these calls—he was introduced to Lady de Redgrave, who received him very graciously, and pronounced him, in right of her knowledge of the family, "a thorough Ingastone," and after this he became so interested in the malady which confined her ladyship to her house, that he could not help calling to inquire after her.

On one of these occasions a fresh point of interest sprung up.

He had found Dora unusually depressed. The sparkle and vivacity which usually drove him half mad, so greatly did it aggravate her beauty, seemed all gone. She was evidently pining from a secret cause; and though he admitted that melancholy became her almost as well as joy, he could not help inquiring what had happened?

"My poor brother!" cried Dora; "he is perfectly infatuated with that woman!"

Cecil quite understood that it was the Donna Ximena who was referred to.

He changed colour, and looked serious.

"You remember that we spoke of her before. Oh! you need not fear; she is no longer in this house. You remember?"

"I do," he said, nervously.

"I then told you," pursued Dora, "that I feared and suspected the woman—feared that she had designs upon my brother, and suspected that she was not what she represented herself to be. In both respects my fears have received confirmation."

"In both respects?"

"Yes. Since his return from Ingastone, she has exercised over Ormond an influence which is little short of fascination. He worships her—he raves of her. It is as if her beauty was some magic dragnet—some invisible *aqua tophana*—which he had been compelled to swallow, and which held him under a spell."

"This is news to me. I thought—if one may speak of such a delicate matter—that my sister Beatrice had made rather an impression on him," replied Cecil.

"I thought so—I hoped so," returned Dora; "but whatever may have been the case at one time, all that is at an end. He is the slave of a delusion; and even should he awake from it, I fear that it will then be too late. My poor Ormond—he is lost!—he is lost!"

Cecil looked on uneasily.

"You spoke of suspicions?" he said.

"Yes, and it is for this reason that I speak to you. Our knowledge of the donna extends but over a few weeks, while yours——"

Cecil fidgetted in his chair.

"I knew her formerly," he said.

"Intimately?"

"Not very. We were on speaking terms. Little more."

Dora recollects that day in the park, when she had looked from the carriage and had seen them in close conference among the trees; in close and earnest conference, indicating far more than mere casual acquaintanceship.

"And, may I ask you," she returned, "was her position then such as it is now? Did she move in a high circle? Had she means, position, and all that makes her what she is?"

"Well, she was so much younger," replied Cecil,

hesitating. "A mere girl. She had not come into her property. There was less style, less pretension about her. And I really knew very little of her position."

He did not tell Dora, as he had told her brother, that he would not say what he knew of the woman. He had not the heart to do that; but his hesitation and evident unwillingness to enter on the subject implied as much.

Dora felt this, and would have spared him further unpleasantness, but her desire to learn more of this unfortunate connection of her brother's was very great; so clasping her hands with an earnest, imploring expression, she said:

"If you do know more of this person—if you can tell me anything which will throw a light upon her antecedents or her motives, I implore you to do it. Believe me, Cecil"—it was the first time she had called him Cecil, and the sound of his name sent a glow through his heart—"I am most unhappy on my brother's account. Most unhappy. What you told me when we last talked on this subject ought to have reassured me, and did in part; but my old apprehension has returned, and I fear—I hardly know what I fear."

"Why have you this feeling?" the young man asked.

"Because everything about the woman is so strange. Her manner, though grand and imposing, is not quite that of a lady. Her tastes are loud and vulgar. She dresses well, but not as persons in our circle dress. Then she has no female friends, and those of the other sex who visit her—but I can't describe them. They are all coarse and vulgar men. Even her lawyer is an unpresentable person—more like a detective than a lawyer. And she has such strange habits."

"She has great strength of character," remarked Cecil, again looking round as if he expected to see her at his elbow.

"But strength of character will not account for everything. It will not account for her giving a audience to a ragged gipsy in her drawing room, and taking wine with him."

"Has she done this?" asked the young man, in alarm.

"Yes, my maid has it from one of her own servants. Then there is her strange habit of going out in disguise after nightfall—no lady would do such a thing."

"Not without she had some strong purpose to serve," the other suggested.

"And even then she would go attended."

"True."

"This woman steals out at midnight, quite alone. Where can she go? What object can she have?"

"The one point," said Cecil, "is soon ascertained."

"How?"

"She can be followed. I will follow her."

Dora pressed his hand, yet turned pale and trembled.

"I could wish it of all things; yet I'm fearful, so fearful lest any harm should come of it. Who knows what haunts her? Who knows what danger may attend any attempt to fathom her secret? She is a stern, desperate woman. She would resent any interference with her purposes, any attempt to lay bare her secrets, and, I am convinced, would hesitate at nothing."

"I do not fear her," said Cecil, bravely. "And for my own sake, for my own satisfaction, I shall delight in undertaking this business, to say nothing of my hope that it may relieve your mind."

The end of it was an arrangement that Cecil should remain a few days in the house at Mayfair, and should devote his nights to the task of clearing up this oppressing mystery.

That night was brilliant with moonlight; but the next was dark, gloomy, and oppressive, with a tendency to rain, and seemed admirably adapted for the purpose.

Soon after eleven, Cecil—disguised in a slouching cap and a rough pilot jacket—bade Dora adieu, and hastened to the neighbourhood of the Donna Ximenes's house.

On reaching it, he found it presenting the appearance of being closed for the night: but he had been advised that it would present such an appearance, and so, undeterred by this, he took up a convenient station, and waited and watched.

An hour might have passed when the door of the house softly opened, and a woman squeezed herself out, and descended the steps.

It was the donna.

Cecil knew her so well that he detected her even under the disguise she wore, and which was a very perfect one. She no longer moved in a sea of skirts, or trailed drapery, like a tragedy queen. A close-fitting black bonnet and veil had changed the character of her head. A woollen shawl, drawn tightly across her shoulders, made them square and angular. A single skirt, not distended by crinoline,

clung about her, broad at the hips, and lessening as it descended to the feet, which were inserted in large shuffling shoes—very different to the trim boots she usually wore.

In this guise, the donna—having first glanced furtively round to see that she was not watched—stole away.

She took an eastward direction, and Cecil followed her.

The labyrinth of streets into which she plunged bewildered the young man; but she threaded them with an ease and certainty which showed that the road was quite familiar to her, and that she often traversed it.

At length she stopped, suddenly, before a dark house, in a dark street, and pressed her extended fingers against the door.

It instantly opened.

Cecil stopped short.

In the extreme silence of the night, he heard a voice, that of a Frenchman, say:

"Good evening. Madame is early."

"No one here?" asked the lady.

"A few only. But they are beginning."

She went in, and the door closed.

Cecil went to the opposite side of the road and surveyed the house from top to bottom. An ordinary house, not distinguished from the rest: gloomy and dead. But it seemed to him that there was a glow behind the parapet, as if there was a light in the top room of the house, as it shone dimly through a sky-light.

Before this house, and about in the neighbourhood, Cecil Ingarstone watched for hours. During that time many persons of both sexes came, pressed their fingers on the door, and were admitted. They were people of all kinds. Gentlemen in evening dress, who came humming light airs until they were within earshot of the house, when they invariably stopped. Gentlemen in great coats, and with wrappers swung round their throats, as if for protection or disguise. Ladies flashy and dowdy; and even young men, showy and seedy, mere boys in age, but far gone in dissipation, and who, like the rest, entered with anxious, and, as Cecil thought, misgiving faces.

The arrivals were many: the departures few.

In all the time that Cecil waited, only two persons left the house, one of them blithe and gay, with a tendency to burst into song and to execute a little dance on the pavement; the other white, sullen, remorseful, and with clenched hands.

It began to grow so late, and Cecil was so weary of waiting, that he began to think the donna would never come out again.

And while he thought this, she came. She appeared at the door, staggered from the steps, raised her clasped hands above her head in the dark night, with a movement of utter despair, and then shuffled off in the direction of the river.

She had been greatly changed as she entered the house; but now, as she quitted it, the eyes that watched her felt that a far greater change had come over her. She seemed to have aged years in those few hours. She staggered, shuffled, dragged herself along in a manner pitiable to behold—in a manner that told of utter weariness, recklessness, and despair.

"Why does she go toward the river?" Cecil asked himself, with some anxiety.

Her present state seemed to invest that destination with positive danger to her.

He thought of this, and trembled.

He watched her as she quitted Lower Thames Street, turning down a dark, foul lane. He followed her in the distance, until she emerged upon a wharf of logs and planks, settling down into the mud of the river, and half-a-float now that the tide was rising.

Seeing her still hurry forward, he was almost moved to raise a cry of alarm, or warning; when, to his infinite relief, she came to a sudden pause. It was before the door of a house, rapidly settling down into the river mud, and ready, at any moment, as it appeared, to float away from the piles on which it had been erected years and years ago.

At the door of this house she knocked.

Cecil was near enough to perceive that the door was slowly opened; and he heard a sort of pass-word given by the woman—a word which sounded, as nearly as he could catch it, like "Yezeda." Then the face of an old man appeared—a face with nothing remarkable but green eyes overhung with yellow eyebrows—appeared for a moment, revealed by the light of a candle. Then the woman was admitted, and the door was shut.

"What can she do here?" Cecil asked of himself. "What can she possibly do in this horrible place?"

His curiosity was so great that he walked round and round the building, in spite of the mud into which his feet were constantly sinking—in spite

of the rising tide, which exposed him to positive danger.

Once he thought he saw the shadow of some other person, lingering, like himself, about the forlorn place; but the night was very dark, the motion of the water among the casks and planks and stove-in boats was deceptive, and he decided it was only a fancy.

Prowling about, he perceived that the only window in the building was on the side next the river. It was dark at first; but while he looked at it, a light suddenly appeared, and was set there like a signal.

"It would not be difficult to climb to that window," he thought to himself; "and one glance at it might explain all."

Without a second thought, he waded through the water, clambered up the slippery piles by which the house was supported, and finding himself on an incline by reason of the house being out of the perpendicular, dragged himself up toward the window.

He was almost on a level with it, and had thrust forward his head to look in, when a sharp and sudden blow on the back of the head caused him to relax his hold, and to fall back.

"Scoundrel! Sneak!"

He heard those words uttered in a hoarse voice.

The next moment, he felt the river water blinding him and gurgling in his ears.

(To be continued)

I ASK NOT FAME.

'Tis not for fame! 'tis not for fame,
That I would wield my pen;
Nor is it for the wealth of earth,
Or vain applause of men;
'Tis not, 'tis not to see my name
Upon the public page;
O, no, 'tis not for that I strive,
In this prolific age.

But 'tis in hopes that my poor muse
May cheer some lonely breast;
And bid it hope for a bright day,
When it shall be at rest.

Ah, yes, my life should gladly be
Devoted to my pen;
If I could cheer some weary heart,
And bid it hope again.

Could lift one drooping flower from earth,
Crushed down by some rude tread,
And see it bloom and flourish on,
Though once it seemed quite dead.
O, who my happiness could know?
None could conceive or tell;
But I with all my powers would strive,
To do my duty well.

E. A. B.

An excellent plan has been adopted by the Marquis of Westminster with respect to the public being admitted to see Eaton Hall, near Chester. Instead of seeing the housekeeper, gardener, porter, &c., which is usually the case at "show-houses," tickets are sold at a reasonable price, for the benefit of the poor, to admit the bearers to house and gardens. By this arrangement visitors know the amount of the charge. There is no deference paid to wealth or rank, and the proceeds, instead of going into the pockets of well-paid servants, administer to the comfort of those who require charitable assistance.

CHARING-CROSS.—Mr. G. J. De Wilde, of Northampton, states that the popular etymology of "Charing," from *Chere Reine*, cannot possibly be correct. In the narrative of the quarrel between the merchants of London and Northampton, in the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, the following passage, he says, occurs:—"Quibus literis imperatis, ecce! rumores quod predicti priones fuerunt apud Cherringe juxta Westmonasterium ubi Major et Ballivus Norhamponense illas adduxerunt." This was in 1250, and Queen Eleanor (the *Chere Reine* in question) died in 1291.

AMATEUR GARDENING.—According to Sir Joseph Paxton, fruit is not dear enough to pay the market-gardener, yet if he grew it instead of gentlemen he would grow it better and sell it 50 per cent. cheaper. How can this be? It is always so dear now that few people by comparison with former years can buy it, and one would think any gardener might be satisfied with the prices. One market-gardener, at any rate, this season has been so; he has sold all his grapes at 10s. down to 2s. per lb., according to the time of sale, and been very well repaid for his trouble. The fact is, fruit sold at half the present usual season prices ought to bring a good profit, and there would be a much greater sale for it than there is, when people think they are wasting their money in buying it. I don't see why gentlemen should not sell their overstock, just as they would that of hay or corn; nor do I see that the market-gardener or farmer need be deterred from competing with them.



THE FATAL SECRET.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed.
That he hath grown so great?

Shakespeare.

THERE was a faint feeling of sympathy for Isola in the heart of her triumphant rival; but it was neutralized by the jealous fear that in the depths of her heart Philip still cherished a tender weakness toward her.

His conduct on the previous day, when her possible union with George Berkeley had been spoken of, had roused this serpent into life, and Savella began to feel that, where so much was given on her side, an adequate return could scarcely be expected from the object of her idolatry.

"I am glad they are gone," said Philip, "for it would have been unpleasant to meet them under present circumstances. The Berkeleys slighted our invitation to the reception, and I have no fancy to have my happiness clouded by one of Miss Carleton's proud looks."

"Poo! Philip, why should you care for Miss Carleton, or any one else beside me? You are not dependent on her, or any of her family, for prosperity or happiness. We can live as well without the Berkeleys as they can without us."

With a bow, the footman opened the carriage door and let down the steps. Philip sprang out and assisted Savella to alight, and the two entered the house.

The señora, endeavouring to smooth the frown from her brow, and Somerton, smiling blandly, stood ready to welcome them. Savella glanced from one to the other, and flippantly asked:

"Is it peace or war between us? Your face, Mr. Somerton, says the former; but my aunt's, in spite of her conciliating letter, tells a different story. I would not advise hostilities, for I come armed at all points."

The señora advanced toward her, opened her arms, and in a tragic tone, said:

"My face belies my heart, then, Savella. In spite of all, it is still open to you. You have blighted my fairest hopes for you; but my regrets are softened by the thought that you have at least chosen a gentleman and a man of honour for the future guide of your life."

They entered the parlour; and, after a few moments of conversation, Savella arose and said she would retire to her own apartment. She was soon followed by Philip, and the two, who felt so little

[*ISOLA RECOILS FROM HER PRETENDED FATHER.*]

love for them, were left together to mature their plans for bending the exultant bridegroom to their own purposes.

"He thinks he is lord of all," said the Italian, with bitterness. "His manner, from the first moment, showed me that he means to be master from this time forth. Ha! ha! how little he dreams of what is hanging over him!"

"He shall not remain long under his present delusion," replied Somerton; "the sooner he knows the ground he stands on, the easier it will be for him to bend his proud neck to the yoke I mean to put upon it. Such a man as this Vane I can read through and through; and he will cringe to me at once when he knows the power I have to ruin him."

"Yes—I have changed my mind. Humble him soon—make him bow down before me; for I hate his insolent face, handsome as it certainly is. Savella will let him trample on us unless he is kept in order."

"I shall avail myself of the first opening to take him into our confidence. One will not long be wanting, for I consider Savella's words as a declaration of war."

"If it comes to that we shall see whose weapons are strongest."

With this menace they parted.

A few days of scrupulous politeness on the part of both belligerents passed away.

The desire of Philip to carry out his wishes with reference to these unwelcome guests increased with every hour.

He felt that they were acting a part both to himself and Savella; and he impatiently waited for some pretext to speak openly of their return to Europe.

Somerton himself afforded it. When he and Philip were left together, about a week after his arrival at Fountains, he suddenly said:

"My occupation is gone now, I suppose. Mrs. Vane will scarcely consider a tutor a necessary appendage to her new state. I think it better always to have a clear idea of one's position, and I wish to know what mine is to be in this house under the rule of its new master."

There was an expression on his face which Philip did not like, and he coldly replied:

"I do not suppose you will desire to remain here under present circumstances, Mr. Somerton. I have no more need of a domestic chaplain than Mrs. Vane has of a tutor; but I shall be happy to recommend you, in either capacity, to my friends, if it is your wish to remain in this country."

"Then it is your purpose to set me adrift as soon

as possible? I suspected as much; but I can say, as Savella did, on her return here—I am armed at all points."

He looked defiantly in Philip's face, who replied, with some heat:

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir; but I wish you to understand that I am not a person to be bullied into retaining the services of an individual who has no claim on me, except for the sum of money that may be due to him for such services as he has performed."

"No claim!" repeated Mr. Somerton. "No claim on you, when you are the husband of the child for whose sake I have made so many sacrifices? Has Savella told you that to me she owes her education; to me the discovery of her uncle's place of abode, and the establishment of her rights as the heiress of his estate? If such services as these merit no better reward than your proposal, I am greatly mistaken."

"Make out your account, with ample interest, for all that Mrs. Vane has cost you, Mr. Somerton, and I will settle it without demur. Beyond that, you have nothing to hope from me," said Philip, decisively. "I intend to be master in my own house; and, as the first step toward it, it is my purpose to dismiss those who have tyrannized over my wife from her childhood. She has told me enough of the treatment she received from both you and her aunt to enlighten me painlessly as to the sort of care she has had from you."

"What! that noble, self-sacrificing woman, Senora Roselli, is also to be sent away from the petted darling of her life! I advise you to think twice, Mr. Vane, before you attempt so high-handed a proceeding as that. Believe me, it will be to your interest to do so."

The smooth tones of his insinuating voice irritated Philip, and he hastily said:

"I am not accustomed to be dictated to, Mr. Somerton. I do not submit to it from my own parents, and I am not likely to do so from you, even with the señora to back you. I have married Miss Fontaine, but I have not wedded myself to her connexions, who, to speak plainly, are distasteful to me."

The listener shrugged his shoulders with provoking coolness.

"Upon my word, Mr. Philip Vane, you have lost no time in letting me see into your mind. I must inform you, however, that it is my intention, and that of the lady to whom you so disrespectfully refer, to remain at Fountains at least as long as you do. And when you know as much as I can tell you, you will find it necessary to submit gracefully to the infliction of our presence."

Philip glared on the placid face and smiling lips of Somerton, and angrily replied :

" You can tell me nothing that will induce me to consent to such an arrangement as that. I should have tolerated your presence a few weeks, and dismissed you politely, if you had not thrust this discussion upon me yourself. Since you will have your position defined, understand that I have made up my mind to provide handsomely for Senora Roselli, and she can return to her native land, taking you as her companion, since I am told she is unwilling to part from you. If that satisfies you, sir, it is well; if not, it is also well."

" So, in your blindness of heart, you doubtless think, my son," said Somerton, in a paternal tone; " but when you are enlightened as to all the claims we have on her who is now your wife, perhaps you will speak differently. You will then be as glad to retain us near you, as you now are to get rid of us. Ah, Mr. Vane, a few words I can whisper in your ear, the sight of a few documents in my possession, will change your tone wonderfully—miraculously."

Philip was now trembling with anger and indignation, with which a little fear was mingled. He haughtily said :

" Show me those papers; speak the magical words which are to produce so marvellous a change in my wishes as to induce me to keep near me persons as distasteful to me as you and the senora are."

" Come with me into my room, and I will gratify you," replied Somerton, with perfect self-possession. " The sooner we now arrive at a correct understanding of our mutual positions the better for all parties concerned."

He arose, and glided from the room with his usual stealthy step; and Philip strode after him, with a storm of passion and defiance raging in his breast.

What could this insolence portend? To be defied thus on the threshold of his new paradise was more than he had patience to bear. What could this insolent man mean by his assumption of authority over him, beneath the very roof he now regarded as his own?

The door of Somerton's apartment closed upon the two, and they remained locked up together for two long hours. More than once the voice of Philip was heard speaking in loud and passionate tones, to which his companion replied without any show of resentment; but what the subject of contention was no one knew save Senora Roselli, who flitted past the door more than once, and gazed with apprehensive face upon the blank panels. They told her nothing, and she was compelled to wait till the interview ended, to hear her fears set at rest.

Philip at last came out, looking more like a man who had passed through an exhausting attack of illness, than the buoyant bridegroom of a few days ago. He had scarcely passed from her sight before the senora rushed into the room of Somerton, and rapidly asked :

" Have you conquered? Does he submit to our terms?"

" Of course he does. I knew the man I had to deal with. Henceforth I am master in this place, and Philip Vane is only my deputy."

" Thomas, you are a wonderful man! Your acuteness surpasses even mine!" was the admiring response. " At the last, I feared we might be too precipitate."

" Not at all too much so. I did not wish that young gentleman to feel too securely seated in the saddle before I put the curb-rein on. He understands his true position now, and no spaniel will be more obedient to the command of his master than he will be to mine."

" But if he should betray all to Savella——"

" I warned him against that, and he seemed glad to find that she is not in our counsels."

The first dinner-bell here sounded, and the senora hastened to her room to prepare her toilet.

Philip moodily paced the hall till he saw Savella descending the staircase, looking very ill-pleased. He smoothed his troubled brow, assumed a smile that was almost ghastly, and went forward to offer his arm to escort her to the dining-room. She pouted, and said :

" I have been alone all the morning. What on earth have you and Mr. Somerton been talking so loud about? Celia said she heard your voices in the hall."

" We were discussing important business, and I am afraid I lost my temper, that is all."

" I think he might have let such things alone; at least, till our honeymoon is over. But, my dear Philip, I did not believe you could be cross."

" Oh, you don't know me yet, Savella. I am very easily irritated; but to you I shall always be kind. You must not mind what I may say or do to others, for I am not always my own master. However, so far as Mr. Somerton is concerned, all is fair weather between us now. He is a remarkable man, in many respects;

and I begin already to see that his shrewdness can be of great service to me in managing the complicated affairs of this estate."

Savella regarded him with an expression of extreme surprise. She abruptly said :

" Then both will stay, for my aunt will never go away without him."

" Yes, they will stay," he briefly replied.

" But I do not wish it. I thought you fully understood that."

" My dear Savella," said Philip, in his most ingratiating manner, " on reflection, I cannot bear that you should be branded with ingratitude to the woman who has been a second mother to you. Therefore, Senora Roselli had better remain at Fountains."

" Oh, I should not care for what the world might say. But since you wish them to remain, I will not insist on their expulsion."

The dinner was exquisitely and elegantly served, but Philip Vane had never enjoyed one less.

Somerton talked a great deal, and in a very entertaining manner; but the young man listened to his well-turned periods with a sick heart and the bitter conviction that he who had never before bowed his imperious head even to the mandate of paternal authority, was now absolutely under the control of two creatures whom in his heart he termed reptiles, spawn of the earth, and every other disparaging epithet of which he could think. But amid all, he smiled his ghastly smile, and mechanically replied to the words addressed to him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

And thus the heart may break!
Yet brokenly live on!

Child Harold.

On the second day after Isola's arrival at the Vale, Fanny set out to join her aunt. The strange revelation made by Senora Roselli was fully discussed in the family circle, before her departure, and they all inclined to the opinion expressed by Miss Carleton that it was a device of the Italian to humiliate the object of her aversion.

When Fanny parted from her friend, she said :

" Don't be spirited away while I am gone, Isola. Even if your true father should turn up, you now belong to us, as the betrothed bride of George. If I thought you could be tempted to leave us I would write to my brother to fly back on the wings of love, to oppose the authority of a husband against the claims of a parent who has never known you."

" My dear Fanny, I leave my fate in my cousin Carrie's hands. What she thinks right I shall do."

" Then you're safe enough, for cousin Carrie is not going to give you up at all. She has made up her mind that this man is an impostor, and so have I. Good-bye, darling; I wish you were going with me; half the pleasure of my trip will be marred by my separation from you. I always expected that we should go together, and it is too bad that I can't have you with me."

" You will have Augusta Stuart; you will scarcely miss me, Fanny."

" Gussy is a good girl, but she is not half as dear to me as you, you little witch. Somehow, you manage to make us all feel that there is nobody like you."

" I am glad you think so, dear Fanny; for the kind appreciation of my friends makes my happiness."

" Write to me every week," was Fanny's parting injunction, " and tell me everything that goes on here, even to how Dashaway and Ponto get along."

The promise was readily given, and the carriage rolled away, bearing Mrs. Berkeley and her daughter.

At the end of ten days a note came from Senora Roselli, in which was enclosed a letter written on coarse paper, in a sprawling, unpractised-looking hand. The senora merely said :

" The enclosed reached me this morning; it is from your father, and you can see for yourself what he says."

" B. R."

With a faint sickness at her heart, Isola opened the uninviting looking manuscript, and saw that it was written in Italian. She had taken lessons in that language from Somerton since his residence at Fountains, and with the assistance of Miss Carleton, she translated the following rhapsody :

" My prayers are at last answered. God, the eternal, the beneficent ruler of the world, has vouchsafed to me the blessing I have so long and earnestly prayed for. My child, my Clari, will be restored to my arms, and to you, friend of my early days, I owe this blissful discovery."

" You knew her sainted mother in days of yore; oh, say, does my daughter bear upon her features the stamp of her lineage? Has she the witching grace, the soul-beaming eyes of my immortal love? Does her voice flow in silvery accents from lips of rose? for my lost angel was the loveliest of women."

" My life, my joy, my hope was engulfed beneath the raging billows, and I was left to walk the earth

desolate and alone. My child was saved almost by a miracle, and for years I have wandered up and down the earth seeking her—till now, in vain."

" As a last hope, I came to this country; for I could not discover the nationality of the noble man who rescued her from the jaws of impending fate. The people of the little village near which the accident happened said that he was English."

" I fly to claim my child; she shall be my joy, my pride, in all the years to come. Bianca, the gratitude I owe you is beyond expression. Tell my daughter all, that she may be prepared to receive me, for I shall swiftly follow this letter. Once more I shall be bold! Oh, joy! to clasp my recovered treasure to my heart, never more to be separated from her. Henceforth she is mine alone; for every other tie must sink into insignificance before the duty and affection due to the parent who has so long been defrauded of his just rights."

LEONARDO ROSELLI.

When Isola and her friend had gathered the sense of this extraordinary epistle, she looked appealingly to Miss Carleton, who seriously said :

" My dear child, after reading those lines I am only more deeply convinced that my first suspicion is correct. The writer of this absurd rhodomontade is not your father. I can see nothing genuine in this production; it is the ranting of a man who has been accustomed to stage effect, and not the outpouring of a parent's love for a long-lost daughter. How does it affect you, Isola? Has it touched your heart?"

" I do not know; I am afraid that I dread his advent too much to do justice to his expressions of affection. Oh, cousin Carrie, I feel that I am unnatural, for my pride struggles against the possibility that the writer of this may indeed be my father. Yet he may be, after all. What motive can Senora Roselli have for practising such a deception as this?"

" I cannot penetrate her motives, and I confess that the desire to humiliate you does not seem to be a sufficient cause for carrying out such a scheme as this. Yet the conviction is strong within my heart that the whole affair is a base deception which we shall some day fathomed. We shall be better able to decide as to the genuineness of his pretensions after we have seen this Roselli. The fact of his connexion with the senora does not raise him in my estimation."

The next few days were spent by Isola in a state of tremulous excitement, which she found it impossible to control.

At the end of a week a note came from Somerton stating that Leonardo Roselli was then at Fountains, and in two more hours they would come together to the Vale. Poor Isola! the intervening time was spent in a pitiable state of agitation, and when the two visitors alighted at the door she felt as if her senses must desert her.

General Berkeley and Miss Carleton were both with her, to sustain her in the coming interview; and, rallying all her strength, Isola sat white and rigid, her eyes fixed immovably upon the door.

It opened, and Somerton entered, followed by a dark, coarse-looking man, whose unwieldy person was thrust into a suit of fashionably made clothes which did not seem to have been originally intended for him. His coarse, rusty-looking black hair was parted in front, like a woman's, and fell in straight lines over his ears. His sallow complexion, prominent features, and deep set black eyes presented by no means an agreeable or prepossessing aspect to strangers.

General Berkeley went forward to meet them, and Somerton presented his friend to him:

" This, General Berkeley, is Senor Roselli, an old and valued friend of mine, who comes to claim his long lost child at your hands."

In deeply tragic tones the stranger now spoke. His accent was very imperfect; but he seemed to have a sufficient knowledge of English to express himself with ease.

" Which is my daughter, sir? Have pity on my impatience, and tell me if yonder fairy is my joy, my angel child."

Isola impulsively arose, and Roselli rushed toward her as rapidly as his size would permit.

" Ha! that movement assures me that 'tis she! Come to my heart—I see—I see the eyes of my long lost Clari beaming on me once more. Oh! I am blessed, I am supremely blessed! What is this? You refuse to come to my arms when they are opened to invite you to your true resting place, the bosom from which you have too long been severed?"

In spite of her efforts to control the expression of her feelings, Isola recoiled from him; and, in place of accepting the proffered paternal embrace, she screened herself behind Miss Carleton.

Roselli glowered on her with his bead-like eyes, and she faintly said :

" Pardon me, sir; but if you are indeed my father, you are yet a stranger to me, and—and I must learn to know you before I can be caressed by you."

" Ah, what angelic delicacy. I respect your sense of propriety, my daughter, and I will not insist on

clasping you to my beating heart. I can wait till you have learned to love me."

Then turning to Miss Carleton, he said:

"And this lady is the friend who has stepped forward to your assistance in the hour of your need. Dear lady, I thank you as only a father can thank her who has taken his darling to her heart."

"Pray be seated, senor," said Miss Carleton, with dignity. "Before admitting your claims to Isola, General Berkeley wishes to have some serious conversation with you."

"Before admitting my claims to my own child! Does any one doubt them? Good heavens! when I have spent my life in seeking for my daughter, it seems hard indeed to have my right questioned. Do you hear this, Somerton? My friend, how is this, that I am met with mistrust that is insulting?"

"General Berkeley is unwilling to give up this young lady to a stranger; and it is just that he shall require proof of the validity of your pretensions. We can soon show him that they are genuine, if he will favour us with a few moments' private conversation."

The old gentleman bowed, and led the way to his library. When there, he coldly said:

"I am quite ready to examine your proofs, Senor Roselli; but I warn you that they must be without flaw. Even then I shall scarcely be willing to surrender Isola to your protection."

"They are here," said Somerton, who now took on himself the management of the affair. "Here are two certificates, General Berkeley; one of the marriage of Leonardo Roselli and Clari Rossi; the other of the birth of their daughter, Clari Roselli, in Rome, on the fifteenth of May, eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Here is a miniature of her mother; and in it you can yourself see many traits of resemblance to Isola."

General Berkeley glanced over the papers; but as they were written in a language he did not understand, they could not convey much information to him; but the miniature gave a pang to his heart, for its strong resemblance to Isola left him no room to doubt that the original was indeed her mother. He examined it carefully, and then said:

"If this lady was really your wife, senor, there is little room to doubt that she was the mother of my young friend. I beg your pardon for questioning the validity of your claim; but my own reluctance to part from her who is pledged to become the future wife of my grandson, is my excuse."

"My heart can excuse any weakness toward my angel child, General Berkeley; but I am sorry to learn that she has formed such ties with your grandson. Her fate, almost from the first hour of her life, was sealed. My daughter has been dedicated to the cloister from her infancy."

General Berkeley regarded him with dilating eyes.

"What can you mean, senor?"

"Exactly what I have said. When Clari was but a few days old, she was ill unto death. Her mother prayed with me that her life might be spared, and we jointly promised that if she was given back to us, we would dedicate her to the service of heaven. She was restored to health, and I feel myself bound to fulfil the vow made by my dead wife, even if I could fail in keeping my own."

"It seems to me, senor, that if such is your intention, you had better have suffered your daughter to remain unclaimed. I assure you that it will destroy the happiness of Isola to be separated from her lover; and George will never give her up."

"It matters not; she must submit," replied Roselli, with emphasis. "My authority over her is paramount to all others, and that of my vow over me is equally binding. I shall, at the same time, enter a religious house myself, that I may have access to my angel child."

General Berkeley could not forbear saying:

"You seem as little fitted for that calling, senor, as any one I have ever met. If you attempt to force this destiny upon your daughter, I will frankly tell you it will be committing a great wrong against her."

"She will ultimately submit. I will place her among those who will win her over to see the beauty of the self sacrifice which lifts her mother the sin of an unfulfilled vow."

He seemed to speak with earnestness and feeling, and the old gentleman replied:

"Your daughter is the plighted bride of my grandson; her promise should certainly have as much weight with you as the vow you rashly made. Better that she should have died in her infancy, than live to have her brightest hopes sacrificed to your will."

"Your views and Roselli's can never coincide on that subject, General," said Somerton. "But I agree with him that his vow is more binding than any subsequent one made by the being over whom nature has invested him with absolute control."

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot agree with you. Isola, as a responsible human creature, has the right to choose her own destiny; and she shall exercise that right," replied General Berkeley, decisively. "I

also have something to say in the settlement of a question which vitally involves the happiness of my grandson. His betrothed wife belongs almost as much to me as to the father who has been so long unknown to her."

"Sir, this is a strange assumption of authority on your part," said Roselli, in a blustering tone. "My angel child will listen to me; she must fly to me as her dearest refuge on earth."

"Stop that trash, and be silent, if you cannot talk sense," whispered Somerton to the poor actor, in menacing tones. "The man you have to deal with is no fool, if you are one."

Thus summarily stopped in mid career, Roselli threw up his hands, and clasping them over his face, said, in heart-broken tones:

"If she refuses to respond to my love, I am lost—lost. My friend, I am too much overcome to talk; pray, speak to my child, and influence her to do what is right. Summon her hither."

"No," said General Berkeley. "Isola shall be spared that painful ordeal. I will send Miss Carleton to speak with you, at her own desire. She has some potent arguments to offer to induce you to relinquish your daughter to her. I will go with Mr. Somerton into the next room, and she will join you immediately."

The afflicted father seemed scarcely to hear him, and the two went out together. To the inquiring look of Miss Carleton, and the imploring expression of Isola, General Berkeley reluctantly replied, by saying:

"I am afraid the claim is made good; but have no fears, Isola; I will not give you up without a bitter struggle."

For an instant she seemed as if fainting; but she recovered composure, and presently said:

"Since you are satisfied, sir, I must believe that I am the daughter of—of—"

Her voice failed her; and kindly taking her hand, the old gentleman said to Miss Carleton:

"Go into the library, Carrie, and see what terms you can make to retain our child. Excuse me, Mr. Somerton, but your friend seems to me to be a person who will not be inaccessible to reason."

Somerton shook his head doubtfully:

"I cannot tell. So great is my interest in the happiness of this young lady, that I could wish he might be induced to change his views with regard to her."

Miss Carleton left the room, and Isola apprehensively asked:

"What are his views? What does he propose to do with me? Oh, General Berkeley, keep me here; I cannot go with this stranger, even if he is my father."

"Then you shall not; I will use all my power to protect you."

She clung to the paternal hand that held hers, as if it was her last stay; while Somerton regarded her with a singular expression, in which craft and exultation were blended.

He seemed to have little care as to the result, for he felt secure of holding the thread of her destiny in his hands; and, struggle as she might, she was powerless to extricate herself from the subtle meshes of the web he was weaving around her.

(To be continued.)

A CENSUS just taken by the Italian Government gives the population of their territories at 21,777,334 souls, the fifth population in Europe. If all Italy were united, the population would be 27,000,000, which, if taxed up to the French level, would have a revenue of £70,000,000.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT, like the Prussian Government, has announced its intention to reduce its army, even that of Venetia. We don't, however, believe all these good people please to tell us of late, since our experience of their powers of talking in two directions on the Schleswig-Holstein affair.

ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN.—There is nothing in the constitution of women which must necessarily render them less physically fit for their work than men. It is true that it is a law of nature that women should be smaller and weaker than men; but their organization is quite as perfect, and their comparative smallness and weakness does not necessarily prevent them from being quite as healthy, and as well able to discharge their special duties. A lady's watch is smaller than a church clock; but the one is as perfect and as well-made as the other, and there is, therefore, no good reason why it should not work as well. Just so it is with the physical organization of women, in comparison with that of men. We must seek elsewhere than in the natural constitutional differences between the sexes, for the cause of women's lower physical condition, and more frequent physical inability to perform their special duties. The cause lies chiefly in the habits of women, which are, upon

the whole, much more unhealthy than those of men. If women wish to take their right place among the world's workers, they must earnestly strive to bring their lives far more into accordance with the health laws than they now are. They must strive not only for the right to work, but also for more physical power to work.—*Women's Dress in Relation to Health.*

AN IONIAN MARRIAGE.

ON Saturday, the 10th of May, 1862, we were present at the marriage of the Regent's eldest daughter in Argostoli. We arrived at eight in the evening, and found a very large company assembled, probably about a hundred persons of both sexes. Besides a covered verandah, there were two large rooms, the one full of ladies, and the other of gentlemen.

At the head of one sat the bride, a pretty girl of eighteen, and by her side the bridegroom, a gentleman in that apartment. The mother of the bride sat near them, and placed my wife next to herself. I at first remained in the same room with the ladies. But it soon appeared that I was either infringing the etiquette, or derogating from my dignity as one of the male sex. For my worthy host came up to me, and taking me by the arm, led me into the apartment occupied by the lords of the creation. There he left me, ensconced in a chair between two stout, amiable gentlemen.

Ices were handed round in the first instance. Afterwards there followed, throughout the evening, interminable baskets of white and coloured sugar-plums of various shape and sizes. At first, being unfortunately past the age for relishing such refreshment, I allowed them to pass by me untouched; but I quickly perceived that I must do at Rome as the Romans do. The etiquette was rigid, and applied to old as well as to young. The rule was to fill your coat and waistcoat pockets, as also your pocket handkerchief, (in short, every available receptacle,) with those bonbons. For politeness sake I was ready to do everything—except swallow them. Before the night was over I had collected enough to open, had I desired it, a small lollypop shop on my own account. We were informed that fifty pounds sterling had been laid out by our hostess upon these strange confections.

My first idea was to take them home to give to my children; but, on second thoughts, I was deterred from such a proceeding by prudent fears of doctors' bills. I therefore reserved them for the young English drummers, who, I felt sure, could digest anything. They were certainly tried in this respect; for the following morning the Regent's lady despatched a servant with a large additional basketful of the sugar-plums, as was customary on such occasions. The drummers and soldiers' children devoured, however, the whole, without difficulty or inconvenience of any kind.

I should state that the company consisted entirely of the relations of the bridal pair, with the exception of the resident, myself, and a few others. It is thought a great slur to leave out any kinsman on such occasions. The marriage ceremony commenced about nine p.m., and lasted more than an hour. It took place in a small room adjoining that first occupied by the ladies, which had been prepared for the purpose. The only gentlemen admitted, who had no part to perform, were the two Englishmen. But the door being open, some of the outsiders could look in occasionally, if they felt so inclined. Even the father of the bride remained in the outer room most of the time.

A table was spread, with a white cloth, upon which was placed bread and wine. A priest, magnificently dressed in gold-embroidered robes, officiated, with the aid of some assistants, plainly dressed in black. Before them, on the opposite side of the table, stood the bride and bridegroom, supported by the mother of the bride, and the friends of the bride and bridegroom. The bridal pair each held tall lighted candles in their hands throughout the tedious ceremony. The priest rapidly read the service, whilst performing various little ceremonies. He crowned the pair with white wreaths, which he frequently transferred from one head to the other. He also dipped a pointed piece of bread into the wine, and then alternately put it into their mouths, for each of them to take a small piece. This, constantly repeated, was the least pleasant part of the ceremony to the spectators. The wine was then handed to each, in the cup. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom, with their three or four assisting friends, formed a circle, and moved together three times round the table.

The pretty young bride could not help laughing at this rather comical part of the proceedings. There were various other ceremonies about the ring, and also about kissing the Bible, and the priest, and the nearest relations. The whole operation appeared to be a very fatiguing one for the fair bride, who, however, went through it all most good-humouredly. The beauty of the bride, and the still handsome appearance of the Regent's lady, added greatly to the general in-

terest of this wedding scene. There were also many other pretty faces amongst the assembled Greek ladies. But as all the company, with the exception of the priests and of the servants, were dressed in the fashions of Western Europe, there was not much appearance of nationality on this occasion.

The servants, however, were dressed in the Albanian dress, which it is now the custom in Europe to consider as the Greek national costume. The wedding party broke up amidst the kissings of the bride on the part of the privileged few, in which the Englishmen were, of course, not included. But every one was bound to say to the bridal pair, "May you live—may you live." The parents of the bride were also greeted with friendly expressions of "I wish you joy."—"Four Years in the Ionian Islands; with a History of the British Protectorate." Edited by Viscount Kirkwall.

ALL ALONE.

BY E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE STORM.

But something came twixt her and hope—
The white, dead face of one she loved.

Kirke White.

THERE were many smiling faces and happy hearts to welcome the return of Austin and Genevieve. Austin rode over to Red Ridge Farm upon the morning following his arrival, to see Basil Wilde, who, however, was away from home. It was Nelly who received him, and who, affecting to consider him still as their landlord, accompanied him all over the premises.

In a week Austin repeated his visit. The next week he went twice. The third week three times. The fourth week he was there every day, and Miss Nelly was always his companion.

At the end of six weeks, it being necessary that Genevieve should go to Paris upon business connected with her property, Austin proposed that Miss Nelly should be invited to go with them, as Genevieve's companion.

But Genevieve looked vexed.

"Why do you not speak?" asked Austin.

"I do not want a companion," the young lady said; "least of all, her whom I cannot find it in my heart to like."

"I am grieved," said Austin, "to find you so prejudiced. It was so once with me. Now I confess it, but I was very much to blame."

Genevieve still looked doubtful.

"Why do you wish it?" she asked. "Do you love her, Austin?"

"No," he replied, "I have loved once, but I can never love another; yet my sorrowful love need not close my heart against humanity; on the contrary, all the consolation I ever expect to find, aside from you, Genevieve, is in delighting and blessing others."

And Genevieve believed him, and could no longer oppose him.

A few months after their departure, when Theodora and Basil were seated, one stormy night, at their evening meal, their neighbour, Mrs. Brunton, brought them the news of Nelly's marriage with the young heir of Mount Storm.

Theodora started and turned pale, but at the same time she put out her hand to Basil, who was seated by her side, and who, struggling with the jealous pang that seized his own heart, nevertheless, folded that delicate hand in his own, and whispered his consolation.

"Never mind, dear love. It will make no difference in heaven."

"Oh, Basil! you are so good—so good!"

"It is strange she did not write, though," said old Mrs. Wilde, who was present.

"Perhaps she has written, and the letter is at the post-office."

"Ah! if it was not such a night—"

"The storm will not hurt me."

"No, no," said the old lady, looking out wistfully on the dreary landscape. "Do not go on my account."

"But you are anxious, mother, I am sure; and it is not so very far."

The prospect was certainly a threatening one. The window looked out to the north-west, where, behind Mount Storm, a great dark cloud, looking still darker in contrast to the moss-covered cliff, was slowly rising. The post-office was about two miles off. Basil saddled his horse, and brought it round to the door. He found his young wife standing at the door, looking out upon the stormy sky.

"Is it not a splendid sight?" he said, pointing to the streaks of fiery red and liquid gold. "You never paint now, dearest."

"I have never cared to since—since my illness, dear. If I ever had any real genius for art, I must have lost it in that illness."

Basil looked at her sadly.

"Don't feel anxious about me, dearest," she cried suddenly.

"Good bye, then."

"Good bye—Basil."

She called to him as he turned away.

She was very pale, and her voice was unnaturally deep and tremulous.

"Basil."

"Yes, darling."

"Do not go to-night."

"Not go? Why?"

"I do not know. But the storm."

"There is no storm to hurt me, dearest. What makes you so serious? A shower of rain, and a gust of wind won't kill me. Good bye, dear," said the young man, holding out his hand.

Some vague, but solemn provision—some deep, mournful impulse compelled her to cling tightly to that rough, honest hand, and to gaze up into those candid, affectionate eyes that were fixed so pleadingly on hers, and then to put up her lips, offering, for the first and last time in her life, the kiss that made him happier than a benediction, as he said:

"God bless you—good bye."

As she turned to enter the house, a sudden gust of wind rushed up the hill side with a mournful wailing cry, as of a drowning soul.

While she and the old lady were seated by the fire side a few minutes afterwards, a terrific crash smote the house. It was a falling tree, and they sat still, trembling and helpless, while the storm increased in violence.

Then Theodora, wringing her hands, cried out aloud:

"Oh, why did he go? Why did I let him go?" and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The candles had not long been lighted. They sat before the hearth while the storm beat against the old house; and at every fresh blast, the old timbers strained and cracked, as if, the next gust, they must give way altogether.

But time rolled on, and yet Basil did not return.

His wife listened for the sounds of the horse's hoofs, but heard only the shrieking of the wind and the rattling of the sleet.

And then, one sound, more awful than all the rest, a continuous thunderous roaring.

It was the voice of a river, augmented by a hundred mountain torrents, and swollen to a flood.

"Great heavens!" murmured Theodora; "if Basil should attempt to pass over the bridge!"

But midnight came, and he returned not; and still the storm raged with undiminished fury, and the thunderous roar grew louder and louder.

"Let us pray, mother," said Theodora, in a low, faint voice.

The women sank upon their knees, and covered their faces with their trembling hands.

But after midnight, the storm began to subside, and the wind fell.

Then the old woman proposed that they should go to bed.

"I will sit up," said Theodora; "I could not sleep. I could not close my eyes."

The old woman, however, went to her room, and lay down. The roaring of the river lulled her to slumber.

Suddenly, though, she was startled out of it by a piercing shriek from the room below.

She sprang from her bed in an instant, and stood shivering in a panic of fear and of cold for some moments before she could recover herself, and collect her scattered senses.

Then she went down-stairs, and found Theodora standing, in her white dressing-gown, ghost-like and speechless, in the middle of the room.

"My dear child, what is the matter?"

"Hush! speak lower! Did I frighten you with my scream?"

"Yes. How strange you look! You are white as a corpse."

"Listen: I will tell you what is the matter. I have had a dream or a vision."

"A vision?"

"I know not what; but as I sat here, with my eyes closed, I suddenly heard what seemed to be the refrain of a song, sung by a chorus, and as if, in singing, they had passed by, and passed out of hearing."

"Yes—yes."

"Simultaneously with the words 'Free—free,' that I could just distinguish, I opened my eyes, and there I saw—as plainly as I ever saw him in my life—Basil, pale as death, and dripping wet, like one freshly come from a struggle in the waves. I thought it was himself, wet and weary from the storm and the passage of the river, and I started up to speak to him, when

the arm was stretched out to wave me off, and he vanished from my sight. And then I shrieked aloud."

"A dream, child," said the old woman, shuddering in spite of herself.

"Hush! Listen! What o'clock is that?"

"It struck three."

"Oh, how I wish it was daylight!"

"Try to lie down and sleep, my dear."

"No, no—I cannot sleep. I must wait."

They remained together until the first grey dawn of morning penetrated the chamber, then opened the house-door, and looked out.

But the scene was terrible—the country almost unrecognizable.

The pathway was blocked up by heaps of drifted snow. Beside the window lay the great tree, which had been uprooted by the wind. The melted snow-drifts from the mountain sides ran down in torrents, ploughing new ravines in their resistless course. The river had overflowed its bed, and flooded all the valley, carrying devastation and death in its course.

Over the surface of the water floated fragments of the wreck: small cabins, buoyed up like boats; articles of household furniture floated on with the struggling and drowning forms of horses, cows, and sheep.

The two women came in and closed the door, and sat down again, to wait with hearts faint and sick.

An hour afterwards they heard the sound of steps approaching the door, and Theodore arose.

A presentiment of evil told her what she was to expect.

She could scarcely raise the latch.

Her knees knocked together as she did so.

Several men were there, with frightened looks, gathered round some object that their forms concealed. She dashed them on one side, however, and gazed upon the dead face of Basil Wynde.

They had found his corpse floating on the bosom of the flood.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MARRIAGE BREAKFAST.

One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love.

Moor.

WHEN Gladdys had renovated her toilet, she also went below to the sitting-room, where she found breakfast already on the table.

"Oh, I hope I haven't kept you waiting until everything is cold, Arthur," said Gladdys, suddenly remembering how much such "waiting" used to annoy her father.

"No, dear, the coffee is just this moment brought in. Take your place, and try to think that you are at home. You have done the honours of your father's breakfast-table often enough to be used to the duty," replied Arthur, smiling, as he led her to a chair.

Al! but this was not her father's table; and Gladdys felt the difference, and blushed deeply, as she sat down and began to arrange the cups and saucers, preparatory to pouring out the coffee.

While they were eating, breakfast, Gladdys described to Arthur her interview with the landlady, and told him of her offer to accompany them on their journey.

"She was harsh with me at first, Arthur; but it was only because she thought that I was doing very wrong, running away from my father and mother, or guardian; but when she saw how it was, she was very kind to me; for she is a conscientious, good woman, Arthur. Now, dear, how do you feel about it? Will it annoy you if she accompanies us? For it is not too late to change the arrangement. I can thank her and release her from her promise."

"Annoy me, Gladdys? No, dearest! I shall be very thankful for every protection that you can throw around you, to shield your delicacy," answered Arthur, who, though he would have much preferred a *tête-à-tête* journey with his beautiful betrothed, was ready to make any sacrifice to her feelings.

When they arose from the table and rang for the waiter, to give orders for a fresh, strong horse to be put to the carriage, the landlady entered the room.

"This is Mrs. Parker, dear Arthur," said Gladdys. "Mrs. Parker, Mr. Powis."

"I thank you very much, madam, for your great kindness to Miss Llewellyn," Arthur began to say, with a bow; but the landlady cut him short by exclaiming:

"I don't know as there is so much kindness in it! I want to go to Scotland, anyhow; I want to see my daughter as I haven't seen since she married and went there, six months ago."

"I hope it will not trouble you to get ready in a hurry," said Arthur, smiling, "because we must be off in an hour."

"Oh, dear, no! I packed my trunk while you were at breakfast. And I shall be quite ready by the time Miss Llewellyn puts on her bonnet," said Mrs. Parker, hurrying out.

In much less than an hour, the party entered the carriage, to which a powerful draught horse, more remarkable for strength than elegance, had been attached.

"Now, young gentleman," said the landlady, as Arthur handed her into a back seat, "I hope you are a good driver, because the nearest route is right over the mountains, and the very worst road that was ever in this world."

"I am a skilful driver, I fancy," said Arthur, smiling.

"Well, I hope so," said the landlady, doubtfully. "Sailors aint generally so, you know."

"But I was a skilful driver long before I ever saw a ship."

Gladdys was handed into a seat by her side, and Arthur sprang into his place and took the reins, and the carriage started.

Through all that glorious autumn day they pursued their journey; and if the mountain road was dangerous, the danger was more than balanced by the beauty of the scenery; for here the mountains are thickly clothed by the primeval forests, and in the autumn their changing foliage presents all the most gorgeous colours in nature; while the grey rocks, jutting here and there, and the cold, unchanging evergreens, and many streams and waterfalls, give variety and tone to a scene that would otherwise be too dazzling in its splendour of colouring.

Late in the afternoon they reached their destination. They drove along the main street of the town, and drew up at a picturesque little hotel.

"This is my daughter's house—I mean my son-in-law's; but it is all the same," said Mrs. Parker, as she made her arrangements for alighting.

"I am sure it is," answered Arthur, as he handed her out.

Two or three servants came out to take the horses and receive orders from the guest. But Mrs. Parker, leaving Arthur to attend to Gladdys, gave the orders herself—first asking questions:

"Here you, Jim! how is your missis?"

"She's all right, mum?" answered the man.

"How is your master?"

"He's all right too, mum."

"And how is business?"

"It's all right, mum?"

"Then there's nothing wrong?"

"No, mum."

"Thank heaven! Now, Jim, run in and tell your missis that I have come, and then run out and put up the gentleman's horse, and rub him down and give him a good feed."

"The gentleman, mum?"

"No—the gentleman's horse; but first run and tell your missus I've come."

The man started to obey; but it seemed that somebody else had been before him with the news, for at that moment a pretty young woman burst out of the house, and threw herself in the arms of Mrs. Parker, and burst into tears of joy.

"Are you so glad to see me as all that, Nelly?" said the elder woman.

"Oh, mother!" sobbed the younger.

"There, there, Nelly! Don't cry! I have come to stay a whole month with you. But I have brought you some guests. Attend to them first, dear—especially the young lady; and after you have done that, we will have a good long talk."

Mrs. Parker then presented her fellow travellers to her daughter, and they all went into the house together.

The young hostess—her married name was Barton—took Gladdys up into a neat bed-chamber, supplied her with all that she required after her journey, and then left her.

As soon as Gladdys was alone, her spirits sank; the old feeling of wrong-doing and of humiliation and timidity returned upon her in full force, coupled now with a vague presentiment of approaching evil. Slowly and sadly she went through her toilet. And when she had completed it, she sat down on a low chair, and wept.

At the end of an hour, her motherly friend, Mrs. Parker, found her thus.

The good woman entered gaily, saying, in a chirping tone:

"Well, my dear, the tea is all ready."

Then, seeing that Gladdys was in tears, she exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter now?"

Gladdys wept, but could not speak.

"Come, now; what is it? Tell me," said the woman, sitting down by her side.

Gladdys dropped her head upon her friend's shoulder, and weeping, softly answered:

"I do not quite know; there is no real cause, so I suppose I am weak and foolish."

"How so, dear?"

"Oh, I feel as if I was doing something so very wrong."

"But you know that you are not. The young man you are about to marry was your parents' choice for you."

"I know; but I feel mortified and alarmed; and I feel almost like retracing my steps."

"That will never do now; you have gone too far, my dear. Besides, you would feel as badly, or very nearly as badly, if you were going to be married in the most regular and pleasant manner in the world, in your own drawing-room, with all your friends around, and your mother to dress you, and your father to give you away, and your own old family parson to pronounce the marriage benediction."

At this mention of her father and mother, and her marriage at home under happier auspices, poor Gladdys burst into a passion of tears. The contrast of that imaginary picture with the real facts was too much for her; a keen sense of her orphanage wounded her to the heart, and she wept bitterly.

"There, weep on my bosom. It is nothing, and it will soon be over. Every sensitive and thoughtful girl feels just as you do when she is on the brink of a new life. But she would not back out if she could. Neither would you, would you now?"

"Oh, no—no, indeed," said Gladdys, through her tears.

"No, of course not; it would not be just to him, you know. And he is a fine young man—I see that very plainly; and he will make you happy."

"Oh, yes, indeed; I know he will. And it is very unkind to him for me to weep so much; but I will never let him see me do it," said Gladdys, lifting her head and wiping her eyes.

"You will not weep after you are married. He will console you for all," said the good woman, gently.

"I know it. Well, I suppose he is waiting for me now. Are my eyes very red?"

"No, dear; come along."

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, how good you are to me!" exclaimed Gladdys, with a sudden outburst of gratitude. "What in the world should I have done without you! I believe I should have died of humiliation and fright if you had not come with me. I shall thank you all my life."

"There, dear, you needn't say another word. I know all about it, better than you do. Now let us go down."

And arm-in-arm they went down into a pleasant private parlour, where the tea-table was ready set.

Arthur advanced to meet her.

"I have not been idle since you left us, love. I have found the minister who will unite us to-morrow morning. We will walk quietly across the bridge. There is no church there, only a house."

Gladdys returned the affectionate pressure of his hand, but made no other reply. And the entrance of the waiter with the tea-urn put an end to this little passage of love.

"Will you please take the head of the table? You do not know how embarrassing it is to me to do so," whispered Gladdys to her friend.

Mrs. Parker laughed and complied.

As soon as tea was over, by the advice of the good woman, Gladdys, worn out by fatigue, excitement, and loss of sleep, bade Arthur good-night, and retired to her room.

Mrs. Parker accompanied her, and did not leave her until she had seen her in bed and asleep.

Gladdys, thoroughly exhausted, slept late into the next morning. No one would allow her to be disturbed until she waked. But when at length she opened her eyes, recollected herself, and rang her bell. Mrs. Parker was the first one in her room.

"Get up as quick as you can, my dear; everything is ready and everybody waiting for you; and we think the sooner the ceremony is performed the better. We can just walk across the bridge and have it over at once; it won't take long, and then we can come back to breakfast," said the good woman.

Even before she had ceased speaking Gladdys was out of bed.

There was a knock at the door.

Mrs. Parker went to open it. There was the young hostess, with a large strong cup of coffee in her hand.

"That will do, Nelly; you can go; we don't need you, dear; she will be down directly, tell them," said Nelly's mother, taking the cup of coffee from her hand and shutting the door.

"Here, my dear, you must drink this, to keep you up until we get back to breakfast," she said, bringing the refreshment to Gladdys.

"How good you are to me," said the grateful girl, for the twentieth time perhaps, as she took and quaffed the coffee.

Gladdys soon completed her simple toilet, and they went down-stairs. On their way, Mrs. Parker darted through a side door into another room, and instantly returned with her bonnet and her gloves in her hands.

"Nelly, and Ned, and myself are going across the bridge with you, my dear. We would like to see the ceremony performed, and besides it will look better," she said, as they continued their way.

"Oh, yes, yes; thank you," exclaimed Gladdys, eagerly.

When they got down-stairs they found the bridegroom, and Ned and Nelly Barton waiting. Arthur drew the arm of Gladdys within his own, and went in advance, followed by the others.

As the bride was dressed in deep mourning, and there was not a single bridal favour in the whole party, there was nothing about them to attract the attention of the curious as they passed down the main street. When they came nearly opposite the great hotel of the town, they turned into the cross street leading to the bridge.

When they were across the bridge the whole party paused; and the minister began to prepare to perform the rites.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Parker, in a low whisper, "I never thought of it before!"

"Thought of what, mother?" inquired her daughter, in the same low tone.

"Why, she is as good as doomed! She is going to be married in black, which is always considered an unlucky omen! And not only black, but the deepest mourning!" said the good woman, with an appalled look.

"But she wears it for her parents, so how can she help it? Besides, I don't believe in omens, mother! Do you, yourself, really now, mother?" inquired Nelly, smiling.

"N—no, I don't know as I do; but they always make me feel very uncomfortable when they happen to be bad ones," replied Mrs. Parker, making a fine distinction.

Gladdys perceived that they were whispering together, and she looked uneasy.

Nelly noticed this, and effected a diversion by laughing, and saying:

"What queer bridesmaids we are—mother and I—Miss Llewellyn!—an elderly widow, and a married woman, to wait on a young lady bride! I think it is too absurd, or would be, only that they say it is lucky."

Gladdys smiled faintly in reply; but she was too agitated to trust herself to speak.

The minister opened the book; the party grouped themselves properly before him; the ceremony proceeded; and Arthur Powis and Gladdys Llewellyn pronounced their vows and received the nuptial benediction.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PURSUIT.

Happiest in this—her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Shakespeare.

As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, and the usual congratulations were offered and accepted, the wedding party retraced their steps across the bridge, and back to the little inn, where, by the orders of the young hostess, a marriage breakfast had been prepared and laid in the private parlour.

Mrs. Parker presided; the Rev. Mr. Jones asked the blessing; the bride and bridegroom sat on the right hand side of the board, and the host and hostess on the left.

"This is not the breakfast, nor are we the guests that should celebrate the union of the son of Colonel Powis with the daughter of General Llewellyn," said Mrs. Parker, as she poured out the coffee.

"You disparage your hospitality, and wrong yourself and your daughter, dear Mrs. Parker. Your breakfast is excellent, and you are the best friends we could have found in our need. I hope that neither"—Arthur paused and blushed like a girl, as he gave his bride her new name—"Mrs. Powis nor myself will ever forget what we owe you, or cease to remember you with gratitude and affection."

"There! that will do, young gentleman. We did it to please ourselves," replied the landlady.

And probably she spoke the truth. Most gossips of her class delight in a wedding—especially in a *justifiable* runaway match. And if ever a runaway match could be justifiable, that of Arthur Powis and Gladdys Llewellyn certainly was.

They could not linger over the merry wedding breakfast, because Arthur had taken places for his bride and himself in the stage coach that was expected at the door in half an hour, for he purposed to take her to the seaport town where his ship now lay for repairs.

So they soon arose from the table, and went to their several private apartments to make ready for the journey.

In twenty minutes afterwards they took an affectionate leave of their new found friends, seated themselves in a stage coach, and commenced the journey.

Nelly Barton slipped off her shoe, and threw it after them, "for good luck." Ned Barton hoped they would be as happy as he and his own wife were. Mrs. Parker said, "God bless them;" and then the three returned into the house.

The old stage coach had scarcely rumbled out of the town before a heavy travelling carriage rolled in from the west, and drew up before the hotel.

Nelly, from the window of her little sitting-room at the end of the house, saw this equipage stop, and she immediately called out to Mrs. Parker:

"As sure as you live, mother, there is Mrs. Llewellyn's carriage, and she has come in pursuit of the lovers. How glad I am that they are married and gone."

Mrs. Parker came hurrying to the window, where she joined her daughter, to look out.

"Yes, that is the madam's carriage. I have seen it often, and know it well. And, yes, that is Mrs. Llewellyn herself getting out, and going into the hotel to look for the runaways, as if there wasn't another inn in the place. Well, they'll not be able to give her much information there, that's a comfort."

"Don't be jealous, mother," laughed Nelly; "we don't pretend to rival the old hotel."

They continued to watch the result. Presently they had their reward.

The lady came out, politely attended by a waiter, who bowed and pointed to Nelly's own house.

"Ah! you see! the hotel people saw us all go over the bridge this morning, and I dare say some of them witnessed the marriage. And now, you see, they know who the lovers were by the lady's description, and they have directed her here," said Nelly.

The young hostess appeared to be right, for, even as she spoke, she saw Mrs. Llewellyn re-enter her carriage, and saw the coachman turn his horses' heads in the direction of the Bells, as Nelly's little inn was called.

In three minutes the handsome carriage drew up before the door, and the handsome woman, dressed in deep mourning, alighted, and, with a stately air, walked into the house.

Ned Barton, the young host, received the lady with all the respect due to her rank; and, in answer to her questions respecting the lovers, he ushered her into Nelly's sitting-room, saying:

"Here is my wife and her mother, madam, who can tell you more about the affair than I can."

Nelly and her mother looked at each other in a state of mind between triumph and consternation, and then they arose to meet the lady.

"Keep your seats," said Mrs. Llewellyn, haughtily waving her hand, as, without waiting for an invitation, she threw herself into an easy-chair.

The mother and daughter bowed, and sat down.

"Now, which of you two women was it who aided and abetted my ward in her most disgraceful elopement with that disreputable fortune-hunter?" she inquired, insolently, as soon as the host had withdrawn.

"It was I!" exclaimed the two, both speaking at once, half in terror and half in defiance.

"Ah!—both, it appears," said the lady, severally.

"Yes, ma'am, both!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, who was the first to recover herself. "Yes, ma'am; both of us was in it, and proud to be so. And when you talk about its being of a 'disgraceful elopement,' and him being of a 'dis'—here the good woman stumbled in quoting an unfamiliar word—"dis-re-parable fortune-hunter," you do an amiable and highly respectable young lady and gentleman a great wrong, ma'am."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Llewellyn, in haughty surprise.

"No more of a woman than you are yourself, ma'am. And quite as much of a lady, if it comes to that! leastways, in principles."

And Mrs. Parker was up on her feet, with her arms a-kimbo, in an instant.

Mrs. Llewellyn, in her fastidiousness, rather shrank from a worldly encounter with an amazon, who did not stop to choose her words; so she commanded herself as well as she could, and inquired:

"Are you aware that you have broken the law, and committed a felony, in aiding the abduction of an heiress from her home?"

"No; I wasn't aware of it until you told me, and I ain't aware of it now. And I don't believe it's true; and I don't care if it is. If everybody as helps a pair of loyters to get married is to be sent to prison for their pains, this town would be half emptied of its people, and the prisons would be so full, you would have to build new ones," said Mrs. Parker, half angrily, half derisively.

"I say that, whether you know it or not, and whether you believe it or not, you have exposed yourself to great danger from a criminal prosecution. And you will find it so, unless you do what you can to repair the wrong," said Mrs. Llewellyn.

"And what may that be? I can't unmarry them,

again, can I?" inquired the landlady, with a smile—not that she was the least frightened by the words of the lady, but because she wished to know exactly what was meant.

"No, you cannot unmarry them, but you can give me a full and particular account of the whole affair, as far as you are acquainted with it."

"Oh, yes; I can do that very well," exclaimed Mrs. Parker, with alacrity; for she felt sure that the narrative would fill her unwelcome visitor with despair of ever being able to undo a knot that had been so firmly tied; and she could not imagine any possible harm that could accrue to the young pair from her disclosures.

So, with secret satisfaction, she commenced and related the whole story of her acquaintance with the lovers.

When she reached that part of the tale in which she spoke of her own ill-founded suspicions of Gladys, and her half-formed intention to stop the fugitive, and send word to the guardian, Mrs. Llewellyn broke into the discourse with—

"Oh! if you had but done that, you would have been munificently rewarded. I would not have minded giving you a thousand pounds."

"I am very glad the temptation wasn't thrown in my way just when I was in doubt what to do, ma'am. It might have decided me, and decided me wrong; for money is a great blinder, and that is a fact. As it was, I did right; I feel I did," said the landlady, stoutly.

"Continue your narrative," said Mrs. Llewellyn, laughtingly.

Mrs. Parker complied, and finished her story without another interruption.

"And so, ma'am," she said, in conclusion, "you see they are married fast enough, and have gone away to Edinburgh to spend the honeymoon. His ship is near there."

Mrs. Llewellyn arose, thanked the landlady for her information, and, declining all refreshments, re-entered her carriage and drove back to the large hotel.

One night Mrs. Llewellyn remained to rest and recruit herself, and the next morning she started for Cader Idris, where, late in the afternoon, she arrived, looking terribly worn and haggard.

No friend had that grim lady in that house. She had servants who did her bidding in fear and hate. And she would have been alone in her criminality, but for the existence of one slavish and irresponsible instrument—the deaf and dumb servant. Him she summoned to her presence on the same evening of her return home. And with him she had a long private interview—though how so long a consultation could be carried on without the aid of speech remained a mystery to all the household except the parties concerned.

The morning succeeding this conference, Mrs. Llewellyn, without telling her servants where she was going, or when she would return, left home for an indefinite period, attended by the deaf mute.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BRIEF HONEYMOON.

From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the loves of many years,
Thou hast gone to cares and fears;
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untryed.

Mrs. Hemans.

MEANWHILE the young couple pursued their journey. It was late in the evening of the day of their departure that they reached Edinburgh, too late, indeed, for Gladys to see anything of the place.

They stopped for the night at one of the principal hotels.

But as the young lieutenant's limited salary would by no means support that style of living, they went out early the next morning, in search of cheap and respectable lodgings.

But as lodgings both cheap and respectable were not easy to be found, their search was for some time in vain.

After spending nearly a whole day in walking through the principal streets, they found themselves late in the afternoon before the gate of a solitary house, on the eastern suburbs, to which they had been directed by some one who had seen an advertisement in the morning papers, that there were promised the comforts of a home to "a gentleman and his wife, or two single gentlemen," who might be disposed to become inmates.

Now, then, Arthur and Gladys stood before the gate of an old-fashioned country house, that stood in the centre of a larger garden than many people can afford to have near a large town at this day. The old apple and peach trees that surrounded it, bent under their loads of autumnal fruit. The vines that climbed over arbours in the garden and over porches around the house, were heavy with their wealth of grapes,

Rich-looking yellow pumpkins lay like lumps of pure gold ore on the ground; tomatoes hung like huge cornelians on their drying vines. In old-fashioned flower-borders, gaudy dahlias, chrysanthemums, and other late autumnal flowers glowed resplendent in the last rays of the setting sun. An atmosphere of perfect peace surrounded this old suburban house.

"I like this place very much," said Arthur, leaning over the old, unpainted, wooden gate.

"So do I," said Gladys. "I think we should be happy here, if it were not far from your ship."

"It is not too far for me, love; I shouldn't mind the walk at all."

"I wonder what sort of people live here."

"We shall see in half-a-minute, love," said Arthur, lifting the wooden latch and passing in, with Gladys on his arm.

A long, grassy avenue, with but a narrow, worn foot-path in the middle, led them up to the old house, and under an old porch, and to a dark green door, without either knocker or bell for the convenience of visitors.

Arthur rapped loudly with his knuckles, and stood awaiting the result, while Gladys sat down upon one of the rustic benches of the porch and rested.

In a moment the door was opened by the landlady in person, who stood smiling benignantly upon the visitors, and waiting for them to speak.

But if the house was old-fashioned, good gracious! what was the landlady?—Imagine a tall, thin, old lady, of any age you please between seventy and a hundred, with pale face, gray hair, and dim blue eyes; and dressed in an antediluvian style; in a high-crowned muslin cap, with broad ruffle borders all around her face and tied under her chin; a clean, faded cotton gown, made with a short waist and tight sleeves, and a long, plain, straight skirt, of the same circumference all the way down from her arm-pits to her feet; a white cambric triangular handkerchief pinned over her bosom, and a long, narrow, white cambric apron tied before her gown; and you have a true picture of Miss Polly Crane, the maiden lady who stood within the door, smiling affectionately down on our young couple.

"We are here, ma'am, in answer to an advertisement in this morning's paper," said Arthur bowing.

"Y—yes—(the old lady pronounced this word ee—ye—, with the softest tone, and gentlest drawl, that was really not the result of affection, but of a true and excessive courtesy)—y—yes; please to come in and sit down," she said, leading the way into a large, low-ceiled, shady parlour, into every window of which the branches of the tree without intruded.

"I will call Milly; I never do anything without consulting Milly," she said, as she sat chairs for her visitors and left the room.

"I like the landlady as well as the house," said Arthur.

"So do I," said Gladys. "I wonder how they manage to get the branches of the trees out when they want to close the windows for the night; or do they ever close them?"

Before Arthur could form any opinion on this subject, the door opened again, and two old ladies entered, so perfectly alike in face, form, dress, speech and manner, that it was almost impossible to say which of them had been the one who first met the visitors at the door.

While Gladys was trying to solve this problem, the first one advanced, beckoning on the other, and saying:

"Milly, here is a young gentleman and lady come to see about the rooms. Sir, this is my sister, Milly."

Arthur arose and bowed, saying:

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, ma'am."

"Y—yes," said Miss Milly, in precisely the same tone as that in which her sister spoke; y—yes—just so. And what might be your name, sir, if you please?"

"I beg your pardon! I should have introduced myself by name before. I am Lieutenant Powis, of the royal navy."

"Y—yes; and the lady?"

"Pardon again! My wife, Mrs. Powis," smiled Arthur.

Gladys arose, blushed, curtsied to the old ladies, and sat down again.

"And you have come to look at our rooms?" gently drawled the old lady, making two syllables of the last word.

"Yes, ma'am."

"We will call Jenny. We never do anything without consulting Jenny," said Miss Milly, and she left the room, followed by her sister.

"Why, what very odd old ladies! but, indeed, I like them with all their oddity," laughed Arthur.

"So do I," agreed Gladys. "But I wonder why they couldn't all have come in together, since it is necessary that they should all be present, and not come singly?"

"Routine, perhaps, my dear," said Arthur, just as

the door opened for the third time, and in came three old maiden ladies, all so exactly alike that it was quite perplexing to distinguish the first, second, or third from the others.

"Jenny," said one of the sisters, "this is Captain Powers, and this is Mrs. Powers, come to look at our rooms. Captain Powers, this is my sister Jenny. Mrs. Powers, my sister Jenny—or, as strangers call her, Miss Crane, she being the oldest—that is to say, a very little the oldest."

"I am happy to know you, Miss Crane," said Arthur, politely, while Gladdys arose, bowed, and resumed her seat.

And, in truth, both the young people were glad to learn the family name of these simple sisters, for to distinguish Miss Polly from Miss Jenny, or either from Miss Milly, seemed a total impossibility.

"And would you like to look at the rooms now, Captain Powers?" inquired Miss Jenny.

"If you please, ma'am; but your amiable sister has made a slight mistake, I am Lieutenant Powis," said Arthur, bowing and smiling.

"Indeed, sir! Well, that is just like my sisters—they both are forgetful of names," said Miss Jenny. "Will you come and look at the rooms now?"

"Certainly."

"Stop a moment, if you please, sir. I will call Harriet. We never do anything without consulting Captain Powers," said Miss Jenny, going out of the room, attended by her two sisters.

"Mercy on us! Is there a fourth?" exclaimed Arthur.

"So it seems! I wonder if there is not a fifth, also?" said Gladdys, laughing.

"And a sixth?" said Arthur.

"It is like a fairy tale, of the seven sons, or the five-and-twenty princesses, where all are so much alike that—"

Before Gladdys could finish her sentence the door opened the fourth time, and in came the three sisters, followed—not by a fourth sister, but by a middle-aged woman. She was dressed in a faded blue cotton gown, with a white handkerchief tied around her head, another white handkerchief pinned over her bosom, and a white apron.

"Harriet," said Miss Jenny, bringing the woman forward, "this is Major Powell, of the army, and his lady, who have come to take our rooms. Make your obeisance to them directly."

Harriet made a very low curtsey, and stood with her fat arms crossed over her stout chest.

"Major Powell, this is our woman Harriet. As I mentioned to you, we never do anything without consulting her; not that we make an equal of her by any means—but because she is a good, faithful, old family servant, who has our interests at heart."

"I am glad to make Mrs. Harriet's acquaintance," said Arthur. "And now, as it is getting late, may I ask to see the rooms?"

"Or is there any one else you would like to call into council?" suggested Gladdys, mischievously.

"Oh, no," answered Miss Jenny, quite seriously; "there is no one else. Harriet, show Colonel Pollard and his lady the rooms, and tell him the terms."

"Will you please to follow me, sir and madam?" said the woman, opening the door leading into the hall, and then going before the visitors up the broad stairs, and conducting them into a large bedroom immediately over and exactly like the parlour, in all respects, except in the matter of furniture.

Here, too, the overgrowing branches of the trees without projected into the windows.

"I like the room very much," said Arthur.

"So do I; but how do you manage to close the window-shutters?" said Gladdys.

"This way, ma'am," said Harriet, going to the windows, and unfolding the wooden shutters, that were folded into each side of the window frames, and shutting them against the intrusive branches, which were in that manner shut out.

"Oh, I see," said Gladdys; "but why don't the ladies have the trees trimmed?"

"Because they are better as they are. They serve as curtains, and save buying. In summer, they keep the sun out of the house, and in winter the wind."

"I shouldn't think they would keep much wind out in winter, when their branches are bare."

"Awyay, they break its force," persisted Harriet, as she closed the last window with a violent push, and turned to the visitors.

"Well, I think we like the rooms. Now, what are the terms, my good woman?" inquired Arthur.

"Why, for yourself and the young madam, it will be six pounds a month, including everything."

"That is liberal!" said Arthur, appealing to Gladdys.

"It is very, very reasonable, after what we have seen and heard to-day," said Gladdys.

"Well, I think we like the terms as well as we like the rooms. We will take them," said Arthur.

"Stop a bit, sir. We demand deferences," said the woman.

"You demand—what?"

"Deferences," repeated Harriet, firmly.

"What the deuce do you mean by deferences?" inquired Arthur, twisting his face into a very strange expression, between frowning and laughing.

"I mean, have you any 'sponsibilities'?"

"Responsibilities? No, we have no children."

"I didn't ask you about children."

"Then, my dear, good soul, what in the name of common sense are you asking us about?" demanded Arthur.

"I mean some one that can speak for you, and prove that you are all—all you profess to be," explained Harriet.

"Oh, you mean references! Certainly—quite right. I can refer your mistress to the Rev. Doctor Starr, of Christ Church. Will that do?"

"Very well indeed."

"Now I suppose we have quite settled?"

"Yes."

"When can we come?"

"Any time you please, sir."

"Then we will be here early to-morrow morning. And now lead the way down-stairs, as it is getting late."

The woman curtseyed and obeyed.

When they went below, Arthur and Gladdys stopped at the parlour-door only long enough to bid the sisters good evening.

And then, leaving Harriet to explain to them the result of the negotiations, the young pair left the house and garden, and made the best of their way back to their hotel.

They were tired and hungry enough to enjoy the late dinner that followed.

Early the next morning they hired a carriage, and drove out to take possession of their new lodgings.

The three sisters received them with great distinction, followed Gladdys to her room, took off her bonnet, mantle, and furs with their own hands, insisted on ordering a cup of tea for her directly, although she assured them that she had breakfasted only an hour before. And, in short, they proffered so many attentions that anyone but Gladdys would have felt bored by their officiousness.

But to the orphan girl all this was exceedingly comforting, and she met their affectionate zeal with such evident gratitude as completed her conquest over the old ladies' hearts.

After they had sufficiently rested, Arthur and Gladdys wandered through the old-fashioned garden, and regaled themselves upon the rich peaches with which the trees were loaded, and the sour apples that lay upon the ground.

"Well," said Arthur, "how fast I am promoted."

"Premoted! I should think so. At the rate these dear old ladies are advancing you, you will be a major-general in a month," laughed Gladdys.

"In a day, dear; in a day. It has scarcely taken them twenty hours to transfer me from the navy to the army, and raise me from a lieutenantcy to a colonelcy," said Arthur.

Both laughed for at this hour—with all their troubles over, and all their dangers past, or supposed to be—they were gay and happy as two careless children.

Suddenly the bright face of Gladdys became grave with remorseful tenderness, and she said:

"It is wrong to laugh at them. They are very old. I fear they are in their dotage."

"But we were not laughing at them, dear love. We were laughing at my amazingly rapid promotion. That is surely a subject of laughter. But I wish, dear Gladdys," he added, growing serious in his turn, "that for your sake, my promotion could really be a little more rapid than it is."

"Oh, Arthur, you wicked fellow, be content. What in the world do we want that we have not got? And in a little less than three years Cader Idris will be ours."

And in such talk—half grave, half gay—and in wandering about the quaint old garden, the newly married lovers passed the remaining hours of the morning.

At two o'clock the early dinner bell summoned them to the house.

In a large, pleasant, old-fashioned dining-room, with tall windows, shaded by green blinds, and a floor covered with a homely carpet, and high-backed, cane-bottomed chairs ranged around the walls, the table was set.

The old ladies had arranged the dinner with an affectionate zeal that seemed better suited to invited guests than to ordinary boarders.

They gave Gladdys the pleasantest seat, facing the windows, so that she could look out into the garden, and watch the bees that were at work near at hand.

And they begged "the colonel" to take the post of honour at the foot of the table. And they pressed

upon the young pair every delicacy that was upon the table.

After dinner, the sisters retired to their own sanctum, wherever that might have been; and Arthur and Gladdys went into the shady parlour, that, having no other occupant, seemed tacitly given up to their exclusive use.

"Well, dearest, this is the last whole day that we shall pass together for some time; for you know my leave expires to-night, and I must rejoin my ship to-morrow morning. But never look sad on that account; for I shall be able to pass the greater portion of my time with you. You will not be sad, will you, Gladdys?"

"Oh, no, Arthur! I will not be so unreasonable," smiled the girlish bride.

"And you think you will be contented with these old ladies?"

"I am sure I shall! I feel as if I had known them all my life! Good old souls! I do believe, Arthur, if you had hunted Scotland over, you would not have found a happier home for me."

"Thank heaven for that, dearest! And there is another circumstance. Whenever I am off duty, I shall be able to go with you and show you something of Scotland."

In such pleasant chat as this they passed the afternoon, until summoned to the early six o'clock tea.

And what a bright, cheerful, attractive object that tea-table was, with its snow-white cloth, its quaint, old-fashioned china, its fine tea, crystal sugar, rich milk and cream; its golden-hued, sweet, fresh prints of butter; its delicate home-made bread and cakes, its honey and preserved fruits; and above all, the happy old faces that smiled around the board.

Soon after tea the weary young pair retired to rest. And so ended their first day in the new home.

(To be continued)

THE CHINESE GREEN DYE PLANT.—The Chinese green dye plant promises to be a useful aid to trade by being planted in India. It is doing well in the Bangalore Horticultural Garden, and at Ootacamund. It is to be tried on the Shevaroys and the Pulneys. Its cultivation in the Madras Horticultural Garden has not been successful. It has been desired that a small quantity of the bark, leaves, and berries may be sent to the Professor of Chemistry that he may examine the substance, and report upon them. "The government will await the report of the chemical examiner."

FEMALE CLOTHING.—The long, flowing drapery which in all civilized countries is generally considered an essential part of women's dress, must be very heavy and encumbering; but it need not be nearly as much as it generally is now. We have lately taken the trouble to weigh a lussey dress, a thick cloth cloak, a scarlet petticoat, a steel skeleton skin, and all the rest of the clothing worn in winter by a young lady of eighteen, of the average height; the weight of the whole was fourteen pounds and a quarter. This may be considered as below, rather than above, the average weight of the clothing worn by most women in winter, for there are few who do not wear more petticoats, and wrap more in every way, than this young lady. Few of us have enough to do with weights and scales to have a very clear idea of the weight represented by fourteen pounds. We could recommend those of our readers who are not learned in this matter, to carry, on the first opportunity, a seven-pound weight in each hand up and down the room for five minutes; they will then assuredly need no argument to convince them that such a weight is far too great to be carried about in the shape of clothes.

SLAVERY IN ASSAM.—It may not be generally known that slavery still exists in certain parts of India subject to British rule. We ourselves, although generally supposed to know everything, were ignorant of it until our attention was directed to an advertisement just issued by a mercantile firm of this city, intimating the sale of 150 coolies. We shall quote the part to which we refer: "For sale—150 Daughur coolies—settled on the estate for three years. The seller agrees to recruit, at the expense of the purchaser, other 150 coolies, if desired." There is also an estate of 1,000 acres to be sold along with the coolies, but with that we have nothing to do. It is clear, however, from the quotation we have made, that human beings in Cachar may be bought and sold exactly as negroes on an American plantation, or as last century men were sold along with mines and salt-works in Scotland. Has the Protector of Emigrants anything to do with this? Or are coolies in Assam beyond the pale of British law? We shall leave the matter in his hand for the present. Perhaps, after all, it does not matter much whether 150 coolies are sold or not. It appears to be questionable whether they really are men and brothers, for we saw them lately quoted as "freight" in the advertisement.

of an up-country steamer. The advertisement states that it is all under good management; and the point on which we really would like to receive further information is regarding the "management," which is also for sale. If this refers to the managers, whom we suppose to be Europeans, and they really are entitled to the epithet "good," which is applied to them, we would suggest the speculation to our municipal commissioners for their thoughtful consideration. They might find in it "something greatly to their advantage," and perhaps part of the price might be allowed to remain upon the security of the new loan. If the article is not suitable for them, it might be offered to the visiting magistrates of the Calcutta jail. It is a pity when "good management" is so much wanted in Calcutta that an opportunity like the present should be neglected.—*Harkam.*

ONE of the postboys with a four-horse van, taking the Prince of Wales's luggage to Abergeldie, received a fracture of the thigh and skull, owing to his horse falling on the Bridge of Muick. The prince has been very solicitous about the condition of the man, and, at the same time, given peremptory instructions that none of the vans in future be conveyed by the same route (the bridges being dangerous to pass), but sent by the north side of the Dee, to cross at the Bridge of Balmoral, and down to Abergeldie Castle.

WATER IN THE AIR.

FOR many weeks, during the present season, the north and the west suffered with a drought. From the 1st of June until the latter part of July, but an inch or two of rain fell; consequently, streams dried up, the grass looked white and lifeless, and all species of vegetation suffered. The wind seemed without a particle of moisture, yet there was a certain amount of water in the air, nevertheless. There is always in the atmosphere a greater or less degree of moisture. It is not part of the atmosphere, yet it is ever in it, in variable quantity. In fact, as a fish cannot live without air, so neither can we without water in the air we breathe.

The air is incessantly absorbing moisture, day and night, summer and winter—but more vigorously by day, and in summer. If we put some water in a saucer, it disappears; it has changed into vapour, which mingles with the air. The hotter the air, the more moisture it can hold in the form of vapour. Each increase of cold condenses some of it into rain, or snow, or hail. In summer evenings we have dew, because the cold earth condenses some of the vapour held in the hot atmosphere.

But how is it that the air is so full of moisture? All the waters of all the rivers and lakes in the world have been up in the atmosphere. Yet water is 800 times heavier than the atmosphere. How is this weight lifted and suspended? whence does it all come? how does it reach different places to water all the earth? A glance at the map of the world will answer the question of whence comes it. See how large is the extent of water, especially in the southern hemisphere. Here is the great reservoir from which chiefly is drawn the water supplies for the north, and all the dry land.

The southern hemisphere is, we have seen, the great water reservoir for the supply of the land and large rivers of the north. How is the water raised? Here, again, the sun is the great labourer; he pumps up through the atmosphere our water supply. As fire turns water into steam, or invisible vapour, so the sun vaporizes the water of the ocean until the atmosphere is saturated with it. As, the hotter the atmosphere, the more it can drink up, it is within the tropics that the largest part of our water supply is raised.

The amount of work the sun does in water-lifting is wonderful. Arago calculated that the force required to lift the water that is raised in one year by the sun into the atmosphere, is greater than all the people of the earth could exert in 200,000 years. The amount of rain which falls in every year would cover all the earth five feet deep. Now, this must first be raised into the air, then suspended there for a time, and afterwards come down as rain.

But, when the water is thus raised into the atmosphere, how it is to be brought to the various places where it is required? It is, as it were, bound up in the clouds, and then carried on the wings of the wind. The winds in their circuits bear it in all directions; then, when a warm current of air is met by a colder, or is arrested by some bleak mountain-top, the vapour is condensed. Thus clouds are formed. These are sometimes again dissolved, by fresh heat, into vapour and disappear. At other times the particles of vapour gradually unite, and rain, or snow, or hail, is the result. As the cold increases, more and more moisture is taken from the atmosphere, until there is little or none left, when the dry air hurries again to drink up the moisture from the ocean, and again to be carried

on the viewless winds, again to fall as rain on the earth, causing it to bring forth fruit for the service of man.

All remember the wet weather which we experienced in April and May. The wind for forty days came from the east, and the clouds which it drove over the north were charged with rain, drawn up from the ocean in a warmer climate, in the vicinity of the Gulf-stream, probably, and discharged upon our heads in torrents. In June and July, we longed for some of this moisture, and longed in vain, because certain influences, explained above, prevented, and all the art of man was not sufficient to overcome the workings of nature.

THE STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I say that this—
Else I withdraw favour and countenance
From you and yours for ever—shall you do.
“Asperne’s Field.”

Slowly, and conscious of the rageful eyes
That watch’d him, till he heard the ponderous door
Close, crashing with long echoes. *Ibid.*

PIERRE RUSSELL returned to his aunt’s house, which he still made his ostensible residence, and gave himself admittance. The light was turned down in the hall, and no one visible, from which indications he concluded that his relatives had not yet returned from the theatre, or had already retired.

He went immediately to his room, turned on a full light, and sat awhile, absorbed in a pleasant reverie. His thoughts lingered on the beauty of Esther, and her elegant appearance, and he mentally calculated how much longer time it would require to win her consent to a marriage with him. And then he imagined what he should do with the money he should gain through her, how astonished his relatives would be on his bringing forth the will, how he would dispossess them, and rejoice over their anger and distress.

“Ah, well,” he yawned, at length, arising and reducing the gas-light to a sort of twilight, “I will rest after my labours of to-day. My plan to-night succeeded admirably, and it only remains for me to follow it up to-morrow with my usual address.”

He locked his door, and was about to remove his coat, preparatory to retiring, when the door of a large dressing closet adjoining his chamber noiselessly opened, and he was instantly assailed by Jerry Stropes, Mrs. Willis, and Elinor. The explanation of this measure will instantly appear; and the occasion for it had arisen through the absence of Harry for the night, he having gone, on returning from the theatre, to remain for the night with a business acquaintance.

Russell instinctively struggled, even before he comprehended the assault, but his desperate movements were of no avail. He had been taken at a great disadvantage, and was soon secured and bound.

“Ah, my fine nevy,” said Jerry, tauntingly, as his wife turned on a full light, and they contemplated their prisoner. “The tables is turned now, for sartin. Last week you was ahead, and now it’s me!”

“You needn’t bawl for help, Pierre,” chimed in Mrs. Willis, in a tone of subdued fury. “There isn’t a soul but us in the house; besides, we have a gag handy!”

Russell had recovered his self-possession, and his active brain had solved the mystery of the sudden assault upon him, but he quietly said:

“Be kind enough, ladies, to let me know the reason of your singular conduct?”

“We want the will,” said his aunt. “We are convinced that it is on your person, and we mean to have it!”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Pierro. “Then you do not intend to pay me the fifty thousand, as promised?”

“Not as we knows on,” said Jerry, gruffly.

Russell smiled derisively.

“Elinor, love,” said Mrs. Willis, “I am afraid this scene will be too much for your nerves—you had better retire. You know we must keep the roses in your cheeks bright, on Moreland’s account!”

Elinor gave one glance at the calm face of her prostrate cousin, and then left the room without a word.

“Search him now, Jerry,” said Mrs. Willis, her face lighting up with anticipated triumph. “I am sure he’s got it on him!”

Russell’s coat was examined thoroughly, the padding being all taken out, and the fact was ascertained beyond doubt that the desired document was not there.

“Try his vest,” whispered Mrs. Willis, hoarsely, her face alternately expressing hope and fear. “Perhaps he wears a belt.”

The vest was thickly padded in the front; and Mrs. Willis, in her eagerness to examine it, soon reduced it to pieces.

No belt was found, and the remaining garments of the prisoner afforded no trace of the will.

“It’s no go!” growled Jerry.

Most of the time during the search Mrs. Willis had watched the countenance of her nephew; but it was too calm and unmoved to afford her any hope that the will was concealed about him, and she now said:

“Take off his boots, Jerry. If it isn’t in one of them, we may as well give up.”

It was evident that there was nothing between the stockings and foot of their prisoner, and they examined the boots, with waning hopes, cutting the soles and legs, and finding nothing.

“It’s too bad!” exclaimed Mrs. Willis, angrily. “What shall we do, Jerry?”

“I think,” responded her husband, “that he keeps it in his house where he nabbed me. I kin hunt through it, and rip it ter pieces if it’s there.”

Russell smiled.

“Then we must have him in safe keeping,” said Mrs. Willis. “We can put him in our cellar, and lock him up until you have examined his house. Can you carry him down while I bear the light?”

Jerry assented, and shouldered Russell, while Mrs. Willis went to the closet that had served them as a hiding-place, and brought forth a lighted lantern.

She then led the way down-stairs, followed by Jerry and his burden, to the cellar, a damp and unwholesome cell, where Russell was thrown on the ground.

Mr. Willis then held a light to his face, and its quiet expression struck terror to her heart.

“If the will was in his house,” she whispered to Jerry, “he would show some emotion. We are on the wrong track altogether. Oh, what if he has married that girl, and given it to her! What if he has placed it in some bank, as he told you?”

Jerry shared his wife’s fears.

“Oh, Pierro,” said his aunt, “tell me where the will is! You shall have your money—indeed you shall! I only wanted to prevent your marrying Esther and claiming the whole. Tell me—”

Russell laughed a low, mocking laugh—but made no other answer.

“If you don’t own where it is,” threatened Mrs. Willis, her eyes blazing menacingly upon him, “I’ll starve you to death. You shall have nothing to eat or drink until you tell me where you have hidden the will. None of the servants ever come near this cellar, and the walls are too thick for your voice to be heard by any one but yourself. So you know your fate!”

Pierre Russell saw that this was no idle threat, and he knew his aunt well enough to be certain that she would have no compunction in killing him outright. Her early life had made her familiar with scenes of violence; and he knew she would not hesitate to remove any one from her path, if she wished to do so. Knowing this, however, he made no sign of fear.

Jerry and his wife threatened and raved a long time, but to no effect. The quiet countenance of their prisoner never changed, and his few words were full of bitter scorn.

“Pierre Russell,” finally exclaimed Mrs. Willis, bounding forward like a fury, and shaking him soundly in her wild rage, “tell me where that there will is, or you shall never leave this dungeon alive!”

“My dear aunt,” said Pierro, “allow me to suggest that ‘that there’ is ungrammatical, and that you are slipping to your old habits of speech!”

Mrs. Willis uttered a subdued howl, renewed her threatenings, shaking her clenched hand at him, and soon retreated from the cellar with her husband, locking the door behind them.

The utter darkness that succeeded their withdrawal, the slimy earth on which he lay, and the chilly closeness of the air, all were horrible. But Pierro knew that screaming would be of no use, and that he could do nothing to effect his release. He tested his bonds, but they could not be broken. Before coming down to the cellar, Jerry had shuffled a coat upon the prisoner, but his clothes were insufficient to shield him from the cold and dampness.

“At any rate,” he muttered, grimly, “if they starve me they won’t get the will. I may escape them yet, though,” he added, with a sudden hope. “I saw the chambermaid in the hall, crouching close to the wall, and I don’t doubt she heard every word that was said. Likely as not she’ll release me, for I’ve paid her as much as fifty pounds for her services in listening at the doors of those two lovely women;” and he sneered. “If there is gratitude in any human breast, there ought to be in hers. And if she should release me, there’s so much in favour of my theory of always making friends of one’s servants.”

He waited quietly awhile, half expecting to hear her; and then began to curse his relatives, as well as his own dullness in trusting himself in their power. He fancied he felt all kinds of hideous creeping things on his person, and he shrank from the slime that was sinking into his garments. He rolled over and over

tugging and tearing at the cords confining him; but at length the peculiar stoicism of his character triumphed, and he lay quiet.

Hours seemed to have passed, when he heard a faint sound at the door—so faint that he feared it was but the movement of some prowling rat. It was followed by the sound of keys being tried in the lock. As he interpreted it, a grim smile appeared on his face.

The noise continued some time, and Russell began to despair of the door being opened, when it suddenly swung on its hinges, and a red-faced Irish girl entered, bearing a lamp in her hand.

"Oh, murther!" she cried, in a shrill whisper, holding the lamp over her head, and peering nervously into the gloom. "Is it here ye are, Mistrer Rushell?"

"Yes, Bridget," returned Russell, in a low tone.

"Come here and untie me."

"An' is it tied ye are?" asked Bridget, hastening to him, and setting the lamp by his side. "The murtherin' spalpeens they are, intirely. I was just listenin' a little, when I heerd all was goin' on. To tell the truth, Mistrer Rushell, I seed Mistress Willis—a-takin' her darthor to yer room, along wid that ould man she called Jerry—an' too good a name is it for him intirely. Faith, I know a jewel of a boy named Jerry, that wouldn't demane himself to the likes of him! I seed 'em hide theirselves in yer room, an' so just wint to know all that was goin' on."

While thus speaking, Bridget undid the bonds confining Russell, and helped him to his feet.

"Sure, an' it's a burnin' shame to trate the likes of you so," she added, producing a bottle of wine from her pocket; "an' here's a drop for you, that I sthole from the mistress."

Russell drank heartily from the bottle, and thanked her for releasing him.

"You're a good girl, Bridget," he said, "and you shall have something against your marriage with your Jerry. Take this."

He took some pieces of gold from his pocket and gave it to her, adding:

"I'll wait here till you have time to get to bed, Bridget, so that you will not be suspected of aiding me. By the way, where did you get the keys to unlock this dooir?"

The girl explained that she had got the bunch of keys from the kitchen, where they usually hung, and had found one of them to fit the cellar. She then thanked Russell for his gift, and taking her light and keys, went back to her room, blessing herself and all the saints that she had acquired so much money, all in gold.

Russell waited a few moments, and then stole upstairs quietly and made his way to the front door. The house was wrapped in silence, its inmates all having sunk to sleep. The key was in the lock, and Russell turned it, letting himself out into the street.

He paused outside, looking back at the dwelling, with a terrible expression on his countenance, and shaking his fist, as if devoting its occupants to some horrid doom.

"You shall repent this," he muttered through his closed teeth, in a hissing whisper, as he fixed his eyes on the windows of Mrs. Willis's chamber. "I know the crime Jerry Stropes is in hidin' for. I can humble you, Mrs. Willis, to the dust. I can reduce you and your daughter to the misery and poverty from which your ambition raised you, and I will do it. I swear it!"

Resuming his quietness of manner, he buttoned his coat and hastened up the street towards his own dwelling.

On reaching it, and letting himself in, he found his boy nearly wild with fright, and learned that somebody had been ringing the bell an hour, and trying to get into the lower windows.

"That's Jerry, of course," commented Russell. "But you kept still, Rose-Water, and said nothing, as instructed to do in my absence? Well, the rascal's baffled, then, and everything is as it should be!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Such a match as that!
Impossible—prodigious!
So foul a traitor to myself and her,
Never! oh, never!

Tennyson.

THE consternation that fell upon the Stropes the following morning, on discovering Russell's escape, can scarcely be imagined. The servant girl who had released him kept her secret well, and many and wild were the speculations regarding his whereabouts. As soon as Elinor had realized his absence, she gave up all hope of the Willis estate, and turned her thoughts more resolutely than ever toward a marriage with Moreland.

She mused all day on her projects; and when Harry had come home from business, and dinner had been

despatched, she retired with him into the drawing-room, determined to bring him to a proposal of marriage. To this end, she had donned a robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with black lace, and decorated her satin smooth hair with a profusion of sparkling jewels. She knew she was looking unusually handsome, and hoped much from the fact.

"Harry," she said, in a whisper, with her eyes downcast, and her manner expressive of timidity, "I—I am going away."

"Going away?" ejaculated Moreland. "Why, Elinor, where are you going?"

"I don't know," was the hesitating response—"anywhere. Your constant sadness is wearing my life out. The humiliation I have experienced since that evening, is most galling. I must go away, and bury my grief in some quiet spot, where I can soon die and be forgotten."

"It is I who had better go," returned Moreland. "I will excuse the step to your mother, and remove to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Elinor, in real alarm, clasping his hand. "Please don't go. Mother wants you to remain. I can bear with my own desolate life—"

She sobbed aloud.

Moreland was himself too noble and genuine to suspect that her grief was but pretended, and his pity for her prompted him to say:

"Elinor, I will be frank with you. I shall never love any woman besides Esther. But if I had a heart to offer, if my life were not utterly wrecked as it is, I could ever feel even a quiet affection for any woman, I would offer you my hand in marriage."

He did not say what he well enough knew, that between him and Elinor there never could exist any of those higher sympathies, any of that mingling of souls, that had characterised his intercourse with Esther. He did not say that Elinor fell far below his idea of what a true wife should be to him, and below what Esther would have been, and that there never could be a true mental and spiritual marriage between them.

"I could make your home happy," said Elinor, with hesitation; "I could brighten it up for you, and be a good wife, only—"

She again sobbed.

Moreland began pacing to and fro, full of agitation, but suddenly stopped short in his walk, and said, in a tone thrilling with pain:

"Elinor, your love for me is unfortunate. I wish I could restore to you your freshness of heart; but what I can do I will. Esther has thrown me aside, discarded me utterly. I doubt if I can ever love you, notwithstanding your affection for me. But—"

and he hesitated, while a spasm of pain passed over his face, "I offer myself to you. Will you marry me?"

Elinor seized his hand in a transport of joy, and clasped it in her own.

Moreland pressed no sweet words of love in her ears, but schooled himself to accept his destiny calmly, since, by so doing, he thought he should make one heart joyful.

And Elinor accepted the unwilling sacrifice, and exulted in the success of her schemes.

A corresponding movement was made by Russell on that same day.

With the coming of morning, he went to Esther's boarding-place, and was admitted to her parlour.

He told her the story of his wrongs, showed his wounds, and told her he had received them on her account.

"My relatives were jealous of me, fearing that I should win you," he said, bitterly. "I never felt till now how lonely I am in the world—unloved and uncared for. If I were to die, no heart would mourn for me—no tear be shed for me—"

"Do not say so, Pierre," interrupted Esther. "I would mourn for you. You have been a true friend to me, and I cannot hear you talk so."

"Yes; you are desolate as well as I," responded Russell. "But if you would, you could make my life an Eden."

He went on with the most impassioned utterances, pouring forth the love he really felt for her, and using the utmost tact and art in exciting her sympathy. He detailed his misery and loneliness, moving her to tears, and entreated her to become his wife.

"Moreland is soon to be married to Elinor," he urged. "Do not let him think that you are heartbroken by his desertion. Give me the right to cheer your life and sweep away the shadows that encompass you."

Esther looked thoughtful on hearing this appeal. She had no love for Pierre, but the thought that he loved her was inexpressibly soothing to her wounded heart. She did not feel so utterly forsaken and alone while he cared for her, and the thought now obtruded itself, why should she waste her own life in useless repinings, when she might bless the life of one who truly loved her?

Pierre noticed with joy the impression he had made upon her, and drew her hand in his, and continued his pleadings with renewed fervour.

"Pierre," at length said Esther, her face whiter than before, "I have no heart to offer you. I think it is dead within me. I can never love as I have loved Harry. My heart can never leap up to the sound of any footstep as it has always leaped up at the sound of Harry's. It can never thrill to any smile but his. But I am still capable of a true and lasting friendship, and I like you better than any one else I know."

"That is all I ask," said Russell. "The rest will come. Give me your hand, dear Esther, and I will win your heart."

A strange and longing look came into Esther's eyes, and her thoughts went back to her first betrothal, as she said:

"I respect you, Pierre, and esteem you highly. I will be your wife!"

There was no happy tremour in her voice, no love-light sparkling in her eye, no blush of happiness on her cheeks; but her promise was given, and the villain exulted in his success.

His game was almost trapped.

"And we will not long defer the day of our union?" he whispered. "Elinor and Harry are to be married immediately; and it will please me, in view of my late persecutions, if you will name an early day, dear Esther!"

The heart of Esther seemed to stand still in her bosom, but a glance at the earnest and handsome face of Russell, under the interpretation she gave to his conduct, enabled her to reply:

"All days are alike to me, Pierre. We will consult only your views and your wishes!"

Russell embraced her warmly, in a transport of joy.

"Perhaps four weeks will not seem too soon," he declared. "I have a neat little house all ready for you, and there is really no reason why you should condemn yourself to the dull isolation of a boarding-house much longer. Let us say four weeks from this morning, dear Esther!"

With her hand in Russell's, Esther whispered her consent to his proposition, and the triumphant villain was happy.

CHAPTER XXX.

Let me speak,—
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick!—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife!

"Eoch Arden."

THE time appointed for the marriage of Russell and Esther arrived. The good impressions the crafty villain had implanted in his victim's mind had strengthened each day, and she had learned to look upon her marriage as a duty she owed to him, if not, as he declared, to herself. They had mutually agreed to go to a church, accompanied by Mrs. Jones and the ungrateful Helen, and in this simple manner enter upon their new relation.

"And so the day of days has come," said Russell, overflowing with joy, as he came down from his house, and met Esther in her cosy parlour on that eventful morning. "How bright the world is to-day! I am half-wild with my joy."

Esther responded to these lover-like greetings with the gravity characteristic of her, but with sufficient interest to render Pierre entirely contented with her. His triumph was now assured in many ways. Not only would he secure a lovely wife and a large fortune, but be revenged upon his relatives for what he termed their outrages upon him.

Esther had dressed in a blue moire, of infinite richness, that had been given her by her father shortly before his death, but had remained unmended until the preceding week. She wore a ruffle of point lace of exceeding value, and a string of pearls was woven in her soft fair hair. She looked winningly beautiful, her eyes luminous with excitement, and her delicate cheeks tinged with a faint crimson, from the same cause.

"Your dress is far more appropriate to the season than white would be," said Russell, regarding her with lingering admiration. "You look like a Peri; and what exquisite taste you have, Esther! That filmy, cloudy lace sets off your delicate throat to perfection."

Esther blushed at his compliments, and asked:

"Are you sure that there is not a single cloud on your sky, Pierre? Have you no regrets—no fears for the step you propose to take this morning?"

His answer can be imagined. It was so hearty and earnest that it heightened the colour in the cheeks of his listener.

"Then I am your's, Pierre," she declared. "And I pray that I may be a blessing to you, and prove worthy of the disinterested affection you have shown me."

"Thanks, Esther, for all your noble and generous aspirations. We will be married this morning, as arranged—indeed, this very hour, since you are ready. We will have no bridal tour, but take quiet possession of our little home immediately. I will bring a carriage to the door, and in an hour our hearts and hands will be united, never to be separated!"

He embraced his betrothed fervently, kissing her rosy cheeks and lips, and then hurried away for the carriage, preferring to give his own attention to everything, and so get through his schemes with all possible quietness. By the time he came back, Esther was all ready, wrapped in her velvet cloak and ermine furs, receiving the congratulations of her landlady and Miss Helen, who were dressed in rustling silks, and looking their very best. He escorted them both down to the carriage, took a seat beside Esther, and they drove away.

"We shall go to our house, Mrs. Jones," said Russell. "Here is my card," and he handed her one with the address upon it. "I have already ordered Miss Willis's trunks to be removed to her new home, and they will be there before we are. I believe your bills are all settled?"

"All settled," returned the motherly landlady; "and real generous you are too, Mr. Russell, to give me such a handsome sum of money besides. You've got a good, generous man, Miss Willis," she added, addressing the blushing maiden. "You'll find him a good provider, I know."

Esther made no reply, and the carriage soon arrived at the church, where the ceremony was performed.

Russell took his newly-made wife to the carriage, and gave the order for home.

"You are now clear of all your old associations, my dear little wife," said Pierre, as the carriage rolled away. "Henceforth, we walk in a new sphere together. It shall be my highest aim to make your life all bright and sunny. I shall try to make amends to you for the suffering that others have caused you, and we shall be as happy as is possible for mortals!"

His voice was low and sweet, his manner tender and soothing, and Esther leaned her head on his shoulder with a feeling of security, inwardly rejoicing that her destiny was decided, and that now she had nothing more to hope or fear.

They reached Russell's house in a short time, and he led her into the dwelling, joyfully welcoming her as its mistress, and showing her the various apartments.

"It looks beautiful!" said Esther. "How kind it is of you, Pierre, to have such a pleasant surprise for me—such a cosy and charming little home."

Russell laughed lightly, and playfully untied her bonnet and removed her cloak, saying:

"Wedding-breakfasts are fashionable, so I have one in waiting. We must be our own guests."

He drew her arm in his and led her through the spacious apartments to the breakfast-room.

Despite his villainy, Russell tenderly loved Esther, and it was now the happiest moment of his life when he led her through his house, calling her by the endearing name of wife.

The breakfast-room was a square apartment, provided with bay windows on one side, and a conservatory on another. The room was filled with the fragrance of flowering exotics, was furnished with a profusion of richness, and in the centre of it stood a large oval table, loaded with delicacies. A bridal cake stood in the centre, and was surrounded by everything that an educated palate can call for or wealth purchase.

After they had finished the sumptuous repast, Russell touched a small silver bell, saying;

"Now, little wife, let me introduce to you your servants. You will have no care of them, unless you choose."

The summons was answered by the entrance of several persons, whom Russell introduced as follows:

"Mrs. Russell, this is Mrs. Brown, an experienced housekeeper; that is Hannah, the cook; that is Susan, the chambermaid; that is Mary, the housemaid; and this one," indicating the lad, "is Rose-Water, my valet, bootblack, errand boy, &c. And," he added, addressing the servants, "this lady is my wife and your mistress. You may go."

They quietly left the room, and he conducted Esther to his pretty little library up-stairs, where he seated her in an easy chair, taking a cushion at her feet.

"You have seen everything the house contains, my dear wife," he then said. "But one thing more remains to be told. Can you bear a little pleasant news?"

"Try me," said Esther, smiling.

"It seems," he went on, keeping his gaze fixed upon her countenance, with the intention of marking its changing expression, "that your father made two wills, as you supposed. My aunt in some way obtained possession of the will, and concealed it. I found it out by accident, and secured it."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Esther in astonishment. "You have it?"

"Yes, I have it."

As he spoke, he went to the little safe in the corner, unlocked it, and produced the will, handing it to her.

Esther read it with surprise and pleasure. "Tell me all about it, Pierre," she said.

"You remember how I was wounded a month ago?" he asked. "My aunt and her former husband were trying then to rob me of the will."

He went on, making up a plausible story of how it came into his possession, and the care he had taken of it.

"Why didn't you bring it directly to me?" inquired Esther. "Why keep it from me until now?"

"I took it with me once to give to you," answered her husband, "but it then occurred to me to try Moreland a little further. Had he proved repentant and returned to you, I should have immediately placed the will in your hands. I knew that the very moment he should hear of your good fortune, he would hasten to you, and I desired to save you from being the wife of a fortune-hunter. He left you because you were poor. He would probably return to you if he heard you were rich. I accordingly waited. Have I done wrong?"

No suspicion entered the mind of Esther. Instead, she felt the most genuine admiration for him.

"No?" he went on, pleasantly. "I'll give you another reason. I feared if I took the will to you, and told you the danger I had incurred in getting and keeping it, you might marry me out of gratitude or some such feeling, and I wanted you to marry me for the little I am myself."

She bent forward, blushing and smiling, and bestowed her first kiss upon his lips, while his every pulse thrilled with joy that his very villainy should be accounted noble and good.

"Then, dear little wife," he said—his tones sweeter than ever, and full of happiness—"I had better go immediately and engage a lawyer to restore you to your rights. This will places you in possession of all your father's property. I have kept an exact account of everything, all aunt has expended, and so forth, and will take measures to prevent her from using another shilling. After I have engaged a lawyer, I will call upon aunt and give her warning of her approaching fate."

He placed the will in her keeping, enjoining her to keep it safely, told her that her trunks were already in her chamber adjoining the library, and then, after a fond embrace, he hurried away.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN HUMBUGS OF THE WORLD.

NO. 9.—THE MOON-HOAX.

THE most stupendous scientific imposition upon the public that the generation with which we are numbered has known was the so-called "Moon-Hoax," published in the columns of the *New York Sun*, in the months of August and September, 1835. The sensation created by this immense imposture, throughout every part of the civilized world, and the consummate ability with which it was written, will render it interesting so long as our language shall endure; and, indeed, astronomical science has actually been indebted to it for many most valuable hints—a circumstance that gives the production a still higher claim to immortality.

At the period when the wonderful "yarn" to which I allude first appeared, the science of astronomy was engaging particular attention, and all works on the subject were eagerly bought up and studied by immense masses of people. The real discoveries of the younger Herschel, whose fame seemed destined to eclipse that of the older sage of the same name, did much to increase and keep up this peculiar mania of the time, until the whole community at last were literally occupied with but little else than "star-gazing."

Dick's works on "The Sidereal Heavens," "Celestial Scenery," "The Improvement of Society," &c., were read with the utmost avidity by rich and poor, old and young, in season and out of season. They were quoted in the parlour, at the table, on the promenade, at church, and even in the bedroom, until it absolutely seemed as though the whole community had "Dick" upon the brain. To the highly educated and imaginative portion of our good Gothamite population, the doctor's glowing periods, full of the grandest speculations as to the starry worlds around us, their wondrous magnificence and ever-varying aspects of beauty and happiness were inexpressibly fascinating. The

author's well reasoned conjectures as to the majesty and beauty of their landscapes, the fertility and diversity of their soil, and the excited intelligence and comeliness of their inhabitants, found hosts of believers; and nothing else formed the staple of conversation, until the booms and bores, and dealers in small-talk generally, began to grumble, and openly express their wishes that "the Dickens" had Doctor Dick and all his works.

It was at the very height of the furore above-mentioned, that one morning the readers of a certain newspaper were thrilled with the announcement in its columns of "Great Astronomical Discoveries Lately Made by Sir John Herschel, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., at the Cape of Good Hope," purporting to be a republication from a supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. The heading of the article was striking enough, yet was far from conveying any adequate idea of its contents. When the latter became known, the excitement went beyond all bounds, and grew until the newspaper office was positively besieged with crowds of people of the very first class, vehemently applying for copies of the issue containing the wonderful details.

As the pamphlet-form in which the narrative was subsequently published is now out of print, and a copy can hardly be had in the country, I will recall a few passages from a rare edition, for the gratification of my friends who have never seen the original. Indeed, the whole story is altogether too good to be lost; and it is a great pity that we cannot have a handsome reprint of it given to the world from time to time.

Mr. William Gowans, during the year 1859, brought out a very neat addition, in paper covers, illustrated with a view of the moon as seen through Lord Rose's grand telescope, in 1856. But this, too, has all been sold; and the most indefatigable book-collector might find it difficult to purchase single copy at the present time. I, therefore, render the inquiring reader no slight service in calling for him some of the flowers from this curious astronomical garden.

The opening of the narrative was in the highest review style; and the majestic, yet subdued dignity of its periods at once claimed respectful attention; while its perfect candour, and its wealth of accurate scientific detail, exacted the homage of belief from all crossgrained and inexorable sceptics.

It commences thus :

"In this unusual addition to our journal, we have the happiness to make known to the British public, and thence to the whole civilized world, recent discoveries in astronomy, which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race a proud distinction through all future time. It has been poetically said, that the stars of heaven are the hereditary regalia of man, as the intellectual sovereign of the animal creation. He may now fold the Zodiak around him with a loftier consciousness of his mental superiority," &c.

The writer then eloquently descended upon the sublime achievement by which man pierced the bounds that hemmed him in, and with sensations of awe approached the revelations of his own genius in the far-off heavens, and with intense dramatic effect described the younger Herschel surpassing all that his father had ever attained; and by some stupendous apparatus about to unveil the remotest mysteries of the sidereal space, pausing for many hours ere the excess of his emotions would allow him to lift the veil from his own overwhelming success.

I must quote a line or two of this passage, for it capped the climax of public curiosity :

"Well might he pause! He was about to become the sole depository of wondrous secrets which had been hid from the eyes of all men that had lived since the birth of time. He was about to crown himself with a diadem of knowledge which would give him a conscious pre-eminence above every individual of his species who then lived or who had lived in the generations that are passed away. He paused ere he broke the seal of the casket that contained it."

Was not this introduction enough to stimulate the wonder-bump of all the stargazers, until

Each particular hair did stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine?

At all events, such was the effect, and it was impossible at first to supply the frantic demand, even of the town, not to mention the country readers.

I may very briefly sum up the outline of the discoveries alleged to have been made, in a few paragraphs, so as not to protract the suspense of my readers too long.

It was claimed that the *Edinburgh Journal* was indebted for its information to Doctor Andrew Grant—a man of celebrity, who had for very many years been the scientific companion, first of the elder, and subsequently of the younger Herschel, and had gone with the latter in September, 1834, to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he had been sent by the British Government, acting in conjunction with the Govern-

ments of France and Austria, to observe the transit of Mercury over the disc of the sun—an astronomical point of great importance to the lunar observations of longitude, and consequently to the navigation of the world. This transit was not calculated to occur before the 7th of November, 1835 (the year in which the hoax was printed); but Sir John Herschel set out nearly a year in advance, for the purpose of thoroughly testing a new and stupendous telescope devised by himself under the peculiar inspiration, and infinitely surpassing anything of the kind ever before attempted by mortal man. It had been discovered by previous astronomers, and, among others, by Herschel's illustrious father, that the sidereal object becomes dim in proportion as it is magnified, and that, beyond a certain limit, the magnifying power is consequently rendered almost useless. Thus, an impassable barrier seemed to lie in the way of future close observation, unless some means could be devised to illuminate the object to the eye. By intense research and the application of all recent improvements in optics, Sir John had succeeded in procuring a beautiful and perfectly-lighted image of the moon with a magnifying power that increased its apparent size in the heavens six thousand times. Dividing the distance of the moon from the earth, viz., 240,000 miles, by six thousand, we have forty miles as the distance at which she would then seem to be seen; and as the elder Herschel, with a magnifying power of only one thousand, had calculated that he could distinguish an object on the moon's surface not more than 122 yards in diameter, it was clear that his son, with six times the power, could see an object there only twenty-two yards in diameter. But, for any further advance in power and light, the way seemed insuperably closed until a profound conversation with the great savant and optician, Sir David Brewster, led Herschel to suggest to the latter the idea of the re-adoption of the old fashioned telescopes, without tubes, which threw their images upon reflectors in a dark apartment, and then the illumination of these images by the intense hydro-oxygen light used in the ordinary illuminated microscope. At this suggestion, Brewster is represented by the veracious chronicler as leaping with enthusiasm from his chair, exclaiming in rapture to Herschel:

"Thou art the man!"

The suggestion thus happily approved was immediately acted upon, and a subscription, headed by that liberal patron of science, the Duke of Sussex, with £10,000, was backed by the reigning King of England with his royal word for any sum that might be needed to make up £70,000, the amount required. No time was lost; and, after one or two failures, in January, 1833, the house of Hartley and Grant, at Dumbarton, succeeded in casting the huge object-glass of the new apparatus, measuring twenty-four feet (or six times that of the elder Herschel's glass in diameter), weighing 14,826 pounds, or nearly seven tons, after being polished, and possessing a magnifying power of 42,000 times!—a perfectly pure, spotless, achromatic lens, without a material bubble or flaw!

Of course, after so elaborate a description of so astounding a result as this, the *Edinburgh Scientific Journal* could not avoid being precise in reference to subsequent details, and it proceeded to explain that Sir John Herschel and his amazing apparatus having been selected by the Board of Longitude to observe the transit of Mercury, the Cape of Good Hope was chosen, because, upon the former expedition to Peru, acting in conjunction with one to Lapland which was sent out for the same purpose in the eighteenth century, it had been noticed that the attraction of the mountainous regions deflected the plumb-line of the large instruments seven or eight seconds from the perpendiculars; and, consequently, greatly impaired the enterprise. At the Cape, on the contrary, there was a magnificent table-land of vast expanse, where this difficulty could not occur. Accordingly, on the 4th of September, 1834, with a design to become perfectly familiar with the working of his new gigantic apparatus, and with the Southern Constellations, before the period of his observations of Mercury, Sir John Herschel sailed from London, accompanied by Doctor Grant (the supposed informant), Lieutenant Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, F.R.A.S., and a large party of the best English workmen. On their arrival at the Cape, the apparatus was conveyed, in four days' time, to the great elevated plain, thirty-five miles to the N.E. of Cape Town, on trains drawn by two relief-teams of oxen, eighteen to a team, the ascent aided by gangs of Dutch boors. For the details of the huge fabric in which the lens and its reflectors were set up, I must refer the curious reader to the pamphlet itself—not that the presence of the "Dutch boors" alarms me at all, since we have plenty of boors at home, and one gets used to them in the course of time, but because the elaborate scientific description of the structure would make most readers see "stars" in broad daylight before they got through.

I shall only go on to say that, by the 10th of January, everything was complete, even to the two pillars

"one hundred and fifty feet high!" that sustained the lens. Operations then commenced forthwith, and so, too, did the "special wonder" of the readers. It is a matter of congratulation to mankind that the writer of the hoax, with an apology (Heaven save the mark!) spared us Herschel's notes of "the moon's tropical, sidereal, and synodic revolutions," and the "phenomena of the syzygies," and proceeded at once to the pith of the subject. Here came in his grand stroke, informing the world of complete success in obtaining a distinct view of objects in the moon "fully equal to that which the unaided eye commands of terrestrial objects at the distance of a hundred yards, affirmatively settling the question whether the satellite is inhabited, and by what order of beings, firmly establishing a new theory of cometary phenomena," &c. This announcement alone was enough to take one's breath away, but when the green marble shores of the Mare Nubium; the mountains shaped like pyramids, and of the purest and most dazzling crystallized, wine-coloured amethyst, dotting green valleys skirted by "round-breasted hills"; summits of the purest vermillion fringed with arching cascades and buttresses of white marble glistening in the sun—when these began to be revealed, the delight of our Luna-tics knew no bounds—and the whole town went moon-mad!

But even these immense pictures were surpassed by the "Lunatic" animals discovered. First came the "herds of brown quadrupeds" very like a—not a whale, but a bison, and "with a tail resembling that of the bos grunniens"—the reader probably understands what kind of a "bos" that is, if he's apprenticed to a theatre in midsummer with musicians on a strike; then a creature, which the hoax-man naively declared "would be clasped on earth as a monster"—I rather think it would!—"a bluish lead colour, about the size of a goat, with a head and a beard like him and a single horn, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular"—it is clear that if this goat was cut down to a single horn, other people were not! I could not but fully appreciate the exquisite distinction accorded by the writer to the female of this lunar animal, for she, while deprived of horn and beard, he explicitly tells us, "had a much larger tail!" When the astronomers put their fingers on the beard of this "beautiful" little creature (on the reflector, mind you!) it would skip away in high dudgeon, which, considering the 240,000 miles that intervened, was something to show its delicacy of feeling.

Next in the procession of discovery, among other animals of less note, was presented "a quadruped with an amazingly long neck, head like a sheep, bearing two long spiral horns, white as polished ivory, and standing in perpendiculars parallel to each other. Its body was like that of a deer, but its forelegs were most disproportionately long, and its tail, which was very bushy and of a snowy whiteness, curled high over its back, and hung two or three feet by its side. Its colours were bright bay and white, brindled in patches, but of no regular form." This is probably the animal known to us on earth, and particularly along the Mississippi River, as the "guyasutas," to which I may particularly refer in a future article.

But all these beings faded into insignificance compared with the first sight of the genuine Lunatics, or men in the moon, "four feet high, covered, except in the face, with short, glossy, copper-coloured hair," and "with wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs from the top of their shoulders to the calves of their legs," with "faces of a yellowish flesh-colour—a slight improvement on the large orang-outang." Complimentary for the Lunatics. But, says the chronicler, Lieutenant Drummond declared that, "but for their long wings, they would look as well on a parade-ground as some of the cockney militia!" A little rough, my friend the reader will exclaim, for the aforesaid militia.

Of course, it is impossible, in a sketch like the present, to do more than give a glimpse of this rare combination of astronomical realities and the vagaries of mere fancy, and I must omit the Goldenringed Mountains, the Vale of the Triads, with their splendid triangular temples, &c.; but I positively cannot pass by the glowing mention of the inhabitants of this wonderful valley—a superior race of Luunatics, as beautiful and as happy as angels, "spread like eagles" on the grass, eating yellow gourds and red cucumbers, and played with by snow-white stags, with jet-black horns!

The description here is positively delightful; and I even now remember my poignant sigh of regret when, at the conclusion, I read that these innocent and happy beings, although evidently "creatures of order and subordination," and "very polite," were seen indulging in amusements which would not be deemed "within the bounds of strict propriety" on this degenerate ball. The story wound up rather abruptly by referring the reader to an extended work on the subject by Herschel, which has not yet appeared.

One can laugh very heartily, now, at all this; but nearly everybody, the gravest and the wisest, too, was

completely taken in at the time: and the newspaper in question reaped an increase of more than fifty thousand to its circulation—in fact, gained the foundation of its subsequent prolonged success. And who was the author? A literary gentleman, who has devoted very many years of his life to mathematical and astronomical studies, and was at the time connected as an editor with the newspaper—one whose name has since been widely known in literature and politics—Richard Adams Locke, Esq., then in his youth, and now in the decline of years. Mr. Locke, who still survives, is a native of the British Isles, and, at the time of his first connection with the press, was the only short-hand reporter in this city, where he laid the basis of a competency he now enjoys. Mr. Locke declares that his original object in writing the Moon story was to satirize some of the extravagances of Doctor Dick, and to make some astronomical suggestions which he felt diffident about offering seriously.

Whatever may have been his object, his hit was unrivalled; and for months the press of Christendom teemed with it, until Sir John Herschel was actually compelled to come out with a denial. In the meantime it was printed and published in many languages, with superb illustrations. Mr. Endicott, the celebrated lithographer, some years ago had in his possession a splendid series of engravings, of extra folio size, got up in Italy, in the highest style of art, and illustrating the "Moon Hoax."

One day, Mr. Locke was introduced by a mutual friend, at the door of the newspaper office, to a very grave old orthodox quaker, who, in the calm manner, went on to tell him all about the embarkation of Herschel's apparatus at London, where he had seen it with his own eyes. Of course, Locke's optics expanded somewhat while he listened to this remarkable statement, but he wisely kept his own counsel.

The discussions of the press were very rich; the paper, of course, defending the affair as genuine, and others doubting it. Hosts of other papers came out with the most solemn acceptance and admiration of these "wonderful discoveries," and were eclipsed in their approval only by the scientific journals abroad. One evening paper, however, was decidedly sceptical, and took up the matter in this irreverent way:

"That there should be winged people in the moon does not strike us as more wonderful than the existence of such a race of beings on the earth; and that there still exist such a race, rests on the evidence of that most veracious of voyagers and circumstantial of chroniclers, Peter Wilkins, whose celebrated work not only gives an account of the general appearance and habits of a most interesting tribe of flying Indians; but, also, of all those more delicate and engaging traits which the author was enabled to discover by reason of the conjugal relations he entered into with one of the females of the winged tribe."

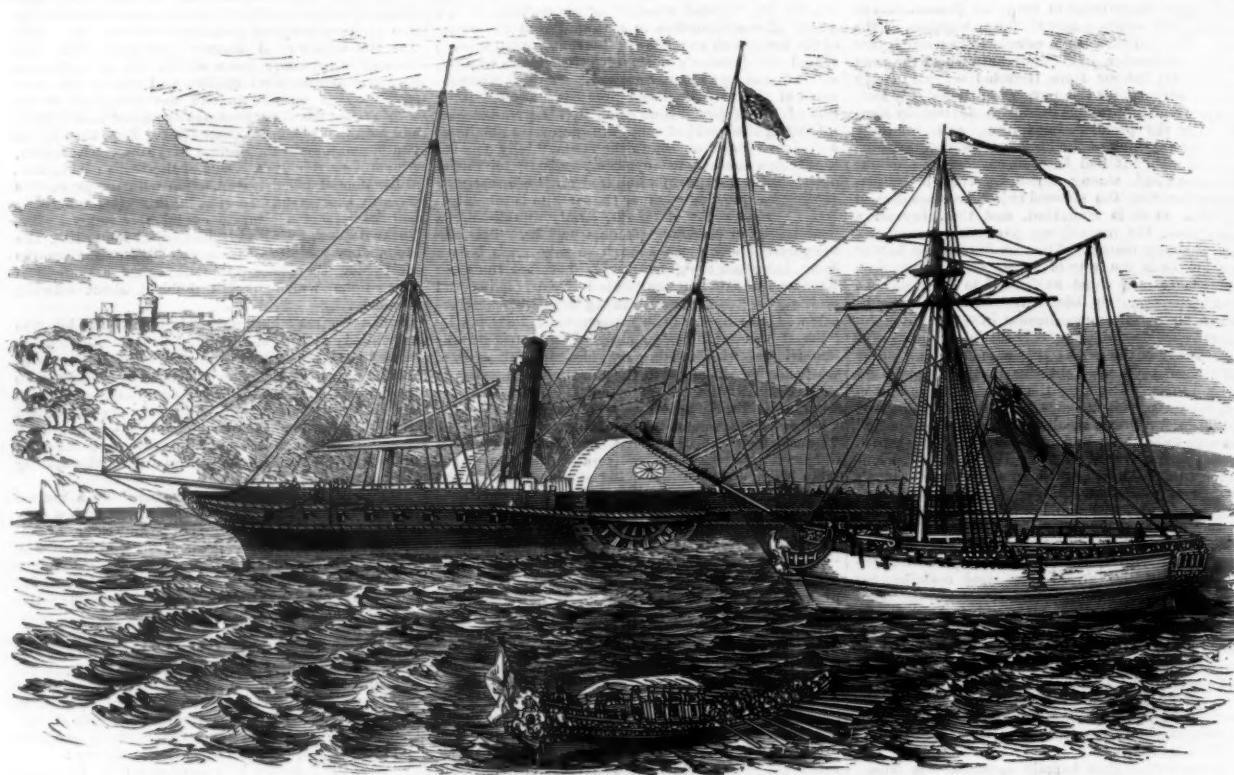
The "Moon Hoax" had its day, and some of its glory still survives. Mr. Locke, its author, is now quietly residing in the beautiful little home of a friend on the Clove Road, Staten Island, and no doubt, as he gazes up at the evening luminary, often fancies that he sees a broad grin on the countenance of its only well-authenticated tenant, "the hoary solitary whom the criminal code of the nursery has banished thither for collecting fuel on the Sabbath-day."

P. T. B.

(To be continued.)

It is said that the King of Spain paid the Emperor and Empress a compliment which went home to their hearts. On being delicately asked what had struck his Majesty most during his visit to France, he replied, "The surprising intelligence of the Prince Imperial." And there is no doubt, without flattery, his Majesty might travel far before he saw so clever a child of his age.

TRAGIC SCENE AT NAPLES.—On the afternoon of the 16th inst., as the Princess de Teora, Madlle. d'Avalos, and M. di Quarto, the bridegroom expectant of the last-mentioned lady, were walking in the Palace del Vasto, at Chiaja, M. d'Avalos, her uncle, who disapproved of the projected match, set his bulldog on M. di Quarto; but the dog, instead of attacking that gentleman, advanced to the Princess in a gentle manner. M. d'Avalos then became more enraged, and struck M. di Quarto in the face. This gentleman drew a pistol from his pocket, fired at his assailant, and wounded him seriously in the side. A lady, an intimate friend of M. d'Avalos, who was present, then fired a pistol at M. di Quarto, and thereupon the Princess and Madlle. Avalos fainted. The Duke d'Avalos, hearing the reports of the pistols, ran to the window which overlooked the garden, and sought to calm the combatants, especially conjuring his brother to calm himself; but he, more furious than before, seized a double-barrelled gun and fired at his brother, in whose face one charge lodged, and who fell bailed in his blood. The police arrived soon afterwards, and arrested both of the offenders.



[THE YACHTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

SHIPS AND SHOT.

If there is any special place in the world where the demon of war may be said to hold council with the science of man and the inert forces of nature, in order to arrive at a knowledge of the most terrible means of destruction, that place must, to our thinking, be Shoeburyness. There, over the desolate waste of sand and the solitary expanse of water, he may be imagined hovering perpetually on sulphurous wings, while the terrible problem of comparative destructiveness and resistance is in process of being solved by gunpowder and iron wielded as experimental forces by scientific skill. The place is the very laboratory of destruction.

For some time past, a series of the most important artillery experiments have been carried on there, and which may be said to have culminated the other day by the firing of a 600 lb. projectile against a floating target made on the principle of the "Warrior." It was intended to fire at a range of 2,000 yards, but with a view to secure accuracy, the firing took place at 500 yards. The charge of powder, however, if increased in certain proportions, would, it was considered, represent the same effects at 2,000 yards. The shell that struck the target practically demolished it, and would have sunk any ship it might take effect upon. It was the unanimous opinion of all the scientific and practical men present, that this 600-pounder gun will sink any iron-clad ship that could be built. There is no country except England that has a 600-pounder, and we have only this one at present, but are building more.

The series of experiments were conducted by the Iron Plate Committee of the War Office, in order to ascertain the resisting power of different forms of ship armour, and the destructive force of shot and shell. The most important of the experiments were perhaps those made by Armstrong's shunt guns against the target representing the construction of French iron-clad ships of war, at the distance of 200 yards.

The object with which the "La Gloire" target was constructed was to obtain information as to the actual strength of a wooden ship with a plain armour-plate covering, and without any extra strengthening devices, such as the longitudinal stringers, which were lately tried in the "Lord Warden" and other targets. At the same time, to render the experiment as useful as possible, the committee had taken advantage of it to try the value of some inventions, which, though approved by other nations, and especially by the French, had not hitherto been tested in this country. These were—the use of plates of small area, and a peculiar

mode of fastening them to the ship with large "wood screws," holding by coarse threads in the timber, instead of bolts passing entirely through, with nuts on the inside, which is the usual English plan. Every part of the target, in fact, was constructed on the principle in use on the Continent, especially in France.

The attack upon this target began with the usual preliminary salute of cast-iron shot from the old 68-pounder and the Armstrong 110-pounder. Then came Sir William Armstrong's shunt gun; with heavy spherical shot, cylindrical steel shot, steel shell, and Captain Palliser's chilled cast-iron shot.

Under the terrific assault of these various and tremendous projectiles the target was utterly demolished; one of Captain Palliser's chilled cast-iron shots, fired from the 9-22 in. gun, passed completely through the thinner plates and carried away the knee, while another struck the thick plate at its upper edge and broke through everything, tearing the timber and demolishing one of the large balks of deal supporting the target.

It will not be necessary for us to go further into the details of these important experiments with projectiles and armour plates. The clear result of all seems to be so far satisfactory, that it has been demonstrated that England possesses in some at least of her new ironclads—let us instance the Bellerophon—an armour-ship superior in the principle of its construction to any iron-clad ships possessed by other countries; and that we have also the most terribly destructive gun and projectile which has hitherto been invented.

What manner of ships and what form of guns will ultimately be universally adopted in naval warfare has not, however, by any means been absolutely settled by these experiments; but we may feel satisfied that we at present possess both in their most effective and powerful shape.

Our engraving affords an illustration of ship-building of a very different kind. Both vessels shown are of the peaceful order of yachts; and both are of the royal class; the one, however, constructed when the shipwright's craft was in its infancy, whilst the other belongs to the present day, when it would seem as if the art of yacht-building can no further go. They are, in short, the yachts of Her maiden Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The model of the yacht of "Good Queen Bess" is now in the possession of Mr. Browne, of Deptford Dockyard; in form she is rather broad in proportion to her length, carries 8 guns, is single masted, the main-mast being very tall, and the top-mast re-

markably short, is square rigged, and overloaded with superfluous tackle, so remarkably different to the trim steam yacht of Her Majesty, the Victoria and Albert. Her streak is painted with mythological subjects, her figure-head is a cock with extended wings, while on her stern board is carved the effigies of Queen Elizabeth and Admiral Drake. Nearly the entire body of the vessel is fitted up as a saloon, richly painted in accordance with the taste of the day. She was built in 1588.

The yacht of the sovereign who rules over Britain at present, and under circumstances differing so widely from those of the maiden queen and her day, is well known to be a splendid specimen of its class. But, indeed, Her Majesty, besides the Victoria and Albert, possesses two other yachts, the Alberts and the Osborne; and all of them have been recently employed in conveying members of Her Majesty's family either to their German home or on visiting excursions to their continental relatives; the former two vessels having conveyed the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse up the Rhine to Mayence, en route to Dordrecht, and the latter carried the "Prince of all the land" and the Princess Alexandra to Copenhagen; and thence, in the words of old Sir Patrick Spens,

"To Norway, to Norway, over the firth."

Comparisons are sometimes instituted between the Elizabethan and Victorian eras. It would be difficult, we think, to adduce anything placing the two eras and the circumstances of the two queen's lives in greater contrast than the matters of which we have been writing.

A CAT HINT.—When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie round her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured—she will never again desire to touch a bird.

A RELIC OF THE GRAND ARMY.—The Marquis de Grouchy, whose death has just been recorded, was 76 years of age. He commenced his career of arms under his father, and made the campaigns of Prussia, Poland, and Italy in 1809. He was colonel at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. After a long exile with his father, he was named inspector of cavalry, a post which he held for several years. He was one of the first who was called to the Senate when that great body of the State was reorganized. The marquis had a brother, who was, like himself, a general of cavalry, and who died some months ago. The deceased leaves one son, who is a pupil at the staff school.



THE BONDAGE OF BRANDON.

CHAPTER LIX.

O Hope! thou little airy form,
Thou thing of nothing.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's heart,
Ruin, and leave her.

* * *
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever!
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, oh! never.

Known.

Scott.

THE abbeess looked inquiringly at the Count de Cannes; to see the cause of his strange exclamation. He appeared like a man who has seen that singular spiritual entity, a ghost. His eyes were firmly fixed upon the kneeling figure of Sister Inez. The abbeess followed his glance, and at once came to the conclusion that the pale-faced nun had occasioned his embarrassment. Much to the abbeess's surprise and indignation, De Cannes stepped hastily forward and laid his hand heavily upon Sister Inez' shoulder. With a nervous start, she turned round and raised her eyes to him.

In a moment she was similarly affected.

It possible, she became paler than before. The colour could not be said to leave her cheeks, because she never had any; but they assumed that awful death-like hue which so startles the beholder.

The count motioned her to rise; she did so, and they stood side by side. He beckoned her towards the window, and, oblivious of Sir Lawrence Allingford, she followed him. In the intensely-absorbing interest of the moment she forgot that a human being, on the brink of death, was craving her skill and her assistance.

Two words escaped their lips:

"Mary!"

"John!"

"We meet again, Mary," said the count, in a hollow voice.

"It is a dispensation of providence," she replied, in so low a tone that it resembled a whisper.

The abbeess, scandalized at the spectacle of a strange man speaking confidentially to one of the *religieuses*, for whose behaviour she was responsible, advanced towards them, exclaiming:

"To your cell, Sister Inez—to your cell!"

The woman cowered beneath the angry glance of

THE SERVANTS OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR.]

the abbeess, and shrank nearer to the count, as if for protection.

"A word to you, sir," cried the abbeess.

The count bowed.

"You have abused the hospitality I tendered you!"

"Excuse me, if I contradict you."

"Therefore," she continued, unheeding his remark, "you will oblige me by instantly quitting the convent."

"Madam, allow me—"

"No, sir."

"One moment!"

"I will not hear you."

"By heaven, you shall!" exclaimed the Count de Cannes, who was painfully excited, and for a time forgot his usual suavity and politeness.

The abbeess instantly became quiet and placid, and, whilst a sweet expression stole over her austere countenance, she said, in a meek, submissive voice:

"We are but a handful of women here. I belong to a holy order, and am in my own house. I appeal to your sense of honour for protection."

"Fear nothing," replied the count.

"Permit Sister Inez to go to her cell?"

"I wish to speak to her."

"It is meet that she should devote much time to penitential thoughts."

"I repeat it is imperative that I should hold a conversation with her."

"It cannot be, sir!" said the abbeess, sternly.

Sister Inez, during this colloquy, stood motionless and muta. The tears fell from her eyes, and she seemed like one suffering much mental agony.

Sir Lawrence Allingford lay in a trance-like state, and was evidently sinking fast. Reginald Welby stood an amazed spectator of what was taking place.

"For once," exclaimed the Count de Cannes, "I must contradict you, and dispute your jurisdiction!"

"On what grounds?"

"You cannot separate a man from his wife!"

"His wife?" echoed the abbeess, astounded.

"This lady is my wife; for years I have not seen her. If you doubt me, question her."

"Sister Inez!" exclaimed the abbeess.

The nun replied in Spanish, in a respectful tone, saying:

"I am the servant of heaven, and your servant, and ready to obey you."

This was one of the florid Spanish phrases which the discipline of the convent habituated the recluses to.

"Is this man your husband?"

"Alas, yes!"

"It is only natural that we should wish to converse with one another," said the count, "after so long a separation."

"She may not hold any communication with one of a sex opposite to her own!" replied the abbeess, with fanatical determination gleaming from her eyes.

"Pray, why not?"

"Her vows prevent her. Her oaths preclude the possibility of her doing so without sin!"

"Surely you would absolve her from so trivial an offence."

"There is no absolution for those who sin wilfully."

"Permit me to talk to my wife for a brief space, in your presence; then she shall be at your service."

"For her sake, I refuse," said the abbeess. "The discipline of our order is rigorous, inflexible, and uncompromising."

"Relax it for once."

"I should then establish a precedent."

"You are relentless."

"I am, and Sister Inez will thank me for it," replied the superior of the convent. "An interview with you would merely suffice to unsettle her mind. When she became a member of our order, she was dead to the world—dead to father, mother, brother, sister—"

"But not to her husband!"

"Ay! to her husband—to all and everything; she renounced the pomps of the world, together with its vanities. She is no longer a child of earth; she is the bride of heaven. She took the veil of her own free will. The step was irrevocable, and there is no room for repentance. Until the grave opens to receive her inanimate body she is indissolubly bound to her religion."

De Cannes groaned.

"Listen to me, madam," he exclaimed. "If you will have the goodness to hear my story, you will pity both of us. Ten years ago now we were married. Six months elapsed, and a separation took place. I drove my young wife from my door, because I was labouring under a misconception, and thought her guilty when she was innocent. When she had accepted the cruel fate I forced upon her, and left me, never to return, I discovered the fatal error I had made. Believe me, madam, I have never ceased to regret my precipitancy, never ceased to pray that a day might come when I could fall at my injured wife's feet and ask her forgiveness. The time has arrived in a most marvellous manner, and you deny me a privilege so simple as to be—"

The abbeess interrupted him, saying, "as we sow, so must we reap."

The Count de Cannes bowed to his wife, who said tearfully, "You acknowledge my innocence?"

"I do."

"I shall die happy."

"I not only acknowledge your innocence, but I claim your forgiveness for my sanguicous, for the misery you have endured, for your mental anguish, for your privations, for all that you have suffered and gone through. Can you do you forgive me?"

"Most freely," she replied, while her tears gushed forth like water.

"To your cell, child," cried the abbess, becoming impatient.

Inez did not attempt to move.

"You are disobedient! I must take measures to punish you accordingly."

The abbess had no sooner spoken these words than she clapped her hands together three times. As she did so, two sliding panels in the wall shot back, disclosing dark and gloomy passages. From each of these hiding places a priest emerged, and walked quickly across the room in the direction of the tumultuous sun. Directly she saw them Inez evinced every symptom of mortal terror. She clung round the count's arm with the tenacity of despair, and murmured wildly, "No, no, no!"

"Be calm," whispered the count; "I will protect you."

"You cannot," she almost shrieked; "you do not know these men."

"Who are they?"

"The servants of the Grand Inquisitor."

"Does that monstrosity still exist?" asked the count in surprise.

"Oh! yes, yes."

"Here, in this town?"

"Madro de Dios is a name of horror throughout Castile."

"Is it possible?"

"I shall be condemned to the torture."

De Cannes turned from his quivering, trembling wife, and looked inquiringly at the abbess, as if to seek a denial of Inez's random and seemingly improbable statement.

The abbess smiled grimly.

The priests advanced, holding their wooden crosses before them, as if to impress the beholders with respect and veneration.

They seized Inez in a strong and vigorous grasp, tearing her away from her husband.

"Oh! save me, save me!" she exclaimed.

De Cannes turned terribly pale, and compressed his lips tightly together.

"I am doomed," continued Inez.

The priests increased their pace, and neared one of the sliding panels.

De Cannes put himself in motion and followed them. He hardly knew what course to pursue. He was perfectly well aware that to interfere with the priesthood in a bigoted country like Spain was to incur the severest penalties of the law, and lay yourself open to a life-long punishment. Yet his wife was being brutally torn from his embrace, without a shadow of excuse to palliate so wanton and atrocious an act.

When the myrmidons of the Inquisition saw the count approaching them, they waved him back with their crosses. Inez writhed in sinuous contortions, but was unable to free herself from the vice-like grasp in which she was held.

She called piteously on her husband to help her; but before he could do so, the priests dragged her into the dark and gloomy corridor.

The count dashed forward, but the sliding panel shot back, and a blank waste of wall was all that confronted him.

Regardless of the sacred building in which he was, the count gave way to the most passionate rage, and uttered the most horrible imprecations. Mocking laughter, faint and smothered cries, and the sound of a struggle penetrated the wainscoting.

De Cannes gnashed his teeth with rage. He was furious. The voice of the abbess recalled him to himself.

"Signor Ingles!" she exclaimed.

He turned round.

"See. Your friend is dying."

During the turmoil of his interview with his long-lost wife, he had forgotten all about Sir Lawrence Allingford; but now he once more, by a powerful effort, concentrated his attention upon the unfortunate baronet, who had fallen upon the floor, and was lying there as motionless as a corpse.

"He is in want of assistance!" exclaimed De Cannes.

"I can render you none."

"Will you see him die?" demanded the count, angrily.

"He is beyond human help now."

The count fell on his knees by the side of Sir Lawrence, and peered anxiously into his face. He

saw no signs of animation there. He caught up one of his hands, but it was cold and clammy, and he thought that he perceived the death damps gathering upon his brow. The circulation was so sluggish as to be scarcely perceptible.

De Cannes had often heard that, in cases of poisoning, the first and most important thing to be done was to administer an emetic. That he had done, and nothing now remained but to keep up the circulation, either by friction or locomotion. Much valuable time had been lost; and it was clear that if something was not done speedily, the baronet would be beyond the power of man, as the abbess surmised him to be already.

Seeing that the superiors of the convent refused all help, the count was thrown upon his own resources; and having a smattering of practical surgery, he tore off the coat Sir Lawrence was wearing, and began to rub his back violently with the palm of his hand. This simple remedy was marvellously efficacious. In a very short space of time Sir Lawrence opened his eyes and gave De Cannes a nod of recognition. It was only a slight inclination of the head, but it was very welcome, for it proved that the spirit had not taken its flight from the sheltering clay, and that he was not dead yet.

"Can you speak?" said the count.

"Yes," was the reply, in a faint voice.

"Do you feel any pain?"

"Not much."

"What would you like me to do?"

"Where are we?"

"In the convent."

"Convent!" repeated Sir Lawrence, as if his mind was wandering.

"Yes, that of La Cypre, whither we followed Lady Blanche Brandon."

"I remember," said the invalid. "I call it all to mind now. I feel very weak and ill. My head swarms, and my ideas are confused."

"That is a natural result of your illness."

"Am I dying, De Cannes?"

"Dying?" the count said, vacantly, rather at a loss for an answer.

"Do you think so?"

"I hope not."

"Ah! that is nothing. It is amiable and friendly of you to tell me so, but will you be candid with me?"

"Certainly."

"Have I any chance of living?"

"Candidly, I think you have."

"There we are at issue, my friend," said Sir Lawrence, in a sad tone.

"Why so?"

"I feel—I know that I am not long for this world."

"Do not say so," said the count, affected in spite of himself.

"You will see 'her' again?"

"Lady Brandon?"

"Yes. Will you tell her I forgave her before I died?"

"You are not dying."

"I am sure that I am. Dying men's words are prophetic."

A melancholy sensation stole over the soul of the Count de Cannes as he heard this solemn declaration of the murdered man.

He had, for a great length of time, been his companion, and, to a certain extent, his friend; so that he was unable to repress his regret at the triumph with which the plans of Lady Brandon were about to be crowned.

"You have been foully murdered," said the count. "Rouse yourself for a brief space, and endeavour to weddie by destroying the happiness and peace of her wedded life."

"I am too weak."

De Cannes felt in his pocket, and produced a small flask, which contained a fiery stimulant; and, in spite of Sir Lawrence's feeble resistance, poured it down his throat.

The effect was remarkable. It was like putting fresh oil into the waning lamp. It imparted a new vigour to his constitution, and seemed to inflame his mind as well as his body.

The count raised him up, and whispered in his ear: "Welby is here. See him—speak to him. Do not die the tame death of a coward."

De Cannes had two objects in wishing an interview to take place between the baronet and Reginald Welby.

He had promised Mimi that he would do all that lay in his power to urge Sir Lawrence on in his scheme of vengeance; and, in addition to that, he was animated by a private pique, and a secret dislike to the dangerous woman, who distilled her venom wherever she went, and inoculated whoever she came in contact with.

"Will you see him?" he continued, as the baronet hesitated.

"I will."

The count beckoned to Welby, who was still in his old position, waiting for the end of the adventure in which he was involved, and which he was powerless to accelerate, to retard, or to arrest.

"Can I render you any assistance?" asked Reginald, as he came up.

"Sir Lawrence wishes to speak to you."

"On what subject?"

"About your wife."

"I cannot listen to him," replied Welby. "Not listen to him! You cannot be so infatuated with a wicked woman as to be deaf and blind to all that is reasonable."

"He would asperse my wife's character."

"I do not know that. At all events, it is his dying request; and I, for one, would not like to have to reproach myself with having refused the request of a man who has but a short time to live—whose moments, in point of fact, are numbered."

"I cannot have Lady Brandon's character assailed," said Welby, doggedly.

"To refuse to hear what Allingford has to say at the present time is little short of a crime," persisted the count, adhering to his original theme.

"Is that Welby?" asked Sir Lawrence, who overheard the altercation.

"It is."

"Let him come nearer to me. Ask him to sit on the ground, so that he can hear what I have to say."

Thus adjured, Reginald took up the required position, and exclaimed:

"I shall be very glad if I can alleviate your sufferings or set your mind at rest, by listening to what you have to say; but I could wish that you would pass the precious moments that yet remain to you in conversation with some spiritual adviser."

"No, no—not now. There is time enough for that," returned the baronet, impatiently. "You are aware that I am dying through the effects of poison, administered to me by the woman you have made your wife."

Welby remembered how he had sworn at Gibraltar that nothing, he cared not what, should ever make Blanche indifferent to him, and he replied, "I know nothing."

"You know it now I have told you. Lady Brandon is a viper. You are cherishing a foul thing, that will some day blot you out of its path as it has blotted me."

"These are vague and unsubstantial attacks."

"You shall hear more. She has before this been guilty of murder."

"When and where? Who was the victim?" demanded Allingford, interested in spite of himself.

"Her first crime was the abduction of the Earl of Brandon's child. Providentially, its life was saved."

"Does it live now?"

"It does."

"In whose charge is it?"

"In England there is a man of the name of Girling. Question him, for he has the child."

"What next?" asked Reginald, whose face was flushing with a strange mixture of fear, shame, and apprehension.

The Count de Cannes was an attentive listener to these revelations.

"Lady Brandon next took the life of her sister-in-law, the Countess of Brandon."

"Impossible!" cried Welby, aghast.

"It may seem so to you; but what I am telling you is the truth. Is it likely that I should trifle with you in the condition to which I am now reduced?"

"What proof have you of the correctness of what you say?"

"Let the body be exhumed, and traces of a virulent vegetable poison will be discovered."

"You allege that you are dying through my wife; that is, through Lady Brandon's agency?"

"I do."

"As you hope for salvation, you say this?"

"If I lie," said Allingford, solemnly, "may the vengeance of heaven overtake me."

"You may be mistaken."

"No; I am only too sure."

"What was her object in poisoning you?"

"To prevent any knowledge of her perfidy and turpitude coming to your ears through my agency. It is a strong incentive—a powerful motive."

Welby was silent; he had heard all the evidence, and now he wanted time to weigh it, and test its probability.

Sir Lawrence Allingford's voice grew feebler, and it was evident that the stimulant the count had given him was losing its power. He made a strong effort to utter final appeal to Welby, which was mainly a recapitulation of what he had said already.

"Be advised by me!" he exclaimed. "Leave her! Fly from her! Rather be a vagrant on the face of the earth, and a beggar in the streets of the world, than the husband of that bad and wicked woman. She

will work you but misery and despair. You will curse the hour you were born; for she is a monster, and should not be allowed to cumber the soil. Be warned! I speak with prophetic voice—voi—voi—"

The remainder of the word faded off into a low hiss.

The baronet's head fell back, a film came over his eyes, and, with a cry of alarm, the Count de Cannes exclaimed:

"He is dying!"

"If I mistake not, he is dead," said Welby.

To all appearance, it was so.

The count allowed the body to sink to the ground, and rising to his feet, said, reverently:

"Peace be with him."

CHAPTER LX.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His lissome length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And gaze upon the brook that bubbles by.

Gray.

MR. GEORGE LITTLEBOY, jun., considered that he had achieved a great triumph when he wrung a reluctant consent from Miss Zedfern to meet him the next day, unaccompanied by her friend. He was more engrossed by his sudden love affair than ever he had been by any slip of paper bearing the significant heading "Victoria, by the grace of God." He gave himself up, heart and soul, to the impetuous current which was carrying him away from his business; but Mimi's beauty so captivated him that he could think of nothing else. With his mind full of ambitious projects, he wended his way to the place of appointment, and arrived there, like an ardent lover, at least three hours in advance of the time fixed. He thought the hours never passed so slowly; and his chief occupation was pulling out his watch. At length he grew tired of that, and counted the seconds at a much quicker rate than that at which they actually sank into the past. He was as if quicksilver had been poured into his boots, for he could not remain still for two minutes together. He threw himself under a tree, and tried to compose himself calmly, and to think; but he was unable to do so. His restless and impatient spirit made him spring to his feet again, and pace rapidly up and down beneath its leafy shade. He lighted his clay pipe, thinking it would calm him; but he only smoked for five minutes or so, and then allowed it to go out. He was surprised at the change which had come over him, and indulged in an audible soliloquy.

"I wonder what's the matter with me," he said. "I'm afraid I'm making a fool of myself. I strongly suspect Mr. George Littleboy, senior, would say it was a case of 'non compos.' I can't help it, though. Can't help it for the life of me. I sometimes wish I was back again in Bartlett's Buildings, serving writs and copying papers. It was a happy life. Is it two o'clock yet? No; not much after one. I don't think my watch can be right. The time goes on pretty slowly. Can't say I like the country. It's ten to one if you hear a clock strike. Now, in London the clocks are always striking, and a pretty din they make of it, too. There's no beer in the country worth drinking either. What you get about Kirkdale is nothing better than grains and ditch water."

At last two o'clock came, and George Littleboy looked anxiously around him, in the hope of seeing Mimi; but, although the time continued to drag itself weary along, he did not see a single sign of her. Three o'clock came, and then suspicion began to arise in the legal mind of the lover. What I may call his common law understanding combined itself with the equity of his intelligence, and he came to the conclusion that Miss Mimi Zedfern was endeavouring to give him the slip in some way or other.

He was a man of action; and this idea no sooner occurred to him than he started off for Welby House, arriving there out of breath.

When making inquiries, professionally, he rarely went to the front door; he always derived more information from the satellites of the kitchen, and the couriers of the back stairs, than from any other channel. So he went into the court yard, and so on to the back entrance, where he pulled a bell. A servant appeared, and asked him his business.

"Is Miss Zedfern within?" he inquired.

"Young mistress's governess?" asked the man, with profound disdain, as if he considered his own social standing superior to that of Mimi.

"Yes."

"No, she's not."

"Where is she?"

"Left here this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" said George, with great equanimity.

He never gave up the chase simply because the bird was flown. With him it was merely changing the "venue." It removed the contest to another scene of action.

"What time did she start?" he continued.

"About twelve. Went to Kirkdale station, I believe," answered the man.

"For London?"

"So they say."

"Much obliged to you for your information," said George, walking away.

If the man had been reticent of his information, he would have received a gratuity to oil the hinges of his mouth; but George never threw his money about recklessly. Gratitude with him was always a sense of favour to come, never of favours received.

After leaving Welby House, he went to the railway station as quickly as his legs would carry him. He very much feared that Mimi had such a start of him that it would be impossible for him to attempt to stop her by telegraphic communication; but an accident, such as will occur in the journey through life of all of us, threw Mimi into his power.

She had missed the train.

Missed it by half a minute. The engine was steaming out of the station in a sluggish manner, as she drove up. The consequence was that she had to wait for the next train, which did not go further than a large junction—about twenty miles from Kirkdale. She preferred going by this, and staying at Blithedon junction, to remaining in a dangerous atmosphere.

The next London train left Kirkdale just as George Littleboy reached the station, and he did not hesitate to embark in it, after certain information he gleaned from one of the porters, which induced him to think that Mimi was waiting for this very train at Blithedon junction.

He did not trouble himself about his hotel bill or his luggage. He knew he could settle his tavern liabilities just as well by letter as in person.

At Blithedon he looked out of the window, but hastily withdrew his head, as he perceived Mimi, and remarked that she was coming towards the identical carriage in which he was sitting. It was a first-class carriage, and contained no one but himself.

A porter opened the door, saying:

"Plenty of room in here, miss; only one gentleman, and he's asleep, I think."

This remark was occasioned by a sudden movement on the part of George. He threw himself back, and spread his pocket handkerchief over his face, as if he were a countryman with strong sleeping propensities, and an unconquerable aversion to flies, which are not the most agreeable companions in a railway train.

George Littleboy was fearful lest Mimi might see him and leave the carriage, so he felt inexpressibly thankful when the bell rang, and the wheels creaked, and the train moved on. When the telegraph posts on the line seemed to be flitting past like so many shadowy ghosts, and so quickly that you could not count them, George removed the covering from his face, yawned, stretched his arms out, and appeared to be awaking from a sound sleep. He cast his eyes on Mimi, who was looking out of the window. With a preliminary cough, he exclaimed:

"Fine day miss."

"Yes," she replied, curtly.

He had purposely made his voice harsh and rough, so that she should not recognize it.

"Fond of travelling, I presume?"

"No."

"Ah! going to town on business?"

"Really sir," she began, turning round to see who her persistent questioner was. As her glance fell upon his face, she stopped in her speech abruptly, and uttered a startled cry. The meeting was so totally unexpected, that she was altogether taken aback, and confused to such an extent that she scarcely knew whether or not to jump out of the window.

"Good morning, Miss Zedfern," said George Littleboy; hoping that if he spoke in a cheerful way, he should relieve her from her embarrassment.

She made him no reply, but stared in a vacant manner, straight before her, like one to whom a marvellous vision had been vouchsafed.

"Hardly expected to see me, eh!" he went on.

"No, I did not," she answered, childishly.

"You left Kirkdale in a hurry, did you not?"

"In a great hurry."

"Urgent private affairs, I apprehend?"

"I—I was sent for. That is, my father wrote. No, my doctor, I mean, wrote to say—my father, you know, is very ill," explained Mimi.

George laughed inwardly, as she gave utterance to those disjointed sentences, which he saw were strung together on the spur of the moment, to answer as an excuse.

"Nothing serious, I hope!" he replied, pretending to believe her statement.

"Ye—es, I am led to believe it is a most serious case."

"I kept my appointment to-day, but you were not at the place you promised to come to," exclaimed Mr. Littleboy.

"I am sorry; but a father's illness will, I hope, be a sufficient reason for—"

"Oh, yes!" he said, eagerly; "I am not in the least annoyed, since I have had the good fortune to meet you as I have just done."

"Were you going to London to-day?"

"No I was not."

"What, then, made you undertake the journey?"

"I do so, because I thought you had betrayed me; and I always told you that if you endeavoured to play me false, I would hand you over to the tender care of the police."

"The police!" she said, turning ghastly pale.

"It was with that intention that I was coming to town to-day. I have sufficient evidence to connect you with the Count de Cannes, and to implicate you in the robbery perpetrated by him at Kirkdale Priory."

"You would not do this," she said; "you who profess so much affection for me."

"As long as my affection is returned I would not," he replied; "but I am so peculiarly constituted, that if there is no reciprocity, and my feelings are trampled upon, and my better nature made fun of, I cannot prevent what was once fierce and ardent affection turning to bitter gall and wormwood, which, in their turn, generate a sort of hatred, which would enable me to hand you over to the police, without compunction."

"Your disposition must be cruel one."

"Not at all."

"You fell in love with a stranger—for I was, and am now, very nearly a perfect stranger to you, and I doubted the sincerity of your sudden love. Recent events have shown me that my doubts did not mislead me."

"Excuse me," said George Littleboy; "you are altogether wrong."

"How so?"

"You agreed to give me a reply, to-day, to my question."

"What was your question?" she asked, contending every inch of ground with him, and affecting to know nothing.

"Shall I put it to you again, here, in the silence and seclusion of this carriage?"

"If you please."

"Can you love me?"

"If I answer you in all sincerity, I cannot," replied Mimi, her eyes flashing the while, defiantly.

"I will put it to you in another form," he said, not a whit disconcerted.

"Do so."

"Will you marry me?"

"I can only give you a negative reply," she said, panting with suppressed emotion.

"Is that a definite answer?"

"It is."

"It is your final one?"

"Decidedly so."

"In the event of that reply being the truth, I must take measures to make you," said George Littleboy, determinedly.

"Do you call yourself a gentleman, Mr. Littleboy?" said Mimi; "and can you reconcile such a course as the one you are pursuing with your conscience?"

"No," he replied; "I do not call myself anything but a hard-working man. Like the Americans, I am somewhat of a leveller, and care very little about birth and blood."

"You are, at least, a Christian," she said; "and your sense of religion ought to restrain you from driving me so unjustifiably to the verge of distraction."

"In this matter my religion is passive, and not active," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I have nothing to hope from you," she exclaimed, with a sigh.

"On the contrary, you have everything to hope."

"You laugh at me! I have appealed to your generosity, your honour, and your religion; you have treated me with derision; but perhaps it is *de rigueur* with people of your class to behave in an insulting manner to ladies when they are unprotected."

George Littleboy winced a little at this remark, and a boyish flush mantled his slightly sallow cheek.

"I do not think you are justified in making so grave a charge against me," he replied.

Mimi turned her face away from him, and refused to answer his remark. He repeated what he had said, but she took no notice of him whatever. He bit his lip at his ill success, and his countenance just then was a curious study. Love was battling with vindictiveness, and it was hard to say which would ultimately get the mastery.

"Will you not speak to me?" he said.

She made no reply.

He was about to say something harsh and disagreeable, when the engine-driver slackened speed, and it was evident that some station was being reached. When the train stopped, Mimi waved her parasol out of the window, as a signal to the guard or a porter that she wished to get out.

"Are you not going to London?" asked George Littleboy, wondering what this new move on her part might signify.

"No, I am not!" she replied.

"But I wish you to."

"That does not matter in the least."

"If you leave the carriage," he said angrily, "you must take the consequences of incurring my resentment!"

"That I am quite willing and prepared to do."

"You are rash."

"I have a different opinion of my actions," she answered.

A porter came up and opened the door. Mimi was about to alight, when George Littleboy hastily traversed the floor of the carriage, and laid his hand rudely and with some violence on her arm.

Her determination was taken instantly; she exclaimed in a tremulous voice, compressing as much agitation and excitement as she could into her manner, "Send the station-master to me."

"He's on the platform, miss!" said the porter.

"Come back at once!" hissed George Littleboy in her ear.

"Never," she inwardly murmured. The porter beckoned to the station-master, who rapidly approached. The guard also came up, with his whistle to his lips; he was waiting to start the train, but finding that some obstruction had taken place, he was desirous of investigating the matter.

George still grasped Mimi tightly by the arm.

"Are you the station-master?" said Mimi, addressing a florid looking man, with round shoulders.

"I am, miss!"

"I give this man in charge," she continued, indicating George Littleboy. "He has assaulted me. He even now grasps my arm, and refuses to allow me to leave the train."

"Do you know him?" asked the station-master.

"No!" she replied boldly; "I have never seen him before."

"Has he been annoying you?"

"Yes! continually. I have been persecuted by him ever since I got into the carriage at Blithedon junction."

"What have you got to say in reply to what this lady alleges?" asked the station-master.

"Her statement is altogether false!" cried George Littleboy, indignantly.

"False?"

"Certainly!"

"Why do you hold her by the arm?"

The young man relaxed his grasp, and Mimi stepped upon the platform.

"Take him in custody," she exclaimed.

"It is my duty to do so. Do you stay here, miss?"

"No! I wish to go on to London; but here is my name and address. I shall most certainly prosecute; you are a witness to the assault; the man refused to allow me to leave the carriage."

"That is true enough."

Mimi gave the station-master a card with something written upon it, and re-entered the carriage. George Littleboy made a frantic effort to follow her; but the strong arms of the station-master and his attendant satellite frustrated his intention.

"Let me go!" he shouted.

"By no means," replied the station-master.

"By what authority do you detain me?"

"Under authority given us in our bye-laws. You have grossly insulted a lady travelling on our line of railway. She gives you in charge for an assault which I myself witnessed."

"But I know her!"

"That does not matter in the least."

"Instead of her giving me in charge, I ought to give her!"

"Very possibly! Only she has taken the first step."

"She is a thief, or the accomplice of thieves!"

"Oh!" said Mimi, with pious horror, holding up her hand. "What an infamous assertion!"

"Never you mind, miss," said the station-master, sympathizing; "there is such a thing as an action for libel—and I'd make him pay for it."

"I will, most unquestionably," she said.

Public opinion was decidedly with her, whilst the tide set in dead against the unfortunate lawyer's clerk, who, with all his cunning, was not a match for the more accomplished and unscrupulous Mimi.

"Now, miss," said the guard, slamming the door and turning the handle, "times's up!"

"I shall instruct my solicitor to prosecute, and will attend when I am wanted," exclaimed Mimi.

"Very well, miss," answered the station-master.

"Look well to your prisoner."

"Never fear."

George Littleboy gnashed his teeth with impotent rage, and scowled so darkly at Mimi as to make himself positively hideous.

Mimi threw herself back on the cushions, which, if not luxurios, were at least soft and yielding, and gazed stolidly at him. The train moved, and in a few minutes she was rolling rapidly along towards the metropolis. She had shaken off her enemy, without being harmed by him, as St. Paul shook off the viper which fastened upon his wrist; and feeling thankful that she had eluded so dangerous an antagonist, she closed her eyes, and began to think over her plans for the future.

George Littleboy, tearing, swearing, struggling, cursing, fighting, and kicking, was dragged off to a small lock-up in the town, and thrown into a room with a couple of vagrant gypsies, an attempted suicide, and a stealing from the person.

CHAPTER LXI.

Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demoniac exultation to prepare his ear for the dismal universal hiss that aptly gratuates his triumph. *Knowledge.*

How sweet to sleep when all is peace,
When sorrow cannot reach the breast,
When all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is lulled to rest. *Anon.*

WHEN Sir Lawrence Allingford's eyes had closed in their last long sleep, a heavy sadness fell upon the spectators of his melancholy end—and yet they all had their private sorrows and griefs, which were, however, for a while merged and forgotten in the terrible event which had just taken place. But a short time before, the baronet had been full of health and life, exultant, and confident of a victory over Lady Brandon, who, by a superiority in wickedness alone, had defeated him.

The Count de Cannes might have been excused for refusing to dwell upon the awful fate which had overtaken his friend, because his poor wife had been torn from him, and dragged away by the myrmidons of the Inquisition, which is well known to be an institution alike relentless, cruel, and unforgiving. The fiends in human shape who preside over it are, in reality, granite-hearted demons, unworthy of the name of man or Christian.

Reginald Welby had just heard that from the lips of a dying man which justified him in heaping sack-cloth upon his limbs and ashes upon his head; for if what he had been told was matter of fact, then he had united himself to a devil incarnate, and not to a woman.

The abbess was engrossed with her thoughts—perhaps brought back to the days of her youth by the scenes she had lately witnessed.

The three spectators were recalled to themselves by a voice which exclaimed:

"Is he dead?"

Looking up, they saw Lady Brandon, with unparalleled effrontry, standing upon the threshold of a door which opened into the room.

The Count de Cannes replied:

"Yes, murdereress; you have brought him to the grave!"

He spoke in a sepulchral tone, for his voice was thick and husky.

Walking lightly across the floor, Lady Brandon advanced to her husband; but he recoiled a step or two, with horror legibly written on his countenance.

Considering all things, Lady Brandon evinced a marvellous self-possession. There was nothing sepulchral about her voice. Her step was elastic, and her manner light and airy. Her power of acting was something wonderful.

"Reginald," she said, reproachfully, while a tear-drop stood in her eye, "do you stand still, and hear me insulted?"

"I fear the Count de Cannes speaks the truth!"

"The truth! What have these men been saying to you?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"They accuse you of murder—or abduction—or the catalogue is too dreadful to dwell upon!"

"And you have listened to them; you have suffered your weak mind to be prejudiced and poisoned by what are wicked inventions, with which a man ought not to lade his spirit and stain his soul when he passes from earth to another state."

"It all seems so unreal!" muttered Reginald, much perplexed.

"Have I ever given you cause for suspicion of any sort?"

"Never!"

"And yet you condemn me! Ah, Reginald!" she said, feelingly, while the tears coursed one another down her cheeks like rain; "ah! you have soon forgotten—too soon forgotten your promise to me! You would never, you said, allow anything to influence you against me."

"Were you the cause of Sir Lawrence Allingford's death?" he asked, doubtfully.

"I have already assured you that I was not. If you disbelieve me, and wish to join the ranks of my enemies, do so."

"I do not."

"Please yourself. I am innocent, as you will some day be only too happy to acknowledge. But if you are inclined to place credence in the statements of a man who was my bitter enemy, because I would not marry him, you are, as far as I am concerned, perfectly at liberty to do so."

"I am half distracted, Blanche; I know not what to think!" replied Reginald, almost at his wit's end.

Sir Lawrence Allingford had spoken so truthfully, and without the least semblance of falsity, that he found it difficult to disbelieve the crushing statements he had made. There was a solemnity too in the way in which he spoke, which was in some way corroborative of his assertions. He did not appear like a man fabricating a tissue of falsehoods, but like one narrating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

On the other hand, Lady Brandon stood by the side of the dead man, apparently unconcerned; and it was extremely improbable that a woman would have sufficient nerve to stay in the same room with any one who had come to his death through her hand and her direct instrumentality.

"Good-bye, Reginald!" said Lady Brandon, in a pathetic tone.

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know whether I am going; but I must leave you. I cannot endure an existence with a man who doubts me, and believes me guilty of the horrible crimes which unscrupulous men impute to me."

"You leave me?"

"For ever!"

"What will you do?"

"Take the veil, perhaps. Life has lost its charm for me."

She moved slowly away. Reginald stood irresolute for a moment.

The Count de Cannes said, in a sibilant whisper:

"Let her go!"

But the chain of the affections was too strong; he could not let her go.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed.

"Why do you call me back?"

Her threat of taking the veil had frightened him. He knew that if she did so, she would have committed an irrevocable act; and if her innocence was made as clear as daylight, he would never again be able to hold any communication with her, so he endeavoured to divert her from her intention.

"Do not leave me," he said. "Perhaps I am hasty; let us investigate all the charges brought against you, and calmly deliberate. If we act as you propose we should, we may be sowing the seeds of a life-long regret."

"You are my husband," she murmured; "and I suppose I must obey you."

She once more approached his side.

The abbess, who had hitherto been silent, approached them, and said:

"Will you come with me to my private apartments? I should like, if I am able, under heaven, to reconcile you to one another."

"I shall be very glad, indeed!" replied Lady Brandon, who saw the advantage which would accrue to her through such an arrangement.

The Count de Cannes took several rapid strides across the room, and, halting before the abbess, exclaimed:

"May I beg that you will provide decent and fitting sepulture for my unfortunate friend?"

"Is he a Catholic?"

"I do not know what his religion was. It is fair to suppose that he died a Christian."

"There are different descriptions of Christians," replied the abbess. "If he was a heretic and a Protestant, I fear we shall have some difficulty about the rites."

"I will pay all the fees and defray all the expenses that may be incurred," exclaimed De Cannes.

"I will confer with the Father of the Inquisition," she replied.

"In the meantime—"

"In the meantime," she added, "the body shall be taken to the dead-house of the convent."

"Have I your permission to see it safely bestowed?"

The abbess hesitated.

"I will make a handsome present to the funds of the convent," said the count, who knew how grasping and avaricious the clergy of Spain were.

"I think you may do so. I do not see any objection to such a course. Will you have the goodness to wait here until I send some one to you? My duties call me elsewhere."

The count bowed, and the abbess led the way from the room, closely followed by Reginald and his wife, who walked sullenly along, without speaking.

When the count found himself alone, he cast his eyes round the room and perceived, to his astonishment, that the priests who had dragged Sister Inez

away had omitted to close one of the panels in the wall. He examined the aperture, and found that it gave admittance to a dark and gloomy passage, apparently of some length. Actuated by a reckless impulse, the Count de Cannes plunged into the darkness, and, shooting back the panel, groped his way along the corridor. This was easy of accomplishment, as the way was level, and branched off neither to the right nor to the left.

Suddenly he stopped, because the wall was wet and slimy. It had hitherto been dry and clean, but now his fingers seemed to slide through a sort of ooze. He was a man of reflection, and he knew that the change must be caused by something remarkable.

Instead of pursuing his hazardous journey with the hardship he had hitherto displayed, he sank on his hands and knees, and crawled along.

The air became cooler. He advanced his right hand; it sank into a vacuum. He shrank back with a cry of horror. Now he knew why the sliding-panel was left open. The priests had hoped to draw him into the passage and lure him to his doom. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and he trembled all over like an aspen leaf.

He had avoided a chasm by a hair's breadth. Another moment, a little less cautiousness, would have seen him precipitated into some horrible *fosse*, where he would have perished miserably.

Perhaps the points of innumerable bayonets were waiting to receive him on their sharp edges!

Perhaps a hundred glittering many-bladed knives were thirsting for his blood!

His imagination conjured up the most fearful visions, and his brain reeled, for he felt sick and ill.

(To be continued.)

DEAD OR RETURNED LETTERS.

In every provincial post-office in England and Wales a dead or returned letter-bag is now forwarded daily to London, containing all the letters which, from any cause, cannot be delivered. Each letter bears on its front, written prominently in red ink, the reason of its non-delivery. Thus, if the addresses cannot be found, or should have left the town, the words "Cannot be found," or "Gone—left no address," are written respectively.

On the arrival of these bags in London, inclosed in the larger bags containing the general correspondence, they are at once passed to the "returned-letter branch," as the Dead-Letter Office is called, where no time is lost in opening them. Every letter received is first examined by an experienced and responsible officer, to make sure that it has been actually presented according to its address, and that the reasons assigned on the cover of the letter are sufficient to account for its non-delivery. In doubtful cases, before the letter is opened, the directories and other books of reference, of which there is a plentiful supply in this office, are consulted, and should it be found or thought that there has been any oversight or neglect, the letter is reissued, with proper instructions, by the first post. About 300 letters are thus reissued daily, many of which ultimately reach the persons for whom they are intended.

When it has been fully ascertained that nothing further can be done to effect the delivery of an imperfectly or improperly addressed letter, it only remains to have it sent back to the writer. This is done, if possible, without the letter being opened. By arrangement of ten years' standing, if the returned letter has the writer's name and address embossed on the back of the envelope, impressed on the seal, or written or printed anywhere on the outside, it will not be opened, but forwarded back according to this address. We may point out here, however, that this arrangement, excellent and satisfactory as it is, has sometimes led to serious mistake and confusion: so much so, in fact, that the Postmaster-General, in his report for 1861, appealed to the public on the subject. It would appear that the practice of using another person's embossed envelope is on the increase. When such a letter, according to the arrangement, is forwarded to the supposed writer, it has frequently fallen into the wrong hands (the master and merchant instead of the clerk or other servant), and grievous complaints have been made on the subject. The remedy, of course, lies with letter-writers themselves. If there are no outer marks to indicate the sender, the letter is then opened, and, if a suitable address can be found inside, the letter is enclosed in the well-known dead-letter envelope, and forwarded according to that address.

If a letter should be found to contain anything of value, such as bank-notes, drafts, or postage-stamps, the precaution is taken of having a special record taken of it, and it is then sent back as a registered dead letter. Money to the value of 12,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* is annually found in these returned letters. Of this sum about 500*l.* per annum falls into the public exchequer, on account of no address being found inside, and no

inquiry being made for the missing letters. A vast number of bank post-bills and bills of exchange are likewise found, amounting in all, and on an average, to something like 3,000,000*l.* a year. These bills, however, as well as money-order advices, always afford some clue to the senders, even supposing no address should be given inside the letter, and inquiries are set on foot at the bankers and others whose names may be given in the paper transactions. Forty thousand letters reach the English returned branch each year, containing property of different kinds. Many presents, such as rings, pins, brooches, never reach their destination, and are never sent back to the sender, because they are often unaccompanied with any letter. These articles, of course, become the property of the Crown.—"Her Majesty's Mails: an Historical and Descriptive Account of the British Post Office."

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

THE wild March sunset slanted, in piles of stormy orange-gold, above the dim horizon lines; the copse of water-willows that hedged in the quiet murmur of the valley stream were beginning to toss their plumes of faint, misty green in the strong spring gales; while every sunny nook and sheltered slope was outlined with wild blue violets. The strange, sweet, essence of spring was floating in every breath of air; Juliet Maine felt it glowing in every cheek and sparkling in her eye, as she leaned over the low stone wall at the foot of the garden, where leaf-buds of the clambering honeysuckle were just bursting their brown sheaths, and emerald spears of daffodil shot up in tiny clusters along the box-edged walk.

She made a pretty picture in the amber sunset brightness, with the dark blue shawl drawn over her yellow hair, and large, melting eyes, whose violet light shone through long brown lashes, shaded with gold. She had small, regular features, round cheeks, flushed with waxen bloom, and a tiny mouth, like a wild strawberry in its shape and colour; and through all this sweet, winning beauty there was a look of all.

"Juliet!"

How she started, the fair-haired hypocrite! As if she had not seen the parted branches of the hedge, and heard the coming footsteps! What else had brought the sea-shell pink to her cheek in carmine waves of colour?

"Ralph! how you frightened me!"

"Did I?"

He played hesitatingly with the tangled honeysuckle sprays, as if anxious yet afraid to speak.

"I am glad you are alone, Juliet—I wanted to speak to you; I have wished for it a long time."

She shivered, the little coquette! and drew a little back as the March gales came sweeping by.

"I must go back to the house," she said: "it is getting cold."

"Nonsense, Juliet! you were in no hurry before I came."

"But I am now."

"Juliet!" he exclaimed, almost passionately, "will you not listen to me for a minute? This is perhaps the last opportunity I may have to tell you what lies closest to my heart, and you turn away as coolly as if you did not care whether I spoke or not."

"Dear me," said Juliet, lifting her delicate eyebrows, "why should I care? How can it possibly concern me?"

Ralph Esmond's brow grew very dark. Juliet Maine saw the coming shadow through her downcast, golden lashes, and was a little frightened at the result of her bit of coquetry.

"Then it matters nothing to you whether I speak or am silent?" he asked, bitterly, letting fall the warm, soft hand he had taken.

Oh, if Juliet had but given utterance to the true tender throbbings of her nature—if she had but cast aside that mischievous inclination to sport with the heart that she believed was all her own!

"Of course not," she said, pettishly tossing back the stray ringlets that the March wind had blown over her forehead. "What should it matter? Take care, Ralph—you are breaking my honeysuckles to pieces!"

"Very well; that's all I wanted to know."

Ralph Esmond walked quickly away, his figure darkly outlined against the glowing gold of the western sky; and Juliet watched him with a lonely, bewildered feeling at her heart which she could scarcely define.

"I wish I hadn't been so wilful," she murmured to herself. "I don't know what roguish spirit possesses me sometimes to be so naughty. Oh, dear! But then he will come back to-morrow, or perhaps even to-night, and then I can tell him—"

Juliet Maine did not finish the sentence; she wrapped

herself in her shawl, and went slowly up to the old farm-house porch, very much discontented with herself.

The gold and scarlet sky had saddened into a canopy of star-strewn violet—the groaning willows leaned, black, colourless masses, over the sluggish stream. Juliet could see their dim shapes as she stood by the window in the sitting-room, whose low walls were reddened with the glow of the bright fire burning in the grate. She started nervously as a dark shadow came swiftly up the path, and a sudden pulse darted through all her veins. Was it—could it be—

No; it was a slender woman's figure; and Juliet sank down, dispirited, on the broad, chintz-covered lounge in the window seat.

"May I come in, Juliet?"

"Is it you, Fanny Walter? Yes—come in." A slight, trim little creature glided in like a shadow—black-haired and pale, with intensely black eyes, and a pretty infantine face, like a magnified wax doll. Juliet had never liked the pale orphan who gave music lessons to all the musically-inclined of the village; perhaps it was because she was magnetically conscious of the bitter antipathy that Fanny felt towards the lovely rustic heiress. Almost any guest would have been more welcome at that moment—yet Juliet rose, and instinctively moved forward a chair.

"Let me sit by you, Juliet," purred Fanny, softly sinking down on the lounge beside her companion. "I have such a secret to tell you."

"A secret," repeated Juliet, rather coldly.

"Yes." Fanny was playing with the soft, nerveless fingers of Juliet's hand. "I am engaged to be married!"

"Are you?"

Fanny's eyes flashed—she would rouse Miss Maine from this apathetic indifference, or she would know the reason why.

"Oh, Juliet, I am so happy! Ralph Esmond has asked me to be his wife."

"Ralph Esmond!"

She was roused now, pretty decidedly—she sprang up, with dilated eyes and quivering lips.

"Did you say Ralph Esmond?"

"Yes; it was just now, when I met him on the village bridge. We were walking along and talking, now of one thing, now of another, and I was telling him how sorry I felt that he was going away, and all of a sudden he asked me did I care for him enough to marry him. And—"

Juliet heard nothing farther. Fanny Walter's words were to her no more than the idle murmur of the wind among the trees. She leaned her head on the back of the old lounge, thankful for the darkness that concealed her ashen face and white lips, and knowing only that her heart was sorely, sorely wounded.

So died away the sweetest hope of her young life—and this was the reason that Juliet Maine, the prettiest girl in Saybrook, settled down into a soft-eyed, quiet old maid. *

"Are you busy, Juliet? Gracious me, how bright and warm it looks in here after the cold air outside! Folks are sayin' it is the bitterest winter we've had these twelve years."

"Sit down, Mrs. Drifter," said Juliet, gently. She was weaving long trails of mistletoe and polished laurel leaves with sprigs of scarlet-berried holly, for Christmas garlands to deck the village church—a soft-fingered, lovely woman, whose pale cheek caught something of the rosy glow of the holly-berries upon the table as she worked.

"No, I can't stay. And, Juliet, put on your cloak, child—I want you."

"Want me? for what?"

"Do you remember Fanny Walter—she that married Ralph Esmond, who was lost at sea years ago?"

"I remember."

Juliet had dropped the laurel leaves, and stood looking at Mrs. Drifter with a colourless cheek.

"Well, she is at the Star Inn, lying dead."

"Dead?"

"She came the day before yesterday, in the stage, dying. How she ever contrived to drag herself here—I don't know; but she did it. She has been delirious ever since her arrival, and died this morning, leaving no money or effects of any kind. But such a pretty little girl, Juliet, sobbing over her mother's dead face, poor helpless thing! So I want you to come. I told Mr. Sims, says I, Juliet Maine will come—she's always ready to aid them that wants it. Don't belong, dear."

Juliet wrapped herself up in breathless silence—it seemed as if honest Mrs. Drifter must hear the loud beating of her heart. Fanny dead; the wife of Ralph Esmond dependent on her for the last sad office that earthly charity can give!

There was a low, sullen fire smouldering on the hearth of the cheerless "best chamber" of the village inn. The windows of the room, looking out on the

churchyard, were veiled with cold white muslin, that surged to and fro in the draughts from a score of yawning crevices in the shrivelled woodwork, and on a high post bedstead lay the dead woman, her hair blacker than ever against the colourless marble of her cheeks, and her sunken eyes veiled for ever with the white heavy lids.

"Go away from my mamma—you shall not touch her!"

A pale, elfin-like little creature, looking at Juliet from Ralph Esmond's very eyes, darted from the heavy bed-curtain, as the two women approached, with tear-stained cheeks and wild, defiant face. But as the soft-eyed Juliet opened her arms instinctively, Ralph Esmond's child ran to her and buried her hot brow on the tender shoulder.

"Gracious me!" ejaculated Mrs. Drifter; "how did you ever coax her to you, Juliet? Mrs. Sims tried for an hour this morning, and she wouldn't come near her."

"Poor little thing—poor motherless, fatherless child!" murmured Juliet, with a voice softer than the coo of any dove, as she passed her hand caressingly over the child's tangled, raven-black hair.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Drifter; it's 'most a pity she'll have to go to the workhouse."

"To the workhouse!" exclaimed Juliet, looking up in surprise and horror.

"Why, to be sure—where else should she go? This poor creature, with a sharp inclination of her head towards the corpse, 'haint left a penny to bring her up with.'

"I won't go to the workhouse! I'll die first!" ejaculated the little creature, suddenly raising her pale, haughty face from Juliet's shoulder. "I'll run away!"

And then, bursting into a fresh shower of tears, she wailed out:

"Oh, don't let them take me to the workhouse. Let me stay with my mamma."

Juliet bent over the little sobbing creature with a strange, yearning thrill. Was it meet or right that Ralph Esmond's orphan child should be abandoned to the cold charities of a workhouse?

She told the pathetic little story to her father that evening, in the light of the old sitting-room, with her cheeks lying on the arm of his chair, and her golden eyelashes wet with tears.

"Papa," she said, softly, "I have almost made up my mind—that is, if you have no objection—"

"Well, daughter?"

"It seems so cruel to let that little one go to the workhouse, and—and—Ralph and Fanny were so prosperous once—and I would so much like to adopt the child!"

Mr. Maine turned his keen eyes on his daughter's fair, serene face.

"Do you know what the world would say, Juliet? It would say it was for Ralph Esmond's sake that you took this orphan girl!"

"I do not care what the world says or thinks," said Juliet, colouring, nevertheless. "Why should I heed its criticism, while my own heart yields its approval of what I do. God has prospered me all my life long, papa; should I refuse to succour one whose infant helplessness calls to me for aid?"

"That's right, my girl!" said the old man, heartily. "Do as you like; you never did a wrong thing yet, my little Juliet!"

She shrank involuntarily from her father's fond words of praise—the old wound in her heart had not healed yet!

When they buried Fanny Esmond in the frozen dreariness of the lonely churchyard, Juliet Maine took little Mary to her own home; a life-charge to whom she was contented, thenceforth, to devote the whole earnestness of her solitary, loveless life!

It was just a year from the events thus narrated that Mrs. Peckham, who kept a second-rate boarding-house, was electrified by the apparition of a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, who inquired eagerly after a woman and child, whom he had somehow managed to trace to her house.

"Dear me, now!" ejaculated Mrs. Peckham. "To think that anybody should be inquiring after poor Mrs. Esmond—and she dead and buried!"

"Dead and buried!"

The stranger leaned back against the door-post, pale and trembling.

"Yes, to be sure. She would go back to her home, she called it—a little place somewhere on the south coast—when she wasn't fit to travel, poor dear—and when next I heard, they were dead, poor things; and the landlord of the tavern they stopped at was a writin' to me to know did they leave any money? So I writ back, No—and that was the end on't. But I dessay I could inquire more particular if you wished it, sir."

No—Ralph Esmond cared to know no more. Both dead!

Ah! better that he had died too, and been buried among the feathery palms and bending cactus thickets

of the lonely, lovely island, from whose shores he had watched so long for the white gleam of homeward-bound sails!

He went down the narrow, dirty stairs with dizzy, bewildered brain, and walked, almost unconsciously, towards the railway station, whose iron veins stretched far away into the peaceful heart of country solitudes.

"Aunt Juliet," said Mary Esmond, coming into the cheerful room where her gentle protectress sat at work, "I want to put that wreath of holly leaves on mamma's grave, but—"

"Why did you bring it back, dear?"

"I was afraid, aunt Juliet."

"Afraid, little Mary?"

"There was a strange man there, leaning against the wall, and looking so wild. And I just peeped through the gate once, and then ran away."

Juliet laid down her work, and looked fixedly at the child.

"Some stranger visiting the churchyard, dear. Come I will go with you this time."

She took Mary's hand in hers, and walked along the hard, frozen pathway, carrying the simple garland, while the child skipped merrily at her side.

"He is gone now," said Mary, slipping over the grey wall like a squirrel, and holding the gate wide open for Juliet to pass through. "I'm not afraid any longer."

The churchyard was solitary and deserted; the long shadows of the tombstones stretched blackly between the golden bars of light that trembled along the frozen ground; and Juliet Maine did not know how near she had come to a meeting with a man whom in her secret heart she loved more truly and tenderly than ever!

"But you will come with me, Esmond. The idea of a man of your station and wealth burying himself alive, like a hermit of the middle ages."

"My wealth!" repeated Mr. Esmond, almost vaguely; "what good can it do me now?"

"But come with me," persisted Mr. Auburne, urgently. "You'll enjoy it, I'm sure."

"No—I shall not enjoy it," returned Esmond. "However, I will go with you, if you desire it so much; it can make but little difference to me."

He lounged through the pleasant social throngs of the *savoir* like a discontented spirit, meeting all attempts at conversation with a brief "Yes," or "No," that was enough to discourage the most talkative nature. It was not until a crowd pushed by him towards the music-room, and some one exclaimed, "Come, Donaldson, Miss Esmond is going to sing," that he started into something like interest.

"Miss Esmond—the name is not so common that one meets it everywhere! Who is Miss Esmond?"

Fortunately he was tall enough to look over people's heads, in the direction of the piano, where a lovely, dark-eyed little fairy, scarcely more than sixteen, was just taking her seat. There was something in the bright face, turned for a moment in his direction, that made the blood stand still in his veins. He caught at the arm of a gentleman near.

"Hartley—for Heaven's sake tell me who that girl is?"

Mr. Hartley turned, in surprise:

"Mary Esmond—by the way, she is a namesake of yours, isn't she? but, of course, she can be no relation. She is Miss Juliet Maine's adopted daughter."

Esmond's throat grew dry and husky as he tried to speak distinctly.

"Miss Maine—she used to be an acquaintance of mine; is she here to-night?"

"Yes; don't you see her by the window, yonder? She is spending the winter here, with her pretty protégée."

Ralph Esmond's heart fluttered with a sensation that had long been strange to him as he looked at the sweet, serious face, with the amber hair and golden lashes that shaded eyes whose violet light was as radiant as of yore!

"Juliet!"

Miss Maine started with a wild, half-suppressed cry

had the dead indeed risen?

"Juliet, do not be frightened—it is I, not my ghost!"

"Why, child, how you tremble!"

She did not tremble now—she looked at him, with glad, almost incredulous eyes.

"Tell me who that girl is, Juliet—that Mary Esmond. Surely she is not—"

"She is your daughter, Ralph Esmond."

"But my daughter lies buried in Saybrook churchyard, in her mother's coffin."

"No, Ralph—she is alive, and sits yonder at the piano."

He clasped his hands together, while a bright look crept into his dark face—a look of intense happiness—of fearful joy.

"You are my good angel, Juliet!" he exclaimed; "the bearer of good tidings. Tell me how it happened,

Juliet—make me believe it is not only the phantasy of a feverish dream."

And she told him all—of the dreary inn chamber with its cold swaying curtains, and the child sobbing beside the dead woman; of Mrs. Drifter's suggestion of the workhouse, and little Mary's horror at the mere mention of the place; and then, in the fewest words of all, how she had taken the forlorn little one to her own heart and home. Ralph Esmond listened with deep, absorbed interest; then he rose.

"Juliet," he said, in stifled accents, "I cannot find words to thank you for this now. Perhaps the time may come—"

He stopped abruptly, but in a moment resumed:

"I cannot meet my child here, Juliet. I will come to-morrow, and then—"

He held Juliet's hand in his a moment, and then was gone, before Mary Esmond had found her way back to her adopted mother.

The March violets were carpeting the hillsides once again, and the willows tossed their pallid green arms in the soft south wind, when Ralph Esmond came once more to the solitary grave in Saybrook churchyard—this time with his dark-eyed daughter leaning on his arm. And that evening, standing by the garden wall, netted over by rank-growing honeysuckle, Juliet Maine felt a soft touch on her hand. She did not look up, but she knew who was by her side, by some inner instinct deeper far than reason.

"Juliet," said Ralph, softly, "do you remember how we stood here, eighteen years ago, in just such a bright spring sunset?"

"I remember it, Ralph."

"I tried to tell you something then, dearest, but you would not listen. I have carried it unspoken, in my breast all these years—may I speak it now? May I tell you how much dearer you are to me in the serenity of your mature years than in the brightness of your maiden bloom, my true-souled Juliet?"

They are quietly happy now, those old lovers—and Mary Esmond calls the best friend of her orphan youth by the sweet name of "Mother."

A. R.

ARREST for debt is to be completely abolished in civil and commercial matters in France, except with respect to foreigners. It cannot be pronounced in any case against women, or against men having attained the age of 60 years; but it may be maintained in administrative, criminal, correctional, or police measures, within certified limits.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM.—This singular individual is now working a coach with great regularity between Norwich, North Walsham, and Cromer. Mr. Windham is no longer proprietor of the coach, but discharges his duties as "coachman"—looking after the luggage, way-bill, &c.—in an exemplary manner. He has become extremely fat, and has a very jolly appearance. His coach is threatened, however, with the all-powerful opposition of the locomotive, the East Norfolk Railway Company being about to commence the construction of a line between Norwich and North Walsham. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Windham's father was once M.P. for East Norfolk, that one of his uncles is a lieutenant-general in the army, and another a marquis.

ROW ON.—"For the first five years of my professional life," once said a gentleman to us, "I had to row against wind and stream and tide." "And what did you do?" was our question. "Do?" replied he, "do? why I rowed on, to be sure." And so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to the open sea, took favourable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead, is to "row on." Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track or in pursuit of a good and honourable end, this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are "lions" in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man, with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will almost despair; everything will seem to be against him, but let him not be cast down—let him "row on," and by-and-by matters will very likely grow brighter. As with the poor man, so with all men. Head winds are to be expected; contrary currents will come; the tide does not always run with us; but never mind, "row on;" pull harder,

fill the ears bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavours. Those who have risen from obscurity to eminence—those who, from being poor, have become rich—those who, born in the midst of ignorance, have found their way among the learned—those who have made themselves, and made themselves well, have generally been those who understood the importance of "rowing on."

A RUSSIAN CONSPIRACY.

We believe it is not certainly known at the present day whether Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, died a natural or a violent death; but it is certainly known that for many years preceding his death he lived in constant danger of assassination. Yet he was a bold, brave man, a believer in fate, defied his enemies, and shrank from no duty. They might destroy, but they could not appal him.

The first great danger menaced him in 1839. In that year the rumour spread abroad that he contemplated what his successor has performed, the liberation of all the serfs. The very idea of such a thing filled the nobles with terror. They fancied they foresaw a two-fold calamity—a loss of property and a loss of life. The serfs were their slaves, their chattels, over whom they held the power of life and death; and if freed, they believed they would revolt and murder all who had oppressed them. Better than this, they thought, would be the death of the Emperor and all his family. Thousands thought this simultaneously; but only a few, a very few, ventured to whisper in each other's ears the treason that, if detected, would consign them to a doom a thousand times worse than death. And what chance of escaping detection in a country where it was the policy of the government to make every man a spy upon every other? Nothing but a common interest in one great, dark work could save them—no ties of friendship—no principles of honour. Without the guarding power of the basest self-interest, brother could not trust brother, father could not trust son.

A great general fear, however, soon got the better of prudence with some. At first they barely whispered, "The Emperor is going to free the serfs," and then looked what they were afraid to speak. Then, emboldened by an answering look, they ventured to add, "This should not be—it will endanger us." This in turn paved the way to something more expressive, more positive: a secret meeting followed, and "Death to the Emperor and all his family!" was boldly spoken by men whose hands were ready to pour the poison, drive the dagger, or draw the cord.

It was on a dark, dismal, stormy night that one of these cabals met in an old building on the bank of the Neva, in St. Petersburg, within sight of the lights of the palace of the Czar. They came from different quarters, and entered the building in various ways; but none in the regular manner, through the front door. There were underground passages leading in six directions, two opening on the Neva, above and below the structure. Through these several passages, on that stormy night, singly and at different times, passed ten conspirators, their forms muffled and their hearts dark. They all, finally, met in an underground apartment, struck a light, scrutinized each other closely, and proceeded to business. They felt it was life or death with them—life, perhaps, should they succeed in their bold design—death, certainly, should they fail.

"My friends," said one, standing forth, and looking calmly around upon his associates, "we are weak in numbers, but strong in purpose; that purpose you know. We are here to-night, perhaps, for the last time. To-morrow, when the tyrant comes forth, it is our purpose to strike! Are you all agreed?"

"All!" responded every man.

"If we succeed, thousands will rise and call us blessed; if we fail, we know our doom—the knout first, and then death, or the mines of Siberia. Is there one here whose heart fails him?"

"No!" was the unanimous response.

He then proceeded to repeat the detail of a plan for the accomplishment of their purpose—for these same conspirators had secretly met several times before. The morrow was to be the *jeû* day of the Empress, and, according to custom, the palace would be thrown open to all classes. In one of the crowded saloons, it was agreed, the ten conspirators should take their station, near together; and while the Emperor, with the Empress leaning on his arm, should be in the act of passing through, they were to spring upon him simultaneously, and bury their daggers in his breast. The plan was simple, and promised success. What might follow, of course, no man could tell; but they would trust to the terror and confusion of the moment to make good their escape. Besides, they had reason to believe that most of the nobles throughout the empire, and many of the Emperor's own household,

would applaud the act, and give them protection and support; and for the rest, why, wait and watch.

On the following day, true to their agreement, they all got together in one of the saloons of the palace. There, with a crowd of both sexes, different ages, many races, and all grades, they awaited the coming of one who held over all the power of life and death—whose simple word was imperative law to over sixty millions of his fellow mortals!

At length, as far as they could see down through the open door of the adjoining saloon, there began to be a commotion among the dense throng; and then, high above the heads of all around him, rose the military hat and plume of the Emperor of all the Russias, as tall, erect, majestic, he moved gracefully forward—a man among men—a king among kings—a being formed by nature with that physical, mental, and spiritual superiority that his imperial birthright had given him in name. How felt the traitors now? Armed as they were, apparently unsuspected, ten against one, why did their faces blanch, their hands tremble, their hearts palpitate? It was only a man, not a god, they were about to destroy.

As the Emperor, steadily moving forward down the parting and closing human sea, drew near the group of assassins, they first discovered that the Empress was not with him. What did this mean? They next beheld a dark frown upon his handsome face, saw that his stern lips were compressed, and that his bright, quick eyes shot gleams of fire. Could it be that they were suspected? that their plot was known? But no—impossible; else would the Czar, as brave as he was reputed to be, never have dared to come alone among them! But was he alone? What strange thing was that moving along behind him, as close and steady as his shadow, with its uncovered, shock head, hideous face, bare arms, and red shirt—which made every one who beheld it shrink and shudder, as if it were an embodied pestilence? Gracious heaven! *it was the public executioner!*

When the Emperor drew close to the knot of conspirators, he fixed his piercing eyes upon them, one after another, beginning with the leader, Count Zarousky. There was something so terrible in that glance that every eye sunk before it—every heart quailed—every hand seemed paralyzed. They who had met there to drive their daggers into his breast, were now ready to bury them in their own. They were cowed, subdued and conquered, not by physical power, but by a look from the soul of one who moved forward as a destiny!

No word was spoken—that look was all. Stern, silent, and majestic, the Emperor glided onward, and close at his heels shuffled the grim executioner. A moment and he was beyond their reach; and the crowd fell in behind, and filled up the dividing space, as the parted waters roll together in the wake of a moving vessel. They watched the firm head and tall plume, towering above all others, gliding steadily forward, as if floating on that human sea, till it was lost in the distance; and then, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips, they turned their troubled eyes inquiringly upon each other, and saw that one fearful dread was master of every heart, and felt their doom was already sealed.

Slowly, silently, and with palpitating hearts, amid that surging and swaying crowd, those ten conspirators forced their way outward from that grand saloon, hoping and praying they might reach in safety the homes they had quitted on a dark and wicked mission. They passed into the second hall without obstruction; but there their quailing hearts sank, for suddenly all the doors giving egress were closed. A thrill of breathless terror ran through the human mass, for only the would-be assassins knew what it meant, and who were doomed. There were a few minutes of fearful suspense, and then the doors were flung open, and the dense throng again pressed onward.

But in the third hall, all were startled at perceiving, not the miscellaneous crowd which had preceded them, but two close lines of the Imperial Guard, with their bright arms glittering in their hands, standing silent and motionless. Awe and trembling, the crowd narrowed and moved between these two facing lines, till the last shrinking conspirator had entered the spacious apartment, when suddenly again all the doors were shut with a bang. Then an officer, standing forth, read, in a loud voice, from a paper in his hand, the names of the ten guilty men, whom he commanded to yield themselves prisoners.

A terrible scene followed. These men, knowing the awful doom which awaited them if taken alive, now attempted to put a speedy end to their own existence.

Drawing the daggers which they had intended for the breast of the Emperor, they plunged them in their own; and, in spite of the efforts of the guard to prevent the suicidal act, six of them sank down in their own blood, mortally wounded. Of the remaining four, three succeeded in wounding themselves severely;

and only one, the leader, Count Zarousky, was taken unharmed.

Vengeance was thus cheated of most of her victims; but four at least remained for a fearful example, and it was made.

In less than two hours, these miserable men were all tried, condemned, and sentenced to receive each one hundred blows of the knout, and, for the remainder of life, be buried in the darkest and deepest mines of Siberia.

On a surgical examination being made, it was thought that three of these were too badly wounded to survive the tortures of the knout, if inflicted at once; and so they were locked up in prison, and put under the care of the most skilful surgeons, in order that they might be preserved for a fate a thousand times worse than death.

Count Zarousky, however, having been prevented from stabbing himself by one of the guard, and being in all other respects in good bodily condition, was immediately led forth to undergo the terrible sentence of the knout. No spiritual adviser was sent to him, no time was allowed him to prepare for death, nor was he in any way permitted to see or communicate with a single friend. Almost in a state of nudity, he was conducted to an open space, just beyond the walls of the palace; and there, upon a scaffold, surrounded by the Imperial Guard, and in full view of as many of the populace as could crowd up to see justice administered in Russia, the first part of this terrible sentence was carried into execution.

This was begun by securing and stretching him on the knout-block. He was made to lay, face downward, on the plank of a stout framework, which stood some two or three feet above the scaffold, and had a gentle inclination of a few degrees. His ankles were bound by strong cords to heavy iron rings, and his hands, extended beyond his head, were also bound tightly together by cords around his wrists. To these ligatures a rope was now fastened, the other end passing around a roller, which was to be turned by a lever. A strong man now took hold of this lever, and bore it down, till the sinews of the suffering count were heard to crack, and nearly every bone in his arms and legs was dislocated. It was next to impossible for human nature to bear such excruciating agony in silence—but the count uttered only a faint groan. His whole body and limbs were now of the tension of the strings of a tuned viol, and not a single muscle beyond his face had he power to move. Now was he ready for the executioner—that man of hideous mien that he had seen shuffling behind the majestic tread of the Emperor—and in turn the executioner was ready for his cruel work.

The punishment of the knout is among the most terrible of the barbarisms of past ages, and no more belongs to the present time, and to a nation of as much enlightenment as Russia, than do the infernal tortures of wild savages. The knout itself is a three-cornered thong of solid leather, of nearly an inch in diameter at the larger end, and gradually tapers the whole length, which is from twelve to fifteen feet. The smaller end is fastened to a short handle, which the executioner holds in both hands, standing at first at the distance of some twenty-five paces from his victim. When the signal is given for him to strike, he bends his head and body forward, and advances quickly to within some dozen feet of the poor fellow on the rack, keeping his hands and handle down, and trailing the long thong between his legs. Then he stops suddenly, raises his hands like lightning, and strikes with a jerking power that makes the thong whistle as it flies through the air. The instant it touches the body of the victim, it twines around it with such terrible force that it literally cuts like a razor through skin, flesh, and muscle. So skilful is the executioner in his horrid work, that he can kill the culprit with the first blow, or he can prolong his life through a hundred.

The count, as we have shown, being stretched upon the rack, a group of officers, who had charge of the execution, stood chatting and laughing within hearing of the doomed man, awaiting the appearance of the Emperor, who had signified his wish to be present. Suddenly there was a general hush, as the tall form of the Czar, surrounded by the first officers of his household, issued from the palace. In a minute he was upon the ground, and in a quick, imperative tone, demanded if all was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, he waved his hand majestically, and exclaimed:

"Executioner, do your duty!"

The man advanced in the manner described, and gave the culprit his first blow. A shriek issued through the lips of the count, and the whole body, in spite of the strain at the extremities, bounded from the plank and quivered like the string of a viol when struck by a rude hand. With quiet deliberation, the hideous executioner gathered in the knout from its circle of blood, went back to his first station, wheeled, hurried forward again, and repeated the blow. This time the victim, better prepared for what was coming,

only groaned. For the next ten strokes no sound issued from his lips, although each one cut his flesh into strips and caused his body to bound and quiver, as at first. Then of a sudden, he cried:

"Mercy! mercy! Oh, for the love of God, have mercy!"

He might as well have asked it of the hungry wolf. The look of the Emperor was cold and stern—there was no mercy in his heart of iron.

At the seventieth blow, the back of the count began to turn blue and green. At the eightieth, blood started from his nose, eyes, and ears; and the surgeon, whose duty it was to see life preserved, declared he must not be struck again.

So he was unbound, and sent to the hospital, where the greatest skill and care was used to restore him to a healthy condition.

It took ten months to prepare him for the balance of his sentence; and then he was again stretched, and received the other twenty blows of the knout; after which he was transported to the dark mines of Siberia, never more to come forth into the world of light and life. His accomplices also underwent the same cruel punishment.

Thus did the mighty Czar of all the Russians send terror to the hearts of all conspirators. By means of his military police and secret spies, he became cognizant of every dangerous plot.

E. B.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DURING the recent visit of the Archaeological Society to Colchester, the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne read a pithy paper "On the Population and Taxation of Colchester in the Time of Edward I." When that king held a Parliament at Lincoln, in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, he was in great need of money to carry on the Scottish war. In consequence of certain concessions, the Parliament granted him a quindime, or fifteenth, on all moveable goods, to be paid on the feast of St. Michael following. The particulars of the valuation of all the property in the town of Colchester, in the year 1296, when a seventh was collected, and also in 1301, when a fifteenth was collected, has been preserved on the rolls of Parliament, and of these he spoke:

"By way of illustrating the nature of these returns," he said, "one entry, purely of an agricultural character, will show the worth of this kind of stock, and what was the value of property in the possession of a miller at that time:—William, the miller, had, on the aforesaid day of St. Michael last past in money one marc of silver; in treasure, one brooch of silver worth 9d., one ring worth 1s.; in his chamber, one robe worth 10s., one bed worth 8s., one cloth worth 9d., one towel worth 6d.; in the kitchen, one brass pot worth 2s., one brass plate worth 12d., one brass pipkin worth 8d., one hand-iron worth 6d., one tripod worth 4d.; in the granary, one quarter of corn worth 4s., one quarter of barley worth 3s., two quarters of oat malt worth 4s., two pigs worth 10s., two porkets worth 3s., 1lb. of wool worth 8s., fagots for firewood worth 2s. 6d." There are scarcely half-a-dozen burghers whose tax was more.

"Take another specimen, one of the humblest kind:—Alicia Maynard had, on the aforesaid day, one brass pipkin worth 10d., one towel worth 5d.—the value of which was 15d., and her tax of the quindime consequently 1d. There is but little variety in the moveables thus taxed for the quindime. Amongst the treasure, the silver brooch is the chief thing. Of these there were 45. A few only possessed money. Two only had a ring of silver, usually valued at 6d.; some a mazer-cup worth 1s. 6d., or a robe much worn (*roba debilis*). The town had 20 silver spoons, one coverlet, one gold ring worth 8d., and two gold brooches.

"Upon making an analysis of the taxation-roll for collecting a quindime in 1301, the following facts occur:—Amongst 389 householders, there appear to have been not half the number of beds. These scarcely exceeded 161, on the average valued at 2s. 6d. each. For these there were only 31 counterpanes and linen covers (*chodus et lintheamung*), probably sheets. The generality possessed a brass pot (*pocinetum*), or pan. Fifteen had mazer-cups, usually valued at 2s. each. The clothing chiefly consisted of a robe, which is as frequently described as worn (*una roba debilis*). For instance, Elias Aylwyne's taxable possessions consisted of only two things—one robe, worn, worth 4s. 6d., and a pig worth 1s.

"To recapitulate very briefly, we gain by this taxation of Colchester a very fair idea of the condition of the middle classes, such as tradesmen and artizans, as they existed in a borough town like Colchester in the year 1301. We have 389 as the number of the taxable householders. All those who really had anything worth taxing, like Alicia Maynard for instance, whose possessions were limited to a brass pipkin and a cloth, worth together no more than 15d., were rated

for the quindime. The assessment returned the value of all that these householders possessed at no more than £518 1s. 4½d., and the quindime due to the Crown as £34 12s. 7d.

"The contrast betwixt the state of Colchester in the reign of Edward I. and the present time, shows how much the town has increased in population, in wealth, and in importance during the interval. So dissimilar, indeed, is the social condition of the inhabitants, that it would have been difficult to believe, without such evidence as that which I have used, that that class, now forming as it does the main support of England by its wealth, industry, and intelligence, could have ever struggled against such a want of the necessary conveniences of life. We find one-half of the town actually living without beds to lie upon, for most assuredly there would have been more beds taxed if they had existed."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLANT.

WHEN we compare human life with plant life it is astonishing to what an extent their vital phenomena resemble each other. All the stages of human life, of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, are well defined in plant life. From the abundance which nature furnishes, we shall select an annual plant, one of those flowers which adorn the garden or the landscape for a few months or weeks, and then pass away for ever, to be replaced by other floral forms as the seasons change, equally graceful, beautiful, and perishable.

THE STAGE OF INFANCY.

This commences with the first movement of reawakening life in the seed, and closes with the fall of the cotyledons or nursing leaves. If we plant the seed of such an annual in a suitable soil, when spring and warm weather come it will begin to germinate, or its life movement will re-commence. It first attracts the moisture from the soil to itself. This produces the softening and swelling of its outer covering, which is finally ruptured by the growth of the embryo in its interior, which sends downward through the torn seed-cover a little rootlet, and upwards a young stem, to which are attached the first pair of leaves. These leaves, which are thick and fleshy, contain a store of starch, provisions elaborated by the parent plant which produced the seed, and whose last vital movements were suspended in making this food for its offspring! On this store of starch, the infant plant, with its little root, and its stem bearing towards its summit the first true aerial leaves, is at first wholly parasitic, until it is sufficiently grown to attract from the earth and atmosphere a sufficiency of food for its support, and can do without the nursing leaves.

During the first stages of its life, our little annual attracts oxygen from the air; this enters the nursing leaves, and through its influence, the starch which they contain is converted into a soluble sugary gum called dextrine, which the water absorbed during germination conveys to the rootlets in the soil, and to the young leaves forming in the atmosphere. Thus nourished, both grow, and the young leaves speedily expand and take the form peculiar to the plant.

With the progress of growth, the nursing leaves also undergo a great change in their appearance. Lifted above the ground and exposed to the light of the sun, they speedily expand and take a green, life-like colour, becoming so much enlarged that they present quite a different appearance to that which they had when folded together and enveloped by the seed-skin. Now as the first rootlets and aerial leaves are formed principally out of the nutritive matter with which the cotyledons are furnished, they become gradually atrophied, or waste away and shrivel up, as the nutritive store in them disappears, and finally fall off from the stem. With the full development of the aerial leaves and the fall of the nursing leaves, the first stage of vegetable life, the stage of infancy is closed.

THE STAGE OF YOUTH.

This is the proper vegetable stage, throughout which the plant is wholly independent of the nursing leaves, and draws its nutritive material entirely from the earth and atmosphere. The commencement of this epoch is therefore marked by the atrophy and fall of the nursing leaves. See, how admirably the two extremities of our plant are organically adapted to the earth and atmosphere! A rootlet and a leaf, how different in form and colour! yet both are absorbents beautifully adapted to the two media into which they develop themselves. Their functions are the same. The little rootlets descend into the soil, and put forth from their surface innumerable fine, white, hair-like fibres, the instruments by means of which the plant takes up its food; its young stem ascends into the air,

and its bark and fibre, arranged cylindrically in separate beds or layers in the stem, are spread out horizontally at definite points along its stem, in the form of numerous flat, horizontal, green plates, or absorbent surfaces, called leaves. The bark or cellular tissue of these leaves is penetrated by the fibres of the wood in the shape of veins, veinlets and capillaries, which communicate directly with the fibres of the stem and roots, and thus act as conduits of the sap from one extremity of the plant to the other. In this manner the sap brought from all the other parts of the plant is conducted to all parts of the leaf by these veins, veinlets, and capillaries, to be thoroughly spread out and aerated in the leaves.

The leaves now contribute individually to each other's support, the lower leaves aiding in the growth of those above them, and contributing also to the development of that portion of the stem which is below them, and to the increase of the number of rootlets in the soil, and thus vegetative power gradually increases. As those leaves situated towards the middle of the stem are not only larger, but more wide apart, than the leaves above and below them, it is evident that the growth of the plant is first accelerated and then retarded, and that the vegetative force is greatest about the middle of the stem. It is here, therefore, that the wave of growth culminates. From this point upwards the vegetative force diminishes, the leaves decrease in size, their internodes shorten, until finally the vegetative force is reduced to zero, and the leaves are crowded into those beautiful metamorphosed clusters, or rosettes, popularly called flowers.

Our plant has now entered upon that interesting period which has been emphatically called "the change of life." We notice a peculiar alteration in its habits and structure. Another force has come into play—that of reproduction—which gradually gains the ascendancy, checks the growth of the plant, brings the leaves together, and finally culminates in the production of flower-buds. These differ only from buds in having no power of extension, for as in the flower the vegetative powers of the leaves are reduced to zero, the axis of the floral leaves necessarily retains its rudimentary condition, and no intervals of stem whatever are formed between them. The vegetative stage of youth is passed away for ever, and the plant has now entered upon the reproductive period of its life, or the

PERIOD OF PUBERTY.

THIS epoch in plant life clearly corresponds to the same interesting and critical period in human life, when man attains his greatest strength, and woman is most gentle, graceful, beautiful.

In the flower the leaves are crowded together, in order that they may communicate in a peculiar manner with each other, and in consequence of the gradual expiration of the vegetative force in that direction. Hence the change of structure or departure from the ordinary type of leaf increases as we pass from the outside to the inside of the flower; for the vegetative forces are gradually enfeebled in the flower, and reduced to zero in the centre, where the metamorphosis of the leaf is at a maximum, or the leaf attains its highest stage of organic perfection.

We select for analysis one of the more highly organized flowers, where all the parts usually described are present. We must, however, say that these parts, though well defined in some flowers, are more or less blended together in others. Nature laughs at all such distinctions, and we seek in vain to confine her within the fetters of an artificial nomenclature. The following distinction of parts, is, however, very convenient for beginners. The flower, then, consists of four sets of progressively metamorphosed leaves. The two outer sets, which are generally the most showy, are simply the envelopes which surround the truly botanical flower. They are called the calyx and corolla.

The Calyx.—This, when well-defined, constitutes the outermost cluster of the floral leaves. Although greatly diminished in size, the leaves of the calyx not unfrequently retain their green colour. Individually they are called sepals, collectively the calyx, because they form a cup-like involucle around the next set of leaves, which are called collectively

The Corolla, and individually petals.—These are the most showy leaves in the cluster, constituting the part which is popularly considered as the flower. Thus the red petals of the rose, the yellow petals of the buttercup, the white petals of the lily, constitute the corolla of those plants.

The Stamens.—These are situated immediately within the corolla. In the stamen the stalk of the leaf is converted into a filament, and the delicate portion or blade into a club-like body called an anther. This anther consists of two lobes or cells, which correspond to either side of the lamina leaf-blade, and lying between them you will notice a prolongation of the filament called the connective or connective, which answers to the middle of the leaf. The inside of

the anther is filled with fertilizing matter called pollen.

The Pistil.—This consists of a leaf folded on its midrib, the two sides of the lamina or blade of which are united to their margins to form the ovary. The summit of this folded leaf denuded of its epidermis corresponds to the stigma of the pistil. The intervening portion between the ovary and stigma is called the style. The pistils are always situated in the centre of the flower; when both stamens and pistils are present in the same flower, the former always surround the latter. The ovary of the pistil is so named because it contains the ovules, which, after fertilization, are transformed into seed.

The Process of Fertilization.—This takes place when all the floral leaves have arrived at maturity, and is as follows: When the flower is fully expanded, at first the anthers of the stamens are unruptured, moist, and closed; but, as the stamens approach maturity, the anthers become dry, open their cells, and discharge their pollen on the stigmatic surface of the pistils, which about this time exudes a clammy fluid which serves to retain the pollen-grains. These grains absorb the exuded fluid, swell out, and finally emit delicate tubes, which penetrate the loose cellular tissue of the style, and convey the fertilizing fluid contents of the pollen-grains to the ovules in the ovary of the pistil. The ovules having received the impregnating matter, the embryos or miniature plants begin to form in them, and the ovules are then gradually transformed into seed. With the discharge of the pollen, the act of fertilization is accomplished. The vital forces from this period begin to be enfeebled, and all the phenomena mark the gradual subsiding of all energetic life movements, which culminates in death and disorganization. Our plant, therefore, clearly enters upon

THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

In all the previous stages of its existence, it was a beautiful subject for contemplation, but it is particularly interesting as a study when it approaches the close of its allotted period of life.

What! when its leaves are withering and falling from its stem—when its flowers are losing their brilliant hues and imitable colouring, and when the whole vegetable economy is languishing? Yes; even then it becomes, if possible, an object of deeper admiration!

Why do the flowers lose their beauty, the petals detach themselves and fall, the stamens experience the same degradation, the stigmas and styles disappear equally with the other parts?

It is because these parts have done the work which was assigned them by nature; and also, for this reason, a new vitality has now been established in the impregnated parts, to their detriment.

The sap from the leaves now passes through what was formerly the peduncle or flower-stalk into the green walls of the ovary, which acts like a leaf on the atmosphere; and having been rendered there additionally nutritious, the currents finally meet, and pour their contents together into the little cord of vessels, or seed-stalk, which attaches the ovule, or forming seed, to the maternal wall of the ovary, and which may be very properly called the umbilical cord, or vegetable navel-string. The currents of sap are all converging to those little seed-stalks, to those forming plant embryos contained in the seed; and the little store of starch is being prepared which is to support their infant-life.

Nature carries on this process until the embryos, their food, and the wrappers, or seed-covers, are all perfected; the transformation of the ovule into the seed is then accomplished, and all the movements of life cease.

Soon after the publication of the "Economy of Manufactures," Mr. Rogers told me that he had met one evening, at a very fashionable party, a young dandy, with whom he had had some conversation. The poet had asked him whether he had read that work. To this his reply was, "Yes: it is a very nice book—just the kind of book that anybody could have written." One day, when I was in great favour with the poet, we were talking about the preservation of health. He told me he would teach me how to live for ever; for which I thanked him in a compliment after his own style, rather than in mine. I answered, "Only embalm me in your poetry, and it is done." Mr. Rogers invited me to breakfast with him the next morning, when he would communicate the receipt. We were alone, and I enjoyed a very entertaining breakfast. The receipt consisted mainly of cold ablations and the frequent use of the flesh brush. Mr. Rogers himself used the latter to a moderate extent regularly, three times every day—before he dressed himself, when he dressed for dinner, and before he got into bed. About six or eight strokes of the flesh-brush completed each operation. We then adjourned to a shop, where I purchased a couple of the proper brushes, which I used for several years, and still use

occasionally, with, I believe, considerable advantage. Once, at Mr. Rogers' table, I was talking with one of his guests about the speed with which some authors composed, and the slowness of others. I then turned to our host, and, much to his surprise, inquired how many lines a-day on the average a poet usually wrote. My friend, when his astonishment had a little subsided, very good-naturedly gave us the result of his own experience. He said that he had never written more than four lines of verse in any one day of his life. This I can easily understand; for Mr. Rogers' taste was the most fastidious, as well as the most just. I ever met with.—"Passages from the Life of a Philosopher." By Charles Babbage, M.A., F.R.S.

LORD PALMERSTON's father, while on a visit to Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, the seat of Lord Crewe, wrote the following graceful lines in the album:

"Here, in rude state, old chieftains dwelt
Who no refinement knew;
Small were the wants their bosoms felt,
And their enjoyments few.
But now, by taste and judgment plann'd
Throughout these scenes we find
The work of Art's improving hand
With ancient splendour join'd.
And far more great the owner's praise,
In whom at once are shown
The genuine worth of former days—
The graces of thy own."

DIFFERENCES IN VOICE.

The immediate cause of the sound called voice is the vibration of the local ligaments produced by the forcible exhalation of the air from the bronchial tubes and trachea, the ligaments having been first rendered more or less tense by the action of the proper muscles. In the low notes the ligaments are lax, and are only rendered tense by the pressure of the air. In the high notes, on the contrary, the muscles are called into full action and the ligaments rendered exceedingly tense. The vocal ligaments in man are longer than those in woman in the proportion of three to two, and from the greater vibrations consequent upon this, his voice is deeper and heavier, though capable of sounding the highest notes also.

Male voices are classed according to the vibratory power of the vocal chords, as bass, baritone, or tenor, the last being the highest, and dependent upon the inferior length of the vocal chords. Female voices, in a like manner, are classed as contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano. The ordinary compass of the voice in singing is about two octaves; but some eminent singers have been able to extend it to three octaves, or even more. In speaking, the range of the voice is much less, one and a half octaves being the utmost limit with good speakers.

The naval cavities and the frontal and maxillary sinuses are also concerned in the voice, and without their full development there can be no strong, deep, heavy, masculine voice. It is for this reason that the voice changes at puberty, at which time these cavities expand, giving prominence to the brows, the nose, and the upper jaw, and the manly form to the face. In the female the expansion at this period is much less, and the change in the voice correspondingly slight.

It is interesting to notice in both boys and birds the peculiar inflections of the voice, when changing from boyhood to manhood, and from the gosling to the goose; but that which interests us most is the indication of character manifested in the voice.

Each class of musical instruments and each individual instrument, be it violin, organ, piano, harp, flute, fife, or drum, has a tone peculiar to itself; so it is with every bell in every church steeple, and every whistle on every locomotive, factory, and steamer. One accustomed to the peculiar voice of a particular bell or whistle can detect in an instant, and state at once to what it belongs—to what church, steamer, or locomotive. The hearer becomes accustomed to different voices or sounds, and knows how to locate and identify them. It is the same with each and every animal. Every lamb knows the voice of its mother, and every sheep knows the voice of her lamb—though it may be gamboiling among hundreds of others. Could not the human mother, who has once heard the cry of her babe, distinguish it from any other? The same rule holds good when applied to all voices, and to all sounds made by the same instrument.

The voice corresponds precisely with the character of the instrument by which it is made—be it the cooing of a dove, the roaring of the lion, the growl of the tiger, the bellowing of the ox, the bleat of the sheep, the neighing of the horse, or the braying of a donkey—each has a voice according to his character.

The voice of civilized man is one thing, that of the savage quite another. The intonations of the one, modified by cultivation and refinement, are very different from that of the other, unmodulated by this

cultivation. The savage has a coarse, indistinct, guttural voice; while that of the cultivated man is more sonorous and musical. So among the high and the low of the civilized races. For example, notice the voices of two Irishmen; the one educated and refined speaks on a low or moderated key, regulating all his intonations, suiting each thought and emotion with a proper word, suitably expressed. He also regulates his temper as well as his voice. The other speaks on a high key and at the top of his voice, without modification or regulation, and flies into a passion on the slightest occasion.

By cultivation, the one has brought the propensities into subjection to the intellect and moral sentiments; while the propensities of the other run riot with the passions as with the voice. Show us a person of either sex who does not modulate the intonations of the voice when speaking, and we will show you a person who does not regulate the passions or the temper.

Every person expresses something of his character in all his talk, walk, and actions. If the base of a brain in a cultivated person predominate, the voice will be heavy, expressed with vigour and force corresponding with the degree of executiveness which he possesses. If the middle range of organs be largest, the tones will be more musical, expressing the poetical oratorical feelings. If the top-head predominate, the voice will be still more subdued, the intonations harmonizing with the sympathetic, spiritual, and devotional.

The same voice will be modified by the subject on which it is exercised. When Jenny Lind sang the little love song—

Coming through the rye,
she gave expression to the social feelings, and the voice was lively, rattling, and joyous, and the people all laughed and were merry. But when she sang :

I know that my Redeemer liveth,
there was a grandeur and solemnity in her tones which seemed unconsciously to lift her vast audience to their feet, and hold them spell-bound by the magic of her voice. Who that ever heard her in this can forget?

Tell us what sort of music you like best, and you thereby reveal your true character. If it be love songs, which proceeded from the social nature, it is in that that you predominate. If war songs, referring to the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, to blood and carnage, then there is where you "live." If it be to the more artistic warbling and trilling, which excites ideality and imitation, that indicates the predominance of another set of organs.

Thus, the voice indicates character. A passionate man, with a heavy base to his brain, will have a harsh, gruff voice, and all his gestures will be downward, in the direction of his propensities. A social, domestic, and loving nature will have a more tender and flexible voice, corresponding with this disposition. The affections caress much, but say little; lovers are more silent than talkative, and their words are but whispers.

The actor who assumes to represent human character must have the organs in the upper side-head, including secretiveness, imitation, language, &c., largely developed, and, if adapted to his calling, will give the right expression of voice to suit the character—be it Hamlet, Macbeth, Falstaff, Iago, or Shylock—be it in tragedy or comedy.

The devout clergyman, when he appeals to the Throne of Grace, speaks through his moral and religious sentiments, and his voice is mellow, sweet, and subdued. How welcome to a sin-sick soul is the pleading voice of the good man when he asks forgiveness for the penitent wrong-doer, and a blessing on all! If he be a converted man, a true Christian, there will be a grace, a gentleness, and a charm in his voice, which will win all hearts to the truth, except, of course, "those who have ears but hear not, eyes but see not," nor an intellect to understand.

Compare any ten clergymen who have devoted themselves half a lifetime to their high calling, with an equal number of boxers of the same age, and notice the tones of their voices. Do you not think you could tell, even in the dark, "which was which?" Certainly you could. There is something in every voice which attracts or repels. Compare the voice of the gentle lamb with that of the ferocious wolf; of the loving mother and praying father with the ravings of dissipated demons in human form.

Once accustomed to certain voices, we can remember them for years. Blind men readily recognize a voice they heard twenty years ago. An acute ear is as sensitive to impressions, and almost as retentive of them as the eye.

There are diseases, obstructions, and physiological defects by which the voice becomes impaired, which would prevent us from judging correctly the character of such persons.

In conclusion, we repeat, the voice indicates character. By cultivating particular faculties of the mind, we thereby cultivate the voice. We speak—as

it were—from and through, and from and to, particular organs of the brain, and the intonations of the voice correspond. If we are in anger, and speak from the passion, in time voice and passion assimilate, and this type of character becomes established. If, on the contrary, we live more in the intellect, and in the moral and spiritual sentiments, we become all the more humane, civilized, and spiritual."

THE WAY THEY DID THINGS IN NAPLES OF OLD TIME.

Some time back an American gentleman took up his abode for some weeks on the Chiaja at Naples, and in the same house there lived an Italian, with whom, from frequently meeting on the stairs and corridors, a sort of hat-touching acquaintance had grown up. At length one day, as the American was passing hastily out, the Italian accosted him with a courteous bow and smile, and said: "When will it be your perfect convenience, signor, to repay me that little loan of two hundred ducats it was my happy privilege to have lent you last month?" The American, astounded as he was, had yet patience to inquire whether he had not mistaken him for another. The other smiled somewhat reproachfully, as he said: "I trust, signor, you are not disposed to ignore the obligation. You are the gentleman who lives, I believe, on the second floor left?" "Very true: I do live there, and I owe you nothing. I never borrowed a carlino from you—I never spoke to you before: and if you ever take the liberty to speak to me again, I'll knock you down." The Italian smiled again, not so blandly, perhaps, but as significantly, and saying: "We shall see," bowed and retired.

The American thought little more of the matter till, going to the Prefecture to obtain his visé for Rome, he discovered that his passport had been stopped, and a detainer put upon him for this debt. He hastened at once to his minister, who referred him to the law-adviser of the legation for counsel. The man of law looked grave; he neither heeded the angry denunciations of the enraged Yankee, nor his reiterated assurances that the whole was an infamous fraud. He simply said, "The case is difficult, but I will do my best."

After the lapse of about a week, a message came from the prefect to say that the stranger's passport was at his service whenever he desired to have it. "I knew it would be so!" cried the American, as he came suddenly upon his lawyer in the street. "I was certain that you were only exaggerating the difficulty of a matter that must have been so simple; for, as I never owed the money, there was no reason why I should pay it." "It was a case for some address, notwithstanding," said the other, shaking his head. "Address! fiddle-stick! It was a plain matter of fact, and needed neither skill nor cunning. You of course showed that this fellow was a stranger to me—that we had never interchanged a word till he made this rascally demand." "I did nothing of the kind, sir. If I had put in a contemptible plea, you would have lost your cause. What I did was this: I asked what testimony he could adduce as to the original loan, and he gave me the name of one witness, a certain count well known in this city, who was at breakfast with him when you called to borrow this money, and who saw the pieces counted out and placed in your hand." "You denounced this fellow as a purveyor?" "Far from it, sir. I respect the testimony of a man of station and family, and I would not insult the feelings of the count by daring to impugn it; but as the plaintiff had called only one witness to the loan, I produced two, just as respectable, just as distinguished, who saw you repay the debt! You are now free; and remember, sir, wherever your wanderings lead you, never cease to remember that, whatever be our demerits at Naples, at least we can say with pride, the laws are administered with equal justice to all men!"—*Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General.*

AMONG the many boats that recently entered the Victoria Harbour, Haddington, was one, the Marquis of Beaumont, belonging to the vaults at Broxbourne House. At the stern was seated the Marquis, in true fisherman's costume. He was accosted by the usual question, "Skipper, how many?" Answer: "Twelve crabs." "I'll give you 20s."—another, 21s.—until he sold his shot to one of the leading English buyers for 23s. Like his noble father, the Duke of Roxburghe, he is an earnest fisher.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.—Should alcoholic drinks ever used medicinally? Our answer is that when so used a man had best never be his own physician. His tea-spoon is apt to grow into a table-spoon; his wine-glass grows insensibly into a tumbler, and then into a brimming goblet, which "biteth at the last like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." A wise physician may sometimes use alcohol to save life, just as he

might use opium; but I doubt if a wise physician would ever use it when any other remedy will answer the purpose. How can we know that he is not feeding a latent appetite that will yet destroy his patient? One of the most eminent civilians whom the bottle has destroyed fell into intemperance under medical prescription. He had been an abstainer until middle life; he was then recommended to use wine as a daily tonic after recovery from a weakening disease; his aily became his conqueror. Lord Macaulay indicates the secret of the younger Pitt's enslavement to the bottle by telling us that port wine was freely administered to him in early youth as a medicine.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

A GREAT deal of difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the release of four Italians from the lawless rulers of Upper West Hindostan. They were bound on a scientific expedition, and now that they are on their way home, we may shortly expect to hear some extremely interesting adventures and travellers' stories. The Austrian Government is sending M. Mirani to the source of the Nile. Doubtless it would be glad to forward a few others there who have not such claims on the Government's good wishes. We are glad to hear that this expedition is to be a fully equipped and armed one. This is the only way to travel there.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jezebel," "The Prelate," "Mianigrey," &c.

CHAPTER CIVIL

Learn to live well, that thou mayst die so too:
To live and die is all we have to do.

Denham.

HAD Captain Vernon succeeded in awaking in the heart of the viscount one generous sentiment—one feeling of regret for the injustice he had displayed towards his two boys—he would doubtless have informed him of the tie existing between himself and Fred. Failing in that, he wisely determined to let him die without a knowledge of the truth—which, after all, in his present state of mind, could only have embittered his last moments: the thought that the youth he hated must inherit the name, the title, and the broad lands which he had so long been heir to, would have been madness to him.

When Doctor Tyler answered his summons, the dying man renewed his insane offer of sharing with him his future wealth, provided he could save him. Under any other circumstances, the worthy man would have felt indignant at such proffer: in the exercise of his profession, the life of the poorest sailor-boy on board was as precious as that of the first officer in the ship.

"Were you to offer me the coronet of your race," he said, "I could do no more than I have done."

"Vernon did not lie, then!" groaned his lordship. "I fancied—I hoped it was his malice."

"What malice can he possibly entertain towards you?" inquired the surgeon.

"He wants my commission for his son!"

"Should his son live," replied the doctor, "he will doubtless be promoted, for his conduct was gallantry itself. Let me entreat you," he added, "to dismiss such feelings from your heart—you will find it the more happy."

"Should he live!" repeated the viscount, with a glance of satisfaction; "there is a doubt, then? Thank God for that!"

His hearer shuddered. In the course of his career he had witnessed many death-beds—but never one so terrible.

"It is the thought that I alone should perish," continued the speaker, hoarsely, "which renders death so bitter. I, who have youth, wealth, and rank—all that earth can yield, or mankind worship—to quit them all, his pleasures scarcely tasted. It is hard—very hard," he added, "to die like a maimed cur, to be picked out—the only one!"

"Not the only one: the master fell in the last attack upon the pirates!" observed his informant.

His lordship replied with a "pish" of contempt. What was the life of a petty officer—although he had a wife and family—in comparison with his?

"And nearly half the boarding party!" added the speaker.

"Fish! sailors—common men! The loss of a thousand such is not to be balanced with a life like mine!"

"Were they not human beings," demanded the surgeon, in an indignant tone, "possessed of the same feelings, passions, and impulses as yourself?"

"Possibly!" muttered the viscount.

"The same soul?" added the doctor, seriously.

The young officer fixed his eyes anxiously upon the man of science, and once or twice repeated the word "soul;" then, suddenly grasping his hand, he drew him nearer to his pillow.

"Do you really believe in such a thing as the soul?" he asked. "I know Vernon does; but he is a fool, or said so to terrify me. You are not superstitious—you will answer me truly?"

"You have answered yourself!" replied the worthy man.

"How so?"

"Even as the finite responds for the infinite!" said the surgeon; "the vague, the restless longing for the soul to manifest itself to the senses proves the continuous struggle between them! Death alone can end the contest!"

"Leave me!" said his lordship. "I want to be alone."

As Tyler left the cabin, the young officer of marines entered it. They saluted each other coldly, for there was little sympathy between them.

As soon as his friend was seated, the viscount directed his servant to bring wine. The poor fellow obeyed, unconscious of the impropriety of doing so.

And there they drank together—the living and the dying. The latter to drown thought—the worm which never dies—the remorse of conscience, the horrors of approaching dissolution. Bottle after bottle of champagne disappeared from the private stores of his lordship, with a rapidity truly alarming. The unhappy man fell back at last, in a state of complete insensibility.

"Come, old fella," hiccupped Murray; "no more wine? You can stand it yet!"

A faint groan was the response—it was his last.

"As soon as you are con—conval—es—cent," continued the speaker, getting out the word at last, "we will have a regular carouse! Ah—yes—well! you shall have one glass more. To your better health, my lord, and con—fu—sion to your enemies."

The officer of marines staggered towards the table, and filled a glass, which he carried with an unsteady hand to the side of the berth.

"Here it is!"

All was silent.

"Won't take it? Had enough—eh? Well, so have I! And Vernon is such a prude that—. Try soda-water—due with him to-day. Come!" he added; "the last."

The last was already taken! The drunken man attempted to force the glass into the hands of the viscount. At the first contact he started, and regarded him with a look of surprise, mingled with terror. He was dead.

The shock sobered him in an instant. He rushed from the cabin, calling loudly for assistance.

Three days after the scene we have described, the ship, with her prize in tow, entered the port of Canton. The Malays were brought before a court-martial, tried, and executed for piracy. So gallant was the conduct of Fred considered by the admiral, that the vacant commission, caused by his lordship's death, was filled up with his name—an act of justice at which no one rejoiced more sincerely than Dick and his father; but some time elapsed before the intelligence was imparted to the newly-appointed lieutenant of the Revenge.

A few days after their arrival in Canton, Dr. Tyler entered the cabin of his patient rather unexpectedly, and found him and Dick conversing in low whispers. Jack Breeze, whom he had left as his *locum tenens*—or watch—pretended to look confused at being detected in a breach of orders.

"Don't be angry!" said young Vernon. "I so begged and entreated to be admitted, that the poor fellow could not refuse!"

The surgeon smiled.

"And we have not spoken above our breaths."

"I suppose I must forgive him, then!" replied the kind-hearted man. "The fact is, I have little to forgive—since I was aware of his indiscretion. I feared to permit unrestrained conversation—and, to put a check upon it, allowed Jack to break the consign."

"Fred is out of danger, then?" exclaimed Dick, eagerly.

"Well I am inclined to think he is. That is," added the doctor, "if he continues to act as prudently as he has hitherto done."

A silent pressure of the hand of his friend proved how great a weight those few words removed from his breast.

A week afterwards, the new lieutenant made his first appearance upon deck. The crew no sooner recognized him than they raised a hearty cheer. His gallant conduct and general kindness had made him a great favourite amongst them.

A flush of pleasure overspread the still pale cheek of the invalid, as he passed the sentinel at the gangway. The man carried arms to him.

"What does that mean?" demanded Fred, addressing Dick, upon whose arm he leaned.

"It means," replied the young man, with a glow of satisfaction, "that for once bravery and daring have found their reward! You are no longer a middy, but third lieutenant of the Revenge!"

"And you?"

Dick touched his hat with a smile of good humour.

"At your orders, Lieutenant!"

There was something so frank, so free from envy, in the tone of the speaker, that it touched the heart of his companion.

"Dick, Dick—this is unjust!" he exclaimed; "you know that you displayed quite as much courage and presence of mind in the attack as myself. Besides, we had agreed to be both promoted at the same time."

"That's true enough!" replied the middy: "only, you see, the admiral was no partner to our compact—so we must e'en put up with it. Never fear!" he added, laughingly: "my time will come soon enough; and if not, I am young enough to wait. The next occasion you must leave me a chance, Fred, and not engross all the danger and honour to yourself."

It was a proud moment for Captain Vernon, the first time he beheld his *protégé* appear in the uniform of his rank upon the quarter-deck of the vessel he commanded. He felt that he had repaid his debt of gratitude to the goldsmith—and that conviction, to a heart like his, was ample recompence for all the anxiety he had endured.

"How proud Annie and her mother would be to see you!" he whispered, as he shook him warmly by the hand.

Fred coloured deeply. The long hours of his illness had given him time to analyze the secret of his heart. By this time he was perfectly aware that the feeling he entertained towards the gentle girl, whom he had hitherto treated as a sister, was widely different from a brother's love.

"I am sure they would!" he replied; "for I do not think that Annie has forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" repeated the commander of the Revenge, with a look of surprise; "of course she has not. What the deuce put such an idea in your head?"

Fred did not know. He was not so nearly related to her as Dick—her affections naturally were for her father and brother; and then, to mend matters, he added something about absence, and his own unworthiness.

The captain began to look exceedingly puzzled.

"Fred, my boy," he said, "do you remember the huge grampus we harpooned in the Pacific?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How it floundered and rolled after they had hauled it on deck, and how each fresh struggle exhausted it more and more?"

"Perfectly, sir!"

"Well," continued his protector, "it strikes me that each fresh word you utter only increases your resemblance to the aforesaid grampus! Annie forgot you! Why her mother and I have frequently observed that of the two she loved you more than Dick!"

Although this was uttered without the slightest suspicion of the nature of Fred's feelings towards his child, his varying countenance did not escape the observation of the captain, who attributed it at first to weakness.

"There, go along!" said the captain, "and do not let me hear any more such folly! Annie and her mother both love you as dearly as—as—"

He seemed at a loss for a comparison.

"As I do!" he added, shaking him by the hand.

Fred felt dissatisfied with himself. He had created a painful impression in the mind of the man he most venerated and looked up to, from not having explained himself. Our readers will observe that a similar circumstance had occurred between him and Dick. But boys, the first time they are in love, are such awkward creatures! Girls have ten times more tact.

"How came such a strange idea to possess him?" muttered Vernon, as he continued to pace the quarter-deck; "I never knew him suspicious or ungenerous before. Something in it—can't make it out!"

Perhaps it was because the speaker had been married nearly three and twenty years.

After some further cogitation, a smile gradually stole over the bronzed features of the gallant sailor. He did not exclaim "Eureka!" like the Greek philosopher, when he had found the solution to his problem; but his joy was the same.

"What an ass I must have been!" he said, "not to have discovered it before! And I to accuse the poor fellow of injustice, too! Wansn't I ten times more unjust to my own dear Mary, because I found no letters from her at Bombay, when she had every reason to believe I was at Madras? Must make it up with him!" he added; "but how? Pooh—he'll understand me fast enough!"

About a month afterwards, letters arrived from England, not only for the captain, but both the boys—as he called them.

"There, Lieutenant!" he said, with a good-humoured laugh, as he placed those for Fred in his hand; "you see those at home have forgotten you!"

Without violating the confidence of married life, we

may inform our readers that Mrs. Vernon's letter to her husband confirmed the previously conceived suspicion which he entertained. Annie, she said, was always speaking of them, and wondering if Fred and Dick had forgotten her.

The former name was underlined.

After a short stay at Canton, the Revenge was ordered to its old station—Rio de Janeiro—from whence its commander trusted he should return to England.

CHAPTER CIX.

Love is a plant of holier birth
Than any that takes root on earth—
A flower from heaven—which 'tis a crime
To number with the things of time.
Hope in the bosom is often blasted,
And beauty on the desert wasted,
And joy a primrose, early, gay,
Care's lightest footfall treas'ry away.
But love shall live—and live for ever—
And chance and change shall reach it never.

Henry Nolle.

THOSE who have visited Rio Janeiro cannot have forgotten the walk leading from the Puerto Gate to the lovely village of Almeia, which, nestled in an umbrous valley, coquettishly veils itself from sight till you stand upon its very threshold.

At the close of a lovely summer's evening, two young men were sauntering, in friendly converse, along the footpath. The *lucole*—or fireflies—madly wantoned in the air before them, as if drunk with the perfume with which it was laden. Both the pedestrians were unarmed, and their dress showed them to be Europeans.

"This is very beautiful, Fred!" observed the elder of the two.

"True!" replied his companion; "but its very beauty is oppressive—it leaves nothing to desire—nothing to the imagination! I know you will laugh at me," he added; "but there are rides and walks in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon—green, shady lanes, and undulating hills—which I prefer a thousand times to the scene before us!"

"Laugh at you!" exclaimed Dick; "I trust I know the rules of the service better! Who ever heard of a simple mid-lieutenant to his face?" Behind his back," he added, "or in his sleeve, I'll not deny that the act of insubordination you allude to might occur!"

"You have broken faith!" said his friend.

"How so?"

"Did you not promise," continued the young man, "when we left the Revenge for a cruise, to sink the lieutenant? There neither can nor ought to be any distinction of rank between us; besides," he added, "are we not both in *mfifi*? Answer me that!"

Being in *mfifi*—to the uninitiated of our readers—simply means in plain clothes, and has as little to do with the faith of Mahomet as the speaker himself, who, with his friend, had obtained leave for three days' absence from their ship, for a run on shore.

"Confessor!" answered Dick, in a tone of mock penitence, at the same time striking his breast.

"You might have added, *med cupid peccavi!*" observed his friend, with a smile; "*med maxima culpa!*"

In this strain they proceeded, alternately bantering each other, till they reached an opening in the road, about half way between the city gate and the village towards which they were directing their steps, when a close carriage, drawn by a pair of mules, and driven by a negro, overtook them.

The vehicle contained an old man, whose sallow complexion, thin, sharp features, and dark, deep-set eyes betrayed his Spanish origin; by his side was seated a lovely girl, about sixteen, apparently in great distress—for her tears were flowing fast. She appeared to appeal alternately to the gentleman and an elderly female, evidently a domestic, neither of whom condescended to answer her.

"Look Fred!" exclaimed his companion, who did not entertain the least suspicion that his words would be understood; "how beautiful!"

At the sound of his voice, the weeping girl began to call loudly in English for assistance.

It was in vain that the Don and the domestic endeavoured to force her back from the window and close the shutters of the carriage—the young lady only clung to it more tenaciously, and redoubled her cries.

It was not likely that such an appeal would be disregarded by two young men whose heads were full of romance, and hearts alive to every generous impulse; without a moment's hesitation, Fred darted to the carriage, seized the mules by the bridle, and commanded the driver to descend from his seat.

The negro grinned defiance, and began to lash the animals; but his assailant was by his side in an instant and hurled him from his seat: fortunately the fellow was unarmed.

All this passed in less time than we have taken to describe it.

The old gentleman looked excessively bilious and

angry as Dick opened the door of the carriage and motioned to him to descend.

"*Ladron!*" he exclaimed.

"*Inglesi, señor!*" replied the maid-servant, with a polite bow; at the same time offering his hand to the young lady, and assisting her to dismount.

"You will protect me!" she exclaimed, clinging with delightful confidence to his arm. "I am your countrywoman—English, like yourself! I am sure you will not abandon me!"

The young sailor felt equally sure that he would do nothing of the kind.

"Abandon you!" he said; "I would as soon strike the colours of my ship in presence of an enemy, without firing a shot! Where shall I have the honour of conducting you?"

"To the city!"

"Good!" said Dick.

"To the house of my guardian, the English consul, from whom I have been carried off!"

"Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"You know him?"

"Yes—that is to say, I have seen him and his pretty daughter!"

By this time Fred had descended from the driver's seat, and joined the group. There was the fair girl they had rescued, still clinging to the arm of her deliverer, and the old Spaniard, wasting a great deal of passion and eloquence, which was lost upon his friend, who only spoke a few words of Spanish and Portuguese, in which languages the irascible Don had pretty nearly exhausted his stock of vituperation.

"What is that old fool raving about?" demanded Dick.

"Do you know who I am?" inquired the Spaniard, in a pompous tone, as soon as he discovered that one of the party understood him.

"I have not that honour!"

"The *Alcade* of Rio!" continued the old man, with a terrible emphasis, as if he expected that the announcement of his dignity would overwhelm the two Englishmen with confusion. "Insolent!" he added, seeing how little effect he had produced. "I tell them that I am the *Alcade* of Rio—have power to arrest, punish, imprison, hang, garotte, and banish—and yet they pay no more attention to me than if I were as insignificant a personage as themselves!"

"They must be ignorant indeed!" muttered the duenna; "but they are English, and that may account for it!"

"Will you drive, Fred?" inquired Dick, who began to tire of the delay, "or shall I?"

"You see to the young lady!" replied his friend, interpreting the question into a request; "I know my way!"

The next instant Miss Hamilton—the name of the fair girl who had been so outraged—and her deliverer were comfortably seated in the carriage, and the lieutenant mounted upon the box. The alcade made a fruitless attempt to follow, but the door was closed in his face.

"Where are you going?" he roared.

"To Rio!" answered Fred.

"And how am I to get back?"

"It appears to me that the best thing your excellency can do is to walk—the evening breeze will cool your temper! A thousand compliments, most illustrious señor!"

So saying, he gave the mules the rein, and the carriage started at a brisk pace towards the city, leaving the alcade and his two domestics on the road.

The first action of the irascible Don was to cane the negro for not having shown proper zeal in defence of his august person—his next to abuse the duenna; after which he discovered that the best thing he could do was to follow the advice of the young sailor, and retrace his steps to Rio: once there, he promised himself ample vengeance for the insult he had received, and the disappointment of his scheme.

During their ride to the house of the consul, Miss Hamilton informed her protector that she was the only child of a British merchant, who had died four years previously, in Rio; that the alcade was her uncle—her father having married his sister.

"I thought the old wretch—I beg pardon," said Dick, correcting himself, "could not have been your lover!"

The young lady with charming frankness, assured him that she had no lover an avowal which increased rather than diminished the interest the young sailor already began to feel for her.

"Unfortunately," she continued, "I am rich. My dear father, in order to secure my fortune and person from the machinations of my mother's family, left me to the guardianship of his oldest friend, the English consul!"

"And what could have been the object of the alcade in carrying you off?" inquired Dick. "But I need not ask—doubtless he has a son?"

For a novice in the art of love this was rather artfully put.

"On the contrary, he is childless," replied the young lady; "his object was to force me into a convent, that he might inherit my wealth."

Never had the young sailor felt so thoroughly indignant. The idea of consigning so much beauty and grace to a cloister appeared to him a more abominable outrage than the first.

"The old rascal!" he muttered; "had I known it, I would have— But there—we shall meet again."

"I hope not!" exclaimed the gentle creature, in a tone of the deepest interest; "for he is one of the first authorities in the city—as revengeful as he is powerful; but for the diplomatic position of my guardian, he would long since have openly torn me from his protection. Pray—pray avoid him!"

"Believe me, I have nothing to fear!" said her protector.

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Were he to lay a hand upon me," he continued, "a volley of British thunder from the man-of-war, commanded by my father, would soon bring him to his senses!"

Although the announcement did not increase either the gratitude or interest which Miss Hamilton felt for her deliverer, she was all the better pleased at finding that he was her equal. What far-sighted creatures girls are!

On reaching the house of the consul, they found the family of that gentleman in the utmost consternation, at the sudden disappearance of his ward. The affectionate manner in which Colonel Fitzgerald and his daughter Mary welcomed her back confirmed Dick's opinion of her amiability and goodness: not that he required it—for the last hour he would have felt inclined to challenge any man who had ventured to dispute them.

"It has come to a crisis!" observed the colonel; "and since you are restored to us, my dear Mary, I am glad that it has! Your worthless, avaricious relative shall find that I know how to protect the inviolability of my house—the dignity of my flag! Thank heaven," he added, "the Revenge has arrived!"

During this speech his daughter had been overwhelming the young men with her thanks and praises for their gallantry.

"You must not think of quitting the house to-night!" she observed; "it may be dangerous."

Both Dick and Fred smiled at her caution. The former would have been willing enough to remain—in fact, he would have availed himself of any other excuse to have done so; but caution looked like cowardice.

The consul urged them to remain; but even his request was declined.

"Since you are determined to leave us," he said, "let me advise you to lose no time in regaining your ship: once on board, you will be safe! The cascade cannot have reached the city yet!" he added, after a few moments' reflection; "yes, I think you may venture!"

Both the young men assured him that they had nothing to fear.

"You do not know Rio yet!" was the reply; "assassination is frequent, even at noon-day! I have resided here upwards of five-and-twenty years—and the long list of crimes I have witnessed would appal you!"

At the word "assassination," both the young ladies renewed their entreaties for them to remain; but, like most young men, they were obstinate; they fancied it would be an impeachment of their courage.

Shortly afterwards they took leave—but not until they had obtained permission to call and inquire after the ladies in the morning.

"Quite an adventure, Dick!" observed his friend, as they made their way down the Piazza del Re.

"Quite!" was the reply.

"A very lovely girl!" added the lieutenant.

"Which?" asked the middy.

"Which?" repeated Fred. "Oh, Dick—Dick! you may play the hypocrite to yourself—but you can't deceive me. Didn't I observe your look, and Miss Hamilton's blush, as she gave you her hand, and bade you good night? I'd wager all I possess," he added, "that, had you been alone, you would have kissed it."

"As you did the look of hair—eh, Fred?"

"Ah! you comprehend it now," exclaimed his friend, with a joyous laugh. "I thought we should understand each other at last."

They continued their walk in the same bantering humour, till they encountered a numerous party of the night patrol.

"Look out!" said Fred.

"Eshaw!" replied his friend; "the old Don has not had time to hobble to the city yet!"

The soldiers passed them without taking the slightest apparent notice of the young men, when they wheeled suddenly round, and, before they could offer the least resistance, enclosed them in the centre of the troop. It was a fortunate circumstance that they were unarmed:

resistance would only have provoked some brutal outrage on the part of their captors.

"In the name of the law!" said the officer.

The young men looked very much as if they would have liked to have knocked him down.

It was in vain that Fred exhausted his stock both of Spanish and Portuguese—he could obtain no explanation as to the cause of their arrest. Despite his protestations, they were conducted to the common prison of the city.

Just as they were about to enter, Jack Breeze and one or two sailors of the Revenge, who had been cruising all day about the streets, recognized the son of their commander and the third lieutenant of the Revenge in the hands of the "land-crabs," as they contemptuously called the soldiers. Their first impulse was to rush upon the guard, who, being well-armed, would have made short work of the gallant fellows: the voice of their officer restrained them.

"Back, men," exclaimed Fred; "you can do no good—they are too strong for you."

"Let us try," shouted the seamen.

"Back, I say."

The men grumblingly obeyed.

"Hasten to the consul," said Dick, "and tell him what has happened; and then make the best of your way on board, and inform my father. Jack," he added, "I rely upon you."

"All right, your honour."

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

OVERLAND TELEGRAPH TO RUSSIA.—According to our American contemporaries, the telegraphic project to unite the United States and Russia has entered into the stage of real work; the last impediments have been overcome, and now Mr. Collins, conjointly with the Western Union Telegraph Company, has already begun the work. Four ships have been chartered and freighted with the telegraphic wire, implements, provisions, tents, &c., and will soon start for San Francisco, sailing round Cape Horn. This autumn the fleet will reach San Francisco. The government of the United States has detailed a man-of-war for the purpose of helping the company. Four exploring parties will be left respectively at New Westminster, Fraser river, Point Desolation, on the line between British and Russian America, Sitka, the capital of Russian America, and at Cook's Inlet. These parties are to explore the coast; if possible, obtain all the timber wanted, and prepare the ground for next spring's work. Mr. Collins hopes that in two years from autumn the two continents will be united. The capital of ten millions of dollars for this transcontinental line has been subscribed in the United States, and the Russian government builds on its own account the line from Peterburgh to Nikolaeff, on the Amoor. The line has already reached Chita, a town situated at the confluence of the Shilka and Erlon, the beginning of the Amoor.

THE IRON TRADE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has so much contributed to the comfort and civilization of the human race as the development of the various industries and extended enterprises which owe their existence to an abundant supply of iron. Perhaps the most striking development of material progress during the last 35 years is the introduction of the railway system. During that period there have been constructed 113,000 miles of railway in the world; and this appears to us as the mere prelude to the extension of this enterprise on a scale so vast as scarcely any living man can conceive. There has been expended on these 113,000 miles of railway already constructed upwards of 40,000,000 tons of iron.

Great Britain and France control the world, and, fortunately for the happiness of mankind, they seem to have elected in favour of peace; and their enormous resources, which might otherwise have been dissipated in war, will unquestionably be diverted to that other great enterprise, which we regard as having merely commenced—the construction of railways, which, proceeding at an increased ratio, will only be retarded by the limited supply of iron that can be furnished by the mines of the world. The immensely increased demand for ships and steamers built of iron will also, of itself, form a large drain upon our production of this mineral.

There are now about 350,000 tons of iron in warehousekeepers' stores in Scotland, which is the only reliable reserve for a trade embracing 4,000,000 tons per annum. The shipments of pig iron from Scotland this year have been 401,600 tons, showing an increase of 26,649 tons over the corresponding period of last year; and the foundries and malleable iron-works in this district have been so actively employed as to give rise to a consumption of about 12,000 tons weekly.

It is rather a striking occurrence, that recently up-

wards of 35 furnaces have been put out of blast in Staffordshire, although the price of pig-iron has ruled in that district from 70s. to 75s. per ton. Nineteen years ago the price of Scotch pig-iron attained 120s. per ton, and for many months afterwards it was maintained at above 100s. per ton. In 1854 the highest price was 92s. 6d., and the average price for that year was 80s. per ton.

It may be noted as a singular feature in connection with the iron trade, that the highest range of prices for iron seems to be coincident with high rates of money.

MEDICAL.—The following conclusions as to the relative properties of absinthe and eau-de-vie have been drawn by M. Decaisne:—1. When employed in the same doses and with equal degree of alcoholic concentration, absinthe produces far more marked and serious effects than eau-de-vie. 2. Absinthe produces intoxication, and the conditions known as chronic and acute alcoholization, much more rapidly than eau-de-vie. 3. Absinthe affects the nervous system more than the other, and produces results similar to those developed by a narcotic-acrid poison. 4. The great danger connected with absinthe is in its liability to adulteration. 5. Absinthe of good quality, when taken even in moderate doses (a glass or two per day), produces sooner or later, according to the state of the constitution, diseases of a serious character, and which affect especially the digestive organs. 6. Finally, absinthe should not be consumed even in the most moderate doses.

NAVAL SIGNALLING.

SOME interesting experiments on naval signalling have recently been conducted under the auspices of the Lords of the Admiralty with perfect success. The means employed are principally the electric and lime lights.

The entire system of transmitting the signals by day and by night is available under all circumstances, and is expressed by jets of steam, revolving shutters, a collapsing cone or disc by day; by one bright light by night, and by a fog-horn or steam-whistle in a fog. With these means, the following results have been already obtained:

1. Perfect communication by day has been established between St. Catherine's Down, Isle of Wight, and her Majesty's steamer Pigmy, with the shutters and jets of steam, the Pigmy being 16 miles off at sea, at the rate of two signals in three minutes, including the transmission of the signals from St. Catherine's to the semaphore tower at Portsmouth, an additional 16 miles.

2. Perfect communication by night between the same points, at a seaward distance of 30 miles by the electric light, and a seaward distance of 22 miles with the lime light, at the average rate of one signal per minute, the weather being ordinarily clear.

3. Fog signals by sound with common ships' fog-horns, at a distance of three to four miles, at the same rate of speed. On the night of the 18th ult., 200 signals were sent between Portsmouth and St. Catherine's Down in one hour.

The new code may be said to be based upon the Morse telegraph, the short and long dashes in the printing of which are represented by Captain Bolton and Commander Colomb, to whom the nation is indebted for the development of the system, by the time the jets of steam, cone, or disc, or shutters, are exhibited by day; the time the light is flashed in by night, and the duration of the sound emitted by the steam-whistle or fog-horn in a fog.

For exhibiting the light or cone on board ship, Commander Colomb makes the duration of the signal dependent upon a mechanical arrangement of his own invention, which leaves nothing to the judgment alone of the signalman, and makes use only of numerals, which are thus applicable to the present naval signals.

Captain Bolton has also introduced a lime light field apparatus, which is supplied by the War Department to our Royal Engineers at a cost of about £35 only.

NEW SELF-BREACH-LOADING CANNON.—An American contemporary thus describes a new cannon invented by Mr. John Lee, of Massillon, Ohio:—The gun we examined is about 6 ft. long, and weighs upwards of thousand pounds. The bore is 3 7/16 in. and throws a 5 lb. spherical shot, or a 10 lb. elongated ball, three-fourths of a mile, with a charge of powder of 11 oz. The powder and ball are contained in a tin cartridge, inside of which are placed two percussion caps. The charge is laid on a morticed groove, which is raised to a level with the outside of the gun by means of a lever or crank, and lowered to the chamber of the cannon in the same manner. The gun is charged by a breech pin, which is operated at the same moment the ball and cartridge are lowered to the chamber, immediately after which the breech is closed, and the shot fired by simply striking on a spring, which explodes the caps inside the cartridge. The operation of firing the gun can be repeated at the rate of from

fifteen to twenty times per minute, without danger of explosion or the necessity of a person to attend the "vent." These guns can be made of any size and calibre, and will throw a ball from two and a half to three miles. The rapidity with which they can be fired, and the safety which attends the same, render them peculiarly adapted to our present mode of warfare. Mr. Lee has had his gun on exhibition in Washington city, where it was pronounced a useful invention by army and navy officers, all of whom recommended it highly. It is certainly one of the most wonderful instruments of destruction introduced since the commencement of the present war.

ELECTRO-PLATING.

In France, the electro-plate is regulated by law; every manufacturer being required to weigh each article when ready for plating, in the presence of a comptroller appointed by the Government, and to repeat the same articles for weighing again when the plating has been done. In this way the comptroller knows to the fraction of a grain the amount of the precious metal that has been added, and puts his mark upon the wares accordingly, so that every purchaser may know at a glance just what he is buying.

As to the amount of silver consumed in ordinary plating, a word: an ounce and a half of silver will give to a surface a foot square, a coating as thick as common writing paper. And since silver is worth 5s. 8d. per ounce, the value of the silver covering a foot square would be about 6s. 6d. At this rate, a well-plated tea-pot or coffee-pot is plated at a cost in silver of not more than 5s. to 8s. 4d. The other expenses, including labour, would hardly be more than half that amount.

Electro-gilding is done in like manner. The gold is dissolved in nitro-hydrochloric acid, washed with boiling nitric acid and then digested with calcined magnesia. The gold is deposited in the form of an oxide, which, after being washed in boiling nitric acid, is dissolved in cyanide of potassium, in which solution the articles to be plated with gold, after due preparation, are placed. Iron, steel, lead, and some other metals that do not readily receive the gold deposit, require to be first lightly plated with copper. The positive plate of the battery must be of gold, the other plate of iron or copper. The process is the same as that above described.

The popular notion is, that genuine electro-gilding must necessarily add a good deal to the cost of the article plated. This is erroneous. A silver thimble may be so handsomely plated as to have the appearance of being all gold for 2*1/2*d., a pencil-case for 10*d.*, and a watch case for 4*s.* 2*d.* An estimate of the relative value of electro-gilding, as compared with silver-plating, considering the cost of material alone is about 15 to 1.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

THE TOILET TABLE.

EAUX DE COLOGNE.

Eau de Cologne de J. M. Farine.—Take alcohol at 85°, 100 quarts; essence of bergamot, 12*1/2* lbs.; essence of lemon, 6 lbs. 3 ounces; essence of neroli, 26*1/2* ounces; essence of cloves, 3 lbs. 3 ounces; essence of lavender, 2 lbs. 5 ounces; essence of rosemary, 26*1/2* ounces; macerate thirty days, and filter.

Eau de Cologne M. de Marie.—Takes alcohol at 85°, 80 quarts; water, 15 quarts; essence of bergamot, 12*1/2* ounces; essence of cedar, 2 ounces; essence of lemon, 2 ounces; essence of Portugal, 2 ounces; essence of neroli, 2 ounces; essence of rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; essence of cloves, 2 drs.; tincture of benzoin, 4 ounces; holy thistle, 1 ounce; citronella, 1 ounce; herb of peppermint, 2 ounces; herb of melisse, 2 ounces; herb of rosemary, 1 ounce; herb of angelica, 3 ounces; mace, 2 drs.; badiane, 8 ounces; canella, 2 drs. Infuse the whole two days, distil, and extract thirty-five quarts of eau de Cologne.

TOILET VINEGARS.

The best vinegar should be used for these articles; that which is called white wine vinegar, made by acetification or oxidation of alcohol, is the best.

These vinegars are perfumed and made in two ways, by distillation or infusion. However, distillation is the best mode, for whilst increasing the strength of vinegar, it whitens it.

They are also prepared by solution, i.e., by dissolving, for example, 1 ounce of essential oil in a sufficient quantity of alcohol, and adding it to a quart of vinegar. This is the easiest and most speedy mode of preparing all the kinds of vinegars.

Vinaigre Rosat.—Take dry rose leaves, red, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; good vinegar, 8 quarts. Macerate two weeks, and filter.

Vinaigre à la Fleur d'Oranger.—Take fresh orange flowers, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; vinegar, 8 quarts; brandy à la fleur d'oranger, 1 quart. Macerate twelve days, and filter.

Vinaigre Framboisé.—Take crushed fresh raspberries, 6 lbs.; good vinegar, 1 quart. Macerate one week, strain, and after a few days filter.

SACHETS.

These articles, for some time heretofore out of use, are again in fashion. The sachet consists of a small muslin bag, enclosing fragrant powders, with an elegant outer covering or envelope of silk or satin, of colour in every variety, and ornamented with devices suitable to the taste of the customer. They are used for perfuming wardrobes and clothes-chests.

In speaking of powders, those which are particularly adapted to sachets were mentioned, but generally the body of most all of the odorous powders is applicable.

1. *Sachet Powder.*—Orris root, 4 ounces; calamus, 2 ounces; yellow saunders, 4 drs.; cloves, 2 drs.; benzoin, 4 drs.; dry bergamot, 1 ounce. Reduce to fine powder, and mix thoroughly.

2. *Sachet Powder.*—Dried rose leaves, 8 ounces; cloves, 4 drs.; nutmegs, 4 drs.

Sachet au Bouquet des Graces.—Orris root, 6 ounces; dry orange flowers, dry rose leaves, 6 ounces; dry bergamot peel and Portugal orange peel, 6 ounces; storax, 2 ounces. Powder well, sieve, and with the powder fill the sachets.

WHAT shall we eat? is an important question. Dr. Hall says the cheapest articles of food at present prices are bread, butter, molasses, beans, and rice. He shows that a shilling's worth of flour, at four pence per pound, contains as much nourishment as five shilling's worth of roast beef, at a shilling per pound; and that a pint of white beans, costing four pence, has the same amount of nutriment as $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of beef at a shilling per pound, or, in other words, the roast beef diet is twelve times as expensive as the beans. Furthermore, a pound of Indian meal will go as far as a pound of fine flour, costing nearly twice as much. Here are some of the common articles of food, showing the amount of nutriment contained, and the time required for digestion:

	Time of digestion.	Amount of nutriment.
Apples, raw	1 h. 50 m.	10 per cent.
Beans, boiled	2 h. 30 m.	87 "
Beef, roasted	3 h. 30 m.	26 "
Bread, baked	3 h. 30 m.	80 "
Butter	3 h. 30 m.	96 "
Cabbage, boiled	4 h. 30 m.	7 "
Cucumbers, raw	2 "	2 "
Fish, boiled	2 h. 0 m.	20 "
Milk, fresh	2 h. 15 m.	7 "
Mutton, roasted	3 h. 15 m.	30 "
Pork, roasted	5 h. 15 m.	24 "
Poultry, roasted	2 h. 45 m.	27 "
Potatoes, boiled	2 h. 30 m.	13 "
Rice, boiled	1 h. 0 m.	88 "
Sugar	3 h. 30 m.	96 "
Turnips, boiled	2 h. 30 m.	4 "
Veal, roasted	4 h. 0 m.	25 "
Venison, boiled	1 h. 30 m.	22 "

According to the above tables, cucumbers are of very little value, and apples, cabbages, turnips, and even potatoes are expensive eating. Some vegetables and fruits should, however, enter into the family consumption, even if purchased, for sanitary reasons. Among those which contain the most saccharine matter, parsnips, beets, and carrots are the most nourishing. Roast pork, besides being an expensive dish, is not a healthy article of diet.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.—Horace Walpole says:—"Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has so fortified my teeth that they are strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death." Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth carefully and thoroughly with tepid water and a soft brush (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves) have no occasion to use powder. Should any little incrustation (tartrar) appear on the sides or at the back of the teeth, which illness, and very often the constant eating of sweetmeats, fruit, and made dishes containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications it will remove it. While treating on the care of the teeth, which is subject of the highest importance to those who have young families, and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that as the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweet-

meats, fruit, &c., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discolouration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth!

STATISTICS.

It appears from a recently issued Blue-book that last year there were in England and Wales, at large, 5,995 known thieves under 16 years of age, and 28,261 above that age.

THE CONSUMPTION of coal in London in 1863 was 511,987 tons. In the previous year it amounted to 4,967,251 tons. The movements of these enormous supplies are returned as under:—1862. Railway and canal, 1,524,849 tons; sea, 3,442,102 tons; total, 4,967,251 tons. 1863. Railway and canal, 1,784,713 tons, 4 cwt.; sea, 3,335,174 tons; total, 5,119,887 tons, 4 cwt. From the foregoing comparison it will be seen that, whilst the arrivals into London by railway and canal have increased, the shipments by sea have declined. This must be attributed, chiefly, to the low rates at which coals are now carried by railway, and the increased production of inland qualities, which, in numerous instances, have met with improving markets.

COINAGE OF 1863.—There were coined at the Mint in the year 1863, 5,921,669 sovereigns, 1,371,574 half-sovereigns, 938,520 florins, 859,320 shillings, 491,040 sixpences, 4,158 fourpences, 954,888 threepences, 4,752 silver twopences, 7,920 silver pence; and of copper coins, 28,662,720 pence, 15,948,860 half-pence, and 1,433,600 farthings. There have been coined in the last ten years 47,629,614 sovereigns, and 12,058,970 half sovereigns. Also, 13,069,370 florins, 20,188,393 shillings, 16,787,520 sixpences, 1,837,694 groats, 41,580 fourpence pieces, 18,495,796 threepences, 47,520 twopences, 79,200 pence, 47,670 threehalfpenny pieces, together in value 3,002,287, and the cost of the silver metal was 2,957,900; also, 136,725,120 copper pence, 164,502,685 halfpence, 43,041,152 farthings, and 1,591,256 half-farthings, the value of the copper coin being 958,065, and the purchase value of the metal 446,543.

THE BOMBAY GAZETTE says: "Wednesday, the 6th of July, was a great day for Bangalore in particular, and for the province of Mysore in general. The first locomotive and train of railway carriages laden with a human freight, in the shape of a regiment of soldiers, arrived at half-past ten o'clock at night, having traversed the whole line in safety, and thus placed Bangalore within twelve hours of Madras, and those facilities at the disposal of the public as must contribute to the general convenience and material prosperity."

THE VACCINATION ACT.—A point has recently been settled at Cambridge which is likely to increase considerably the efficiency of the Vaccination Act, 16 and 17 Vict. cap. 100. By that Act, every registrar of births is bound to keep a register of successful vaccination, from duplicate certificates, directed by the same Act to be transmitted to him by any medical officer or practitioner in his district by whom a vaccination has been performed. In many quarters there is considerable laxity in the transmission of these duplicate certificates; and in the Cambridge Union, upon the complaint of the registrar, the Board of Guardians directed their clerk to prefer an indictment against a medical practitioner for disobeying the provisions of the statute; the result being that the defaulter, by the advice of his counsel, compromised the case by furnishing the required certificate, and paying £5 towards the expense of the proceeding.

ROMANCE OF THE NEEDLE.—What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! It began in Paradise, and was the earliest fruit of the fall. Amid the odour of flowers, and by the meandering streams, and under the shade of the dark green foliage, the cowering forms of the guilty progenitors of our race bowed in anguish and shame, as they took their first lessons in the art which has ever since been the mark of servitude or sorrow. And yet the curse has not been without its blessing. The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needlework of the tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honoured by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework." The magnificence of kingly pomp, the imposing spectacle of religion or wealth, the tribute of honour to the great, the charm of dignified society, the refined attractions of beauty are dependent upon the needle.

A PETRIFIED BEE-TREE.—The Grass Valley *National*, of California, says:—"There was found a few days since, in the diggings of John Chew & Co., on Buckeye Hill, in this county, between Greenhorn Creek and Chalk Bluff Mountain, a bee-tree, with a large bee-hive, honey, and bees, all petrified. The remaining portion of the tree in which the bee-hive was found is 2½ feet in diameter and about 40 feet long. Chew & Co., found the petrified bee-hive 75 feet beneath the surface, while piping their claims. The bee-hive is no matter of fancy, but of pure demonstration. Before us is a sample of the comb, full of honey, all petrified. The normal thickness of the comb, the duplicate of cells, with their invariable hexagonal shape, are all before us as distinctly as if a fresh piece of honey-comb, all dripping and just out from the box, had been brought and placed before our eyes on a sheet of paper."

FACETIE.

It was said of one that remembered everything he lent but nothing that he borrowed, "that he had lost half of his memory."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

A PERSON passing through a village, and observing upon a door, "Haswell, Surgeon," remarked "That gentleman's name would be *as well* without the H."

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read, "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

"THAT's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yea," replied the old dame, "and he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

THE following specimen of the pit dialect might serve the Laureate for an epic poem:—"An folk wad rabbit leet folk like folk as weel as folk wad like to like folk, folk wad like folk as weel as ivver folk liket folk sin folk was folk."

It is an odd thing, but the King of Spain can only ride on one horse; therefore it was found necessary to send to Spain for his charger when it was known that a review was in the programme of things to be offered to his Majesty.

IN CHEEK.—"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father. "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be the way of keeping him in check."

LARGE MIND.—A schoolboy was caught stealing from his teacher's desk, and his father was at once sent for. He came, and after administering a mild rebuke to his son, turned to apologise to the teacher, saying: "You see my son has a mind so large that he thinks everything he sees belongs to him."

"WHAT are you doing there, Jane?" "Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red." "But what have you got to dye it?" "Beer." "Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?" "Why, ma said it was beer made your nose so red, and I thought—" "Here, Susan, take this child."

A SHORT REMEDY.—The proprietors of a newspaper advertise that they will give £600 reward to any one who will catch a director asleep on a railway, and frighten him into a belief that his throat and pocket are threatened, so that he may come to practical conclusions as to the necessity for a communication between traveller and guard.

BOUGHT HIS OWN BOOTS.—They tell a good story of an old-fashioned, wealthy codger. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase new pair of boots. The stage left before day, so he got ready, and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstances, giving him ten shillings for the owner of the boots when he called for them. The owner never called. The old gent had bought his own boots!

THE SUTHERLAND MINISTER AND MR. JOHN BRIGHT.—Some years ago (says a contemporary), Mr. Bright was going to a certain town on the Sutherland coast. While the coach was going through a certain parish, the worthy minister thereof mounted, and sat beside John Bright. They began to discuss politics. After a while, the minister said, with a twang and dialect we cannot copy, "I'll tell you what

it is, we'll never have peace until that blackguard, John Bright, be hanged. He is trying to Americanise our institutions, and do away entirely with the glorious constitution of Great Britain." "Oh," says the M.P., "you would surely not hang him?" "Hang him!" replies the minister; "I would just hang him myself as high as the tree. The blackguard Cobden is bad, but he is ten degrees worse. Oh, he should be burnt, burnt!" In something of the same strain the conversation went on all the way. After service, he was complimented by the clergyman for whom he officiated on the fine audience he had, "and among the rest, you had Mr. Bright, M.P. for Birmingham." "Where did he sit?" says the minister. He was told where the stout M.P. sat. "O, Lord!" he exclaimed, "what have I done? He came down on the coach with me, and I called him a blackguard, and said he should be burnt!"

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.

"Tom, a word with you."

"Be quick, then; I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse the other day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favourite charger, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half-an-hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day.

"Well, Tom."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him, dead."

"So it did with mine."

VANITY OF AN ACTRESS.—Mdlle. Catherine Lemire, who, to an extraordinary fine voice, added a most finished and imposing style of singing, and histrionic abilities rarely possessed by vocalists, after figuring for twenty years with the greatest *éclat*, suddenly determined, in 1743, to renounce the stage and all public performances; and, after that, never did appear, except in the spectacles given at the first marriage of the Dauphin, in 1745. Even on that occasion, she was with difficulty prevailed on to perform, and made it a part of the condition, that she should be conveyed in one of the royal carriages, attended by a page. One was sent, accordingly; and, as she passed through Paris, not contented with showing herself as much as possible, and being observed by a number of her friends and acquaintances, she cried out, "Oh that I were at a window, to see myself rolling along in the Dauphin's coach!"

A QUERY.

Old Woman: "Well, doctor, I can't see what makes my Toby's legs swell so. I never let him go out in the cold, and I give him just as much as he can eat."

Doctor: "Well, it seems to me that your dog is suffering from an attack of the caulis gout."

Old Woman: "Lor' bless me, I guess that's it! Perhaps he's ketchit it from old Wiggles, next door!"

A GRANDE dame had a servant who used to rob her of a great many valuable things, which he sold to an accomplice. "Take care," said the man, "you come too often; you will be discovered and perhaps arrested." "I am sure not to be arrested." "Why?" "Because my mistress would not dare to appear before a tribunal." "I do not see the reason." "She would be obliged to tell how old she is!"

A JUST REPRIMAND.—Some years ago, at the theatre in Dublin, Mrs. Glyn, a new actress, made her first appearance in the character of Lady Townley, when three ladies of fashion in the stage-box grossly insulted her by talking loudly, coughing, &c. The actress was greatly distressed, stopped, and at length burst into tears, and retired from the stage. The ladies, unabashed, for a moment enjoyed their triumph. But a great uproar ensued, and "Go on, go on!" was heard from all parts of the house, when a young collegian suddenly jumped upon a bench and exclaimed to the audience: "My friends who sit around me are determined the play shall not go on until those three drunken gentlemen in women's clothes leave the stage-box." This address was universally applauded, and the ladies retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the yells and hisses of the spectators.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLISH BEER.—Last week a fashionably-dressed Frenchman was brought before a magistrate, charged with having been very drunk in the streets. The offence having been proved, the magistrate said:—"Well, prisoner, what have you to say to this charge?" The prisoner, (making a polite bow:) "Why, you see, I have just come from France for a little holiday. In Paris we get what they call English beer, and we can drink a great deal of it; but in England the beer is so strong that after drinking a very little it fly up here, (at the same time patting his forehead, amid loud laughter,) and sends

one spinning around and around until I do not know where I am."—(Renewed laughter.) The constable: "The prisoner, your worship, was charged at the Lambeth Police Court last week with being drunk." The prisoner: "No, no, don't say so."—(Laughter.) I have been treated very cruelly. I drink your English beer, and it is so strong that I lose my senses, and then I am robbed as you see (drawing an Albert chain from his waistcoat pocket, and from which a watch had been broken and stolen.) If I get so in Paris, I am not so cruelly used, but am taken care of; but this is a very cruel place."—(Loud laughter.) The magistrate: "My advice to you is to take less English beer if it is too strong for you, and you will then save yourself from being robbed. You are now discharged." The prisoner promised to follow the magistrate's advice, and bowing, and wishing him *bon jour* left the court amid general laughter. He announced his intention of immediately returning to France.

FIRE AT THE CRISIS.

During one of the battles on the Mississippi, between General Grant's forces and General Pillow's, the former officer called out to a Captain Duncan, in his usual pompous, solemn manner:

"Captain Duncan, fire!—the crisis has come."

Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns already shotted and primed, and simply cried out in the usual way, "Fire!"

The men were slightly surprised at the order, there being no particular object within the range, when an old gray-headed Irish sergeant stepped up:

"Plaze yer honour, what shall we fire at?"

"Fire at the crisis!" said Duncan. "Didn't you hear the General say it had come?"

THE celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. It is told of him that, having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to test the honesty of his servant, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

AN IRISH BLUNDER.

Many years ago, an Irish officer returned to England from Malta, where he had been stationed, and according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military in Malta.

"But" said he, "as for anchovies, by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world;" and he added—"I have seen the anchovies hung upon the trees, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden on the esplanade."

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth reaffirmed. The lie passed, and the upshot of the matter was an agreement to exchange shots. The next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshly part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said:

"You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain. I think not dangerously, however; for see what capers he cuts."

"Capers, capers!" exclaimed the Irishman. "O, by the powers, what have I done?—what a dreadful mistake!" And running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, if you are kit, I ask your pardon in this world and in the next, for I have made a bit of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all."

The wounded man, smiling at his ludicrous explanation and apology, said:

"My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner; I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between anchovies and capers as long as you live."

The Irishman promised, but that did not cure the wounded man.

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS WEALTHY "UNCLE."—A day or two ago, an elderly gentleman, who appeared as though he had been in tropical climes, called at a public-house in Hartlepool, known by the name of the Commercial, which is kept by a son of the Emerald Isle, and introduced himself as his "uncle" whom he had never seen. He said he had been at an early period of his life transported "innocently," but that he soon got a ticket of leave, and settling down in Australia, had made a fortune. The unsuspecting nephew was highly delighted at finding

had a bachelor uncle in such good circumstances, and the bottle was introduced, and they drank to the joyous meeting. After talking over things of the past, it was proposed to have a walk to "see a bit of the town." Boniface took out his watch to see the time, when his uncle "just found out" that his gold watch was in one of his "large boxes" at the station, and feeling uneasy without a watch, his nephew kindly lent him his until they returned from their walk. Our stranger also found he had no change until he came from the bank, and would require a few shillings; but the good wife handed him a sovereign. A friend of "mine host" happened to drop in, and was speedily introduced to his rich uncle. The "uncle" expressed sorrow at his boxes being at the station, as he wished to put on an extra coat, the weather being more bracing here than in Australia. His nephew had not one good enough, but his particular friend lent him his most willingly, and, so equipped, they started off for a stroll. They called in a public-house in the front street, when the mysterious stranger suddenly disappeared, and has not since been heard of, leaving his "nephew" minus his watch, value £8 10s. and a sovereign, and his friend's coat, worth 30s.

A TOURIST in Scotland says—"Near Inverary we recently reached a place of comparative civilization, and came up with the postboy, whose horse was quietly grazing at some distance whilst Red Jacket himself was immersed in play with other lads. 'You rascal,' I said to him, 'are you the postboy, and thus idling your time?' 'Na, na, sir,' he answered, 'I'm not the post, I'm only an express!'"

AMERICAN MINING NEWS.—Grant's new mine has been opened. Nevertheless, gold is still at 259 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Punch.

YANKEE OVERTURE TO THE SOUTH.—Bull sold me arms and ammunition, and he sold you ships; he helped you some and me some, but neither as much as we wanted; he has mortally offended us both, and now let us unite and pitch into him.—Punch.

STERLING REGRET.

Sympathizing Friend: "Why, Charley, what's the matter?"

Charley: "Oh, nothing, only that little darling I was telling you of has just gone and married Sloper."

Sympathizing Friend: "Well, and what are you going to do?"

Charley: "Why, I've been colouring clay pipes for the last week, the most paying thing out now; but I can't help thinking of her."

Sympathizing Friend: "Give her up, old fellow. Have you dined?"

Charley: "Dined!—why I haven't dined for the last three days! And it's all very well for you to say give her up; but when a fellow without a shilling in his pocket has just let a girl with £3,000 a year slip through his fingers, it's not so easily forgotten."

—Fun.

A QUESTION.—Will any of the legal stars tell us whether Mr. Bass's new bill only applies to instrumental nuisances, or whether we can, under its provisions, move on those crying, or rather bawling evils, the itinerant ballad-bellowers? We are in doubt about it, because we cannot strictly admit that they can come under the head of "street music." Perhaps it will be better next session to revise the measure, and substitute "discord" for "music," in order to prevent mistakes.—Fun.

EASTBOURNE is the first place that has set the example, *à la Française*, of bathing *en grande tenue*. The costume creates a sensation, as the bathers have their dip and reappear from the sea, and walk about on the beach. The custom is a silly one, and unhealthy, for the sooner the clinging wet clothes are got off, it is clear, the better; and many will run their desire to appear eccentric. The clothes, it is said, cost about twenty-five shillings, and consist of serge trousers and tunic, canvas boots, with India-rubber soles, and a flat hat that clings to the head. The sooner the doctors tell the truth about the costume, unless they want patients, the better.

PENSIONS.—The public annuity and pension list naturally changes more or less with every year. The finance accounts recently issued for the year ending with March, 1864, introduce for the first time the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales for their respective annuities of £40,000 and £10,000 a year. The other royal annuities remain the same as before: for the House of Cambridge, £24,000; the Princess of Prussia, £8,000; the Princess Louis, 6,000. The perpetual pensions, of course, remain the same, the heirs of William Penn heading the list with their £4,000 a year, to be paid as long as time and the Treasury shall last. The grant to the Cauning family disappears from the list, and so does the retiring pension of Lord Lynhurst; but there still remain four English

ex-chancellors receiving their £5,000 a year, and there are two Irish ex-chancellors, four English retired judges, and a vice-chancellor. A retired Irish judge, Mr. Justice Crampton, has place in the list no more; but fate still spares the housemaid of the Irish House of Lords to receive her pension. From the list of retired county court judges, Mr. E. Cooke disappears; but two new names are added, Mr. Sergeant Manning and Mr. W. Walker. The diplomatic pension list has received two new names, Sir J. Hudson and Mr. Christie. The compensation annuities make a long list. Prominent in it by magnitude of amount stands one peer receiving £7,700 a year, as formerly chief clerk of the Court of Queen's Bench; and another £4,200 as once registrar of the Irish Chancery; and there is a reverend pensioner with his £4,028 a year as formerly Clerk of the Hanapars, and £7,852 a year as once patentee of bankruptcy.

CHILDREN'S DIET IN SUMMER.—A physician says:—"In my practice I have noticed that those children who become ill and die in the spring and summer have fallen victims to the thoughtlessness of parents, who stuff them with roast and fresh meat at a season when they require a vegetable diet, easily digested and equally nutritious. I have saved the lives of more children by recommending farinaceous and vegetable food than I ever did by dosing them with medicines."

I OWE TO THEE.

A LITTLE wild flower by a spring
Looked beautiful to me;
Like some secluded heavenly thing
That I alone could see;
And as my young heart felt its power
I wept and loved that tiny flower.
I wondered how so weak a thing
Should seem to me so strong.
Whilst others passed it heedless by
Unworthy of a song,
I ventured in its praise to sing
And wo'd it as a lovely thing.
I touched the chord with trembling hand,
And startled at the sound;
I never thought to gain command
Of music so profound;
Yet still I felt the hidden fire
That slumbered in that speaking wire.
Since then, I oft have touched the strings,
And felt the soothing power,
The anodyne which music brings
In sorrow's darksome hour.
I found that there was joy in grief,
And in the lyre I sought relief.
And now on wings of love I soared,
And these were halcyon days!—
And still within my heart are stored
Their golden memories.
And many warp and woof I wrought
In love's creative loom of thought.
From nature's page of light and shade
Full many a sketch I took,
Now gathering berries in the glade,
Now pebbles in the brook.
More charmed to hear the skylark sing
Than list the sound of Orpheus' string.
I never felt myself alone—
Though in the living crowd
I loved far more to be unknown
Than known but by the proud,—
The bird's clear song, the humming-bee
Were sweet companionship to me.
But still that modest purple flower
That first awoke my lay
Remained in sunshine and in shower
A fragrant memory.
Flower of my lyre, I owe to thee
The heart's first throb of poesy.

McCOMBE.

GEMS.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

The fragrant white clover thrives, though trampled under foot; it furnishes the bees with stores of pure honey, without asking or receiving the credit for it. Meekness and disinterestedness are like the white clover.

WHAT would be a day without its night? The day reveals the sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

The love of distinction is the ruling passion of the human mind; we grudge whatever draws off attention

from ourselves to others; and all our actions are but different contrivances, either by sheer malice or affected liberality, to keep it to ourselves or share it with others.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

ONE joyous thought in this world of sadness is, that there is never a day in the calendar but many are celebrating their birthday upon it; and there is joy and gladness in many a house. It is a dark heart that never looks at the bright side of things.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUMAS the elder has calculated the literary earnings of his life at £278,544—not bad work.

A LONDON pedestrian, known as the "Surrey Novice," has performed the astounding feat of walking 100 miles in 22 hours 37 min.

YIELDING to the pressure of England and France, Austria has at length determined to recognize George I. of Greece.

REG WOFFINGTON's autograph letter relating to her performance—the first of any woman in a male character on the stage—that of Sir Harry Wildair, sold this week for £10 5s.

THE church of St. Bartholomew the Great, erected 750 years ago, is about to be restored in all its primitive grandeur. The wealthiest lovers of art have taken up the matter.

THE lime light is now supplied to every ship in the Channel Fleet for night signalling, having superseded all other signal lights, and especially those with coloured glasses.

A MUSEUM of fine arts and antiquities of the middle ages is to be formed at Florence. The whole will be gathered in a splendid palace of 14th century, and will be a sight for John Bull on his continental tour.

ONE of the French papers hopes that the King Consort of Spain will take a lesson of freedom home to Spain—not that France is free, it mildly observes, but it is freer than Spain. We have heard of a lower deep within the lowest deep, and here it is.

IT is asserted, with an appearance of confidence, that Prince Umberto, the heir-apparent of Victor Emmanuel, who is on a continental tour, and is shortly expected to visit Paris, has chosen the Princess Anna Murat for a wife.

ENGLISH garotters have been practising successfully at Antwerp. It is to be hoped that the law there will be able to give them the same punishment as in London, which fearing, they seek to evade by transferring operations to the Continent.

A CELEBRATED Russian Countess has decidedly got the clue to the art of winning at roulette; she is to be seen every day, and from morning till night, seated at the Baden-Baden table, where she wins fabulous sums of money.

WHY do you call them strawberries? is the question most people have asked about the ruddy fruit. The name is derived from a custom long ago prevalent in England, of the children stringing the berries on straws of grass and selling so many strings for a penny.

AN Indian skeleton, of immense size, was recently discovered three feet under ground, near Fort River, in Hadley. The bones were so far decomposed that most of them crumbled upon exposure to the air. Some of the doctors think that the Indian was not less than seven feet high and one hundred years old when he died.

MAXIMUM HEAT.—At Lenham Lodge, near Maidstone, Kent, Dr. George Hunsley Fielding, F.R.S., registered:—On Sunday, the 7th of June, 1846, the thermometer, in the shade, rose to the extraordinary height of 94 deg. Fahr., exceeding by one degree the heat of the 13th of July, 1808, which was considered to be the highest on record.

It is said that there is a strong feeling in the Cabinet against continuing the post of Viceroy of Ireland. Money would be saved, and it is time that the two countries should lose any distinguishing mark of rule. Dublin is but a stone's throw by steam, so to say, from England, and the keeping up of a separate state is quite out of the date of things.

On the anniversary of the birthday of the late Prince Consort, her Majesty, with the members of the Royal Family, visited the Mausoleum at Frogmore, in which the remains of the lamented prince are deposited, and each placed wreaths of unfading flowers over his tomb. Afterwards the members of the Royal suite were admitted to the Mausoleum.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D.—You must apply to the publisher of the works.

C. R.—For a receipt to promote the growth of the hair, see reply to "Subscriber from the First" in present number.

ELENA.—The poem is very creditable to your poetical powers, but wholly unsuited to our pages. We must, therefore, respectfully decline it.

MABEL.—Since our reply to your inquiry in No. 68, we have ascertained that the head-quarters of her Majesty's 77th regiment will return to England from India in 1871.

A. P.—Patchouly "perfume" (if you choose to so term it) is obtained from the leaves and stems of an Indian herb resembling our common sage.

R. S. O.—You are both right; it is correct to use the word *antiquarian*, but only as an adjective; *antiquary* is the proper term to apply to a person who is given to antiquarian pursuits.

J. TILLOTSON.—You will probably obtain the volume from any bookseller who deals in old books; we do not think it is a scarce work. Your handwriting is not at all adapted for commercial purposes.

J. E.—The name "Isabel" is Portuguese, and is precisely the equivalent of the English name "Elizabeth." For one person to bear both together as Christian names is, therefore, absurdly tautological.

A. TOXOPHOLITE.—You are in error; the archery terms "bolt" and "shaft" are by no means synonymous. The "bolt" was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, whilst the arrow of the long-bow was called a "shaft."

DON PHILLIPS, a young gentleman aged nineteen, would be glad to correspond and exchange *cartes de visite* with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Has good prospects, and is a volunteer.

M. W. F.—"Whalebone" is not the accurate term for the substance so designated, as it possesses none of the qualities of bone: the proper name is baleen. It is obtained from the head of the whale.

ELLEM.—By the common law, all the pews in a parish church are the property of the parishioners, who are, therefore, entitled to a seat. As you are a ratepayer, you can claim the right.

H. F.—The name Hugh is German, and means high or lofty; Martin comes from the Latin, and means martial; Thomas is from the Hebrew, and signifies a twin. Rosemond is of Saxon origin; it signifies rose of peace, or rose of the world.

KATE.—To clean gold and silver lace, sew the lace in a clear linen cloth, boil it in a quart of soft water and a quarter of a pound of soap, and then wash it in cold water. If tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.

PERCY RAVENSWOOD is very handsome, in receipt of an ample income, and well educated, but will not be completely happy, he thinks, until blessed with a wife. The lady to whom he would give that title must be pretty and educated.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—To promote the growth of hair or moustache, use a lotion composed of eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; dunction cathartics, two drams; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each ten drops. Handwriting needs much improvement.

G. R. C.—Yes, the rector of a parish has, by virtue of his office, the legal right to preside at any vestry meeting summoned to elect new churchwardens, or for any other purpose. The stipendiary curate, however, has no such right, although a perpetual curate has.

MINTON, being weary of single blessedness, is anxious to correspond with a good-looking young lady about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of a loving disposition, and desirous of meeting with a partner for life. Is nearly twenty years of age, tall, with dark brown hair and blue eyes, and belongs to a respectable profession.

FRANCIS T.—We believe the Brazils are so called because it was from that part of the new world that Amerigo Vespucci carried to Europe the famous dye-wood, which so much resembled the *brazas*, or coals of fire, used in the chafing-pans of the Portuguese; hence they called the place whence it came the *brazas-land*, and afterwards "Brazil."

GEORGE.—The prefix Fitz to surnames is a Norman word signifying son, and is the same as the French word *fils*. It was formerly usual for a son, when his father died, to take his name, lest it should be forgotten; and hence arose such names as Fitzherbert, Fitzgerald, and such like, these designations not at all denoting that the persons who bear them were of spurious birth.

A. VERNON.—We sympathise with you in the reverse of circumstances which obliged your parents to withdraw you from boarding-school, and place you in training for becoming a Government teacher, but we do not sympathise with you in the aversion with which you regard that step on their part. It was dictated, there can be no question, by a desire to ensure you the means of securing a future and honourable independence. If you think you can secure this by flying to the stage as a profession, you are labouring under a perilous mistake. The stage is, perhaps, now less dan-

gerous to young females than it has been hitherto; but it possesses still a thousand pitfalls. These a clever actress will probably escape, but a member of the *corps de ballet* who does so, is fortunate indeed. Our advice, therefore, is to give up your unsubstantial dreams of theatrical success and emolument, and pursue the path to real and honourable independence marked out for you by your parents.

BILIOUS.—Epsom salts is found to be most beneficial in dyspepsia, when combined with infusion of gentian and a little ginger. The quantity made at a time should not be large, as it is better to have it fresh made when required. A "mechanic," generally speaking, may be said to be a skilled workman who has served his apprenticeship to a trade.

JAS. H.—The only advice which we can give you is to live regularly, using a simple but generous and nutritious diet, to take as much exercise as possible in the open air, to mix in society, and avoid mental excitement. Your excessive nervousness will, by pursuing this course, be gradually conquered, and will, no doubt, wholly disappear as you become older. Handwriting is too careless.

SPERO.—We cannot inform you whether there is at present any vacancy in the Judge-Advocate-General's Department of the War Office. There is an examination for such appointments by the Civil Service Commissioners; good character, general intelligence, fair handwriting, and good reading and spelling are the essentials which junior candidates must possess.

A WATERMAN.—No, there never was any law granting to the Crown the right to impress men for the naval service; the now abolished "press-gang" system was, consequently, a pure usurpation of power. There are several statutes bearing on the subject (from the time of Richard II. to Philip and Mary), but they do not authorize compulsory impressment; and the statute of Philip and Mary only refers to watermen who use the river Thames between Gravesend and Windsor.

L. H. S.—The sentiment of your little poem is admirable, and we give insertion to the lines with pleasure:

'TIS BETTER.

'Tis better Earth's fair gifts to take,
Of fruits, and corn, and hay,
Than in her cold, unwelcome arms,
Mid all the pomp of war's alarms,
Her slaughtered sons to lay.

Better the food of man to win
From her consenting mould,
Than fiercely, with a miser's zest,
Ransack and rend her shrinking breast,
For glittering stones or gold.

Yes, better that on lowliest tomb,
The simple phrase appears—
"I am a husbandman," that claim
From History's scroll a despot's name,
And rear, though nations call it fame,
A cenotaph of tears.

C. C.—The appointment of copying clerks in the principal registry of the Probate and Divorce Court can be obtained only after a satisfactory examination by the Civil Service Commissioners; and if you are under 17 or over 25 years of age, you will be ineligible. The subjects for examination are handwriting (including German text), orthography, and elementary arithmetic. Your handwriting, being of the legal character and good, would fully qualify you in that particular.

MINNIE.—How on earth could any first love be lasting, if it is to be followed by a second, and even a third? First love is generally about as substantial as moonstone; a second essay is the most likely to be based on a feeling of genuine affection; but we cannot say that we hold the same opinion as regards a third. There is in this last, most probably, a great deal more of forecasting prudence than there is of genuine love. We hope you have not gone through these three stages.

H. J. A.—All the distressing symptoms which you describe, such as "colouring up," or involuntarily blushing, when suddenly addressed, or upon anything unusual occurring, are undoubtedly characteristics of an exceedingly nervous disposition. The remedy for all such symptoms is chiefly an operation of time; most persons so afflicted conquer them as they grow older and mix more in society. They may also be largely counteracted by pursuing the course recommended in reply to "Jas. H.," in present number.

W. C. S.—We coincide fully in the desirability of extending the Saturday half-holiday, but must beg to decline your long communication. Although we cannot find space to insert your letter, we can give you a little information on the subject of it, which will probably be new and useful as an additional argument in favour of the movement, viz.—that there is actually an old law in the statute-book, providing for a Saturday half-holiday! It is an unexpired law of King Canute—"Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn."

L. M.—We confess our inability to enlighten you as to the reason why Farnham hops are preferred to all others. It would seem to be only a prejudice, however; for nothing but a hedge parts Farnham from another parish in which hops are as well cultivated. Hops are first mentioned in the statute-book in 1552; but in the sixteenth century the city of London presented a petition to Parliament against their cultivation, on the ground that they would "spoil the taste of drink, and endanger the people." So, you see, tastes differ, and time works wonders.

F. B.—There are no pine or other trees on the Alps at the height you mention. The most picturesque part of Alpine scenery is about Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, situated more than 4,000 feet above the village of Chamoux, and more than 7,000 above the level of the sea. The glacier of the Mer de Glace is approached through a dense pine forest, the dark green foliage of which relieves the crystalline masses, and runs along icy promontories that jut into the frozen sea. You cannot do better than consult Loudon's work on arboriculture, which you can procure, doubtless, at any public library in your town.

MILICENT.—A few years since, when Indian shawls bore an extravagant price, they were distinguished from the French imitation of them chiefly by their perfume. The manufacture of the shawl could be successfully imitated in

Europe, but what gave them their peculiar odour was secret. The French at length discovered it to be imparted to the Indian shawls by patchouly. They immediately imported the herb, to give the shawls of their manufacture the same perfume, and were thus enabled to palm off shawls of French make as being of real Indian workmanship. Your other question is answered in the reply to "A. P." (which see.)

LEOLINA VIOLETTE, who is sweet seventeen, and waiting to be wood and won, is a young lady with whose attractions our bachelor readers will, we are sure, thank us for acquainting them. In the way of personal qualifications "Leolina Violette," who is the daughter of a retired professional gentleman, possesses a dark, clear complexion, with slight colour, a Grecian cast of features, dark hazel eyes, brown naturally-curled hair, and even white teeth; is 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has received a good education, is an accomplished performer on the piano, and on coming of age will have £300 a year settled on her for life. (This young lady intimates that she would not be displeased to have matrimonially from "J. B.")

J. M. S.—Your questions, though apparently simple, are, in reality, almost unanswerable. A billion is a million of millions, and a "billion of billions" is a quadrillion. You can represent the first sum by writing down one unit and twelve noughts, and the latter by writing down one unit and twenty-four noughts. It is utterly impossible, however, for the mind to form any conception of such quantities; for to count the first would occupy a period of 19,325 years, the reckoner counting incessantly at the rate of 200 in a minute. At the same rate of counting, even if all the inhabitants of the globe employed it, and were estimated to number a thousand millions, each being engaged incessantly in the compilation, the time necessary to count a quadrillion would extend to 19,225,875 years! or rather more than three thousand times the whole period that the human race has been supposed to exist on the globe.

A. CONSERVATIVE.—The political party names of Whig, Tory, Radical, and Conservative, are generally considered to have been derived in this way:—"Whig" is supposed to have been given by the royalists to the liberals in Cromwell's time, in allusion to their motto, "We hope in God," but is also conceived to have arisen from the Scotch word *whraig*, formerly a *soubriquet* for drovers in that country, and a term of opprobrium given to those who first resisted the oppressions attempted against Scotland. "Tory" is derived from the Irish words *Tar-a-Ri*, a royalist exclamation constantly used by the Irish adherents of King Charles II., and signifying "Come, O King," it is marked in those days bandits or outlaws, but who would now be called the party of opposition. "Radical" originated about 1818, in allusion to the efforts of certain popular leaders to obtain a radical reform of Parliament; and "Conservative" is not older, as a party designation, than 1850, and is said to have been originated, in this sense, by Mr. Croker, in the *Quarterly Review*.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Eunice" and "Polly" reply to their matrimonial correspondents that they postpone making their selection until hearing further, and more specifically, from their admirers—"Annie" is disposed to respond to "Hochester's" matrimonial aspirations. She is tall, possesses a good figure, is respectably connected, quite domesticated, has a loving heart, and is a member of the Church of England—"Clara" and "Kate" (two sisters) would be happy to correspond with "William" and "George"; "Clara," who would prefer "George," is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has dark wavy hair, fine hazel eyes, regular features. "Kate" is seventeen, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has brown curly hair, hazel eyes, and regular features, and rosy cheeks; is of a merry and affectionate disposition, and inclined to think favourably of "William." Both are very industrious, have no fortune, and would exchange *cartes de visite*—Annalisa, who is 5 ft. 2 1/2 in. in height, aged twenty, with dark hair and eyes, and "Laura," who is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with brown hair and hazel eyes both pretty, lively, and amiable in disposition, thoroughly domesticated and well connected, would be pleased to hear matrimonially from "William" and "George," in No. 68—"Richard D." (a widower, without encumbrance) would like to correspond matrimonially with "Annie G." Is highly respectable, good tempered, of a loving disposition, and domesticated, and ready to exchange *cartes de visite*—Edith notifies to "Eureka" that she is willing to correspond matrimonially with him—"Harry" wishes to open a matrimonial correspondence with "Florence." Is twenty-two years of age, in receipt of £350 per annum, and has also expectations; is at present a medical student, and rather good-looking—"All Alone" will be happy to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes de visite*—"Florence" is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, has dark hair and eyes, is very steady, and fond of home—"Florence Rose" replies to "William" ("William" and "George") that she is disposed to correspond matrimonially with him. Is tall, has a good figure, jet black hair and eyes, small mouth, good teeth, dark complexion, and is generally considered very handsome; can play the piano and speak French, has received a good education, and will come into possession of £1,000 on her wedding-day—"Henri d'Armanges" is ready and anxious to offer himself for the acceptance of "Lottie S."—"Lonely Lottie," who is 5 ft. 5 in. in height, of fair complexion, and domesticated, intimates her perfect readiness to accompany "Cupid" to "his native clime," and there dwell in his bower as a good and loving little wife.

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London: Printed and Published for the Proprietor, at 334, Strand, by J. E. GELDORNE.